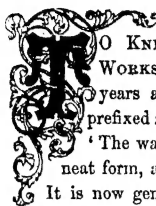


THE WORKS
of
WILLIAM SHAKSPERE
Dramatic and Poetical
with an Account of his Life and Writings
Knight's Cabinet Edition
With Additional Notes



VOLUME

(Edinburgh)
(W. & R. CHAMBERS.)



THE KNIGHT'S CABINET EDITION OF THE
WORKS OF SHAKSPERE, published some
years ago, the following Advertisement was
prefixed:—

'The want of a correct TEXT of Shakspeare, in neat form, and at a cheap rate, has long been felt. It is now generally acknowledged that the received Text, that of Steevens (inaccurately called the text of Steevens and Malone), is shamefully disfigured through the tasteless and unwarrantable deviations from the original copies, made by the modern Editors of Shakspeare. The text given by Mr Knight, in his Pictorial and Library Editions, is founded upon the most careful collations; and a reason is assigned in those editions for every deviation from the received text of the modern copies. To print the Text of the Works of Shakspeare, such as we may judge that it proceeded from his pen, so as to make his *real* words accessible to all, is the object of "The Cabinet Edition." Alexander applied the perfume-cabinet of Darius to a noble use: "I will have it," he said, "to serve for a case for Homer's books." The works of Shakspeare, in like manner, deserve a cabinet that may always be at hand, like the "case for Homer's books." This Cabinet Edition will not be rendered bulky by much Commentary. A few glossarial Notes will be added to the Text, to explain words and sentences which are not familiar to the general reader.'

In reproducing this tasteful popular edition of Shakspeare, we have been desirous of preserving Mr Knight's
VOL. I. A

text and annotations in their original condition. It did not, however, seem inconsistent with this object, that some reference should be made to the new readings suggested by various modern investigators, and by the annotated folio of Mr Collier. The plays have, therefore, been furnished each with a very sparing supplement of Notes, standing clearly distinct from Mr Knight's labours, and calculated, on the whole, as we trust, to improve the work, as relieving a subject of noted difficulty from the chances inseparable from its being contemplated in only one point of view.

A short account of recent discoveries and discussions regarding the Shaksperian text, is also added to Mr Knight's 'History of Opinion on the Writings of Shakspeare,' forming the twelfth volume.

It is of less importance, but still worthy of some notice, that in this impression great care has been taken to improve the typographic features of the work, and to make it in all external respects worthy of public favour.

W. AND R. C.

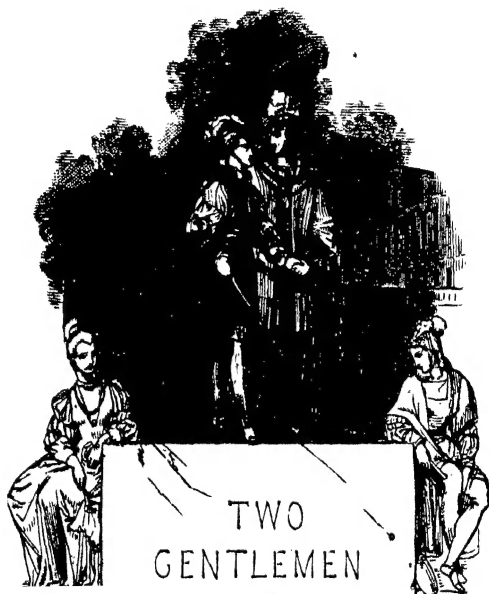


CONTENTS OF VOL. I.

	Page
TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA,	5
COMEDY OF ERRORS,	81
LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST,	149
ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL,	245

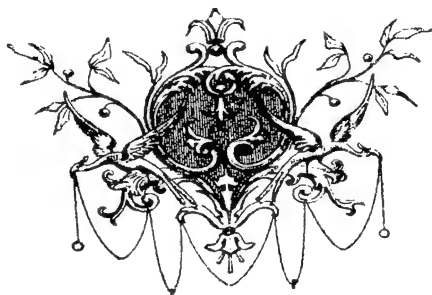
The PORTRAIT given in the Title-page is from the "Poems,"
printed in 1640.





TWO
GENTLEMEN
OF
VERONA.







'THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA' was first printed in the folio collection of Shakspeare's plays, edited by John Heminge and Henry Condell, and published in 1623, seven years after his death. The text is singularly correct. There are not more than half a dozen passages of any real importance upon which a doubt can be entertained, if printed according to the original. It is, in all probability, a play written very early in Shakspeare's life.

The scene of this play is, in the first act, at Verona, and afterwards chiefly at Milan. The action is not founded upon any historical event. The one historical fact mentioned in this play is that of the emperor holding his court at Milan, which was under the government of a duke, who was a vassal of the empire. Assuming that this fact prescribes a limit to the period of the action, we must necessarily place that period at least half a century before the date of the composition of this drama.

Pope calls the style of 'The Two Gentlemen of Verona' "simple and unaffected." It was opposed to Shakspeare's later style, which is teeming with allusion upon allusion. With the exception of the few obsolete words, and the unfamiliar application of words still

in use, this comedy has a very modern air. The thoughts are natural and obvious, the images familiar and general. The most celebrated passages have a character of grace rather than of beauty; the elegance of a youthful poet aiming to be correct. Johnson considered this comedy to be wanting in "diversity of character." The action, it must be observed, is mainly sustained by Proteus and Valentine, and by Julia and Silvia; and the conduct of the plot is relieved by the familiar scenes in which Speed and Launce appear. The other actors are very subordinate, and we scarcely demand any great diversity of character amongst them; but it appears to us, with regard to Proteus and Valentine, Julia and Silvia, Speed and Launce, that the characters are exhibited, as it were, in pairs, upon a principle of very defined though delicate contrast.



PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DUKE, *father to Silvia.*

Appears, Act II. sc. 4. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 4.

VALENTINE.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 4. Act III. sc. 1.
Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 4.

PROTEUS.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 6.
Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 4.

ANTONIO, *father to Proteus.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 3.

THURIO, *rival to Valentine.*

Appears, Act II. sc. 4. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 2.
Act V. sc. 2; sc. 4.

EGLAMOUR, *agent for Silvia in her escape.*

Appears, Act IV. sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1.

SPEED, *servant to Valentine.*

| *Appears*, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 4; sc. 5. Act III. sc. 1.
Act IV. sc. 1.

LAUNCE, *servant to Proteus.*

Appears, Act II. sc. 3; sc. 5. Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 4.

PANTHINO, *servant to Antonio.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 3. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 3.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

HOST, *with whom Julia lodges.*

Appears, Act IV. sc. 2.

OUTLAWS *with Valentine.*

Appear, Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 3; sc. 4.

JULIA, *beloved of Proteus.*

*Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 7. Act. IV. sc. 2; sc. 4.
Act V. sc. 2; sc. 4.*

SILVIA, *beloved of Valentine.*

*Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 4.
Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 4. —*

* LUCETTA, *waiting-woman to Julia.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 7.

Servants, Musicians.

SCENE—IN VERONA, IN MILAN, AND ON THE FRONTIERS
OF MANTUA.



—

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An open place in Verona.*

Enter VALENTINE and PROTEUS.

Val. Cease to persuade, my loving Proteus;
Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits;
Were 't not affection chains thy tender days
To the sweet glances of thy honour'd love,
I rather would entreat thy company,
To see the wonders of the world abroad,
Than, living dully sluggardiz'd at home,
Wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness.
But, since thou lov'st, love still, and thrive therein,
Even as I would, when I to love begin.

Pro. Wilt thou be gone? Sweet Valentine, adieu!
Think on thy Proteus, when thou, haply, seest
Some rare note-worthy object in thy travel:
Wish me partaker in thy happiness,
When thou dost meet good hap: and in thy danger,
If ever danger do environ thee,
Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers;
For I will be thy beadsman, Valentine.

Val. And on a love-book pray for my success?

Pro. Upon some book I love, I'll pray for thee.

Val. That's on some shallow story of deep love,
How young Leander cross'd the Hellespont.

Pro. That's a deep story of a deeper love;
For he was more than over shoes in love.

Val. 'T is true ; for you are over boots in love,
And yet you never swam the Hellespont.

Pro. Over the boots ? nay, give me not the boots.^a

Val. No, I will not, for it boots thee not.

Pro. What ?

Val. To be in love, where scorn is bought with groans ;
Coy looks with heart-sore sighs ; one fading moment's
mirth

With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights :
If haply won, perhaps a hapless gain ;
If lost, why then a grievous labour won ;
However,^b but a folly bought with wit,
Or else a wit by folly vanquished.

Pro. So, by your circumstance, you call me fool.

Val. So, by your circumstance,^c I fear you'll prove.

Pro. 'T is love you cavil at ; I am not love.

Val. Love is your master, for he masters you :
And he that is so yoked by a fool,
Methinks should not be chronicled for wise.

Pro. Yet writers say, as in the sweetest bud
The eating canker dwells, so eating love
Inhabits in the finest wits of all.

Val. And writers say, as the most forward bud
Is eaten by the canker ere it blow,
Even so by love the young and tender wit
Is turn'd to folly ; blasting in the bud,
Losing his verdure even in the prime,
And all the fair effects of future hopes.
But wherefore waste I time to counsel thee,
That art a votary to fond desire ?
Once more adieu : my father at the road
Expects my coming, there to see me shipp'd.

^a *Nay, give me not the boots.* It is concluded that the allusion is to the instrument of torture called *the boots*.

^b *However*—in whatsoever way.

^c *Circumstance.* Proteus employs the word in the meaning of *circumstantial deduction* ;—Valentine in that of *position*.

Pro. And thither will I bring thee, Valentine.

Val. Sweet Proteus, no; now let us take our leave.
To Milan let me hear from thee by letters,
Of thy success in love, and what news else
Betideth here in absence of thy friend;
And I likewise will visit thee with mine.

Pro. All happiness bechance to thee in Milan!

Val. As much to you at home! and so, farewell.

[*Exit VALENTINE.*]

Pro. He after honour hunts, I after love:
He leaves his friends to dignify them more;
I leave myself, my friends, and all for love.
Thou, Julia, thou hast metamorphos'd me;
Made me neglect my studies, lose my time,
War with good counsel, set the world at nought;
Made wit with musing weak, heart sick with thought.

Enter SPEED.

Speed. Sir Proteus, save you: Saw you my master?

Pro. But now he parted hence, to embark for Milan.

Speed. Twenty to one then he is shipp'd already;
And I have play'd the sheep^a in losing him.

Pro. Indeed a sheep doth very often stray,
An if the shepherd be awhile away.

Speed. You conclude that my master is a shepherd
then, and I a sheep?

Pro. I do.

Speed. Why, then my horns are his horns, whether I
wake or sleep.

Pro. A silly answer, and fitting well a sheep.

Speed. This proves me still a sheep.

Pro. True; and thy master a shepherd.

Speed. Nay, that I can deny by a circumstance.

Pro. It shall go hard but I'll prove it by another.

Speed. The shepherd seeks the sheep, and not the

^a *Sheep* is pronounced *ship* in many English counties.

sheep the shepherd; but I seek my master, and my master seeks not me; therefore, I am no sheep.

Pro. The sheep for fodder follow the shepherd, the shepherd for food follows not the sheep; thou for wages followest thy master, thy master for wages follows not thee: therefore, thou art a sheep.

Speed. Such another proof will make me cry baa.

Pro. But dost thou hear? gav'st thou my letter to Julia?

Speed. Ay, sir; I, a lost mutton, gave your letter to her, a laced mutton; and she, a laced mutton, gave me, a lost mutton, nothing for my labour!

Pro. Here 's too small a pasture for such store of muttons.

Speed. If the ground be overcharged, you were best stick her.

Pro. Nay, in that you are astray;^a 't were best pound you.

Speed. Nay, sir, less than a pound shall serve me for carrying your letter.

Pro. You mistake; I mean the pound, a piniold.

Speed. From a pound to a pin? fold it over and over, 'T is threefold too little for carrying a letter to your lover.

Pro. But what said she? did she nod? [*SPEED nods.*]

Speed. I.^b

Pro. Nod, I; why, that 's noddly.

Speed. You mistook, sir; I say, she did nod: and you ask me if she did nod; and I say, I.

Pro. And that set together is—noddly.

Speed. Now you have taken the pains to set it together, take it for your pains.

Pro. No, no, you shall have it for bearing the letter.

Speed. Well, I perceive I must be fain to bear with you.

^a *Astray.* The adjective here should be read "a stray"—stray sheep.

^b *I*—the old spelling of the affirmative particle *Ay*.

Pro. Why, sir, how do you bear with me?

Speed. Marry, sir, the letter very orderly; having nothing but the word, noddy, for my pains.

Pro. Beshrew me, but you have a quick wit.

Speed. And yet it cannot overtake your slow purse.

Pro. Come, come, open the matter in brief: what said she?

Speed. Open your purse, that the money, and the matter, may be both at once delivered.

Pro. Well, sir, here is for your pains: What said she?

Speed. Truly, sir, I think you 'll hardly win her.

Pro. Why? Couldst thou perceive so much from her?

Speed. Sir, I could perceive nothing at all from her; no, not so much as a ducat for delivering your letter: And being so hard to me that brought your mind, I fear she 'll prove as hard to you in telling your mind. Give her no token but stones; for she's as hard as steel.

Pro. What said she,—nothing?

Speed. No, not so much as—"Take this for thy pains." To testify your bounty, I thank you, you have testern'd^a me; in requital whereof, henceforth carry your letters yourself: and so, sir, I 'll commend you to my master.

Pro. Go, go, be gone, to save your ship from wrack;
Which cannot perish, having thee aboard,
Being destin'd to a drier death on shore:—
I must go find some better messenger;
I fear my Julia would not deign my lines,
Receiving them from such a worthless post. [Exit.

SCENE II.—*The same.* Garden of Julia's House.

Enter JULIA and LUCETTA.

Jul. But say, Lucetta, now we are alone,
Wouldst thou then counsel me to fall in love?

^a *You have testern'd me.* A verb is here made out of the name of a coin—the tester.

Luc. Ay, madam; so you stumble not unheedfully.

Jul. Of all the fair resort of gentlemen,
That every day with parle encounter me,
In thy opinion, which is worthiest love?

Luc. Please you, repeat their names, I'll show my mind

According to my shallow simple skill.

Jul. What think'st thou of the fair sir Eglamour?

Luc. As of a knight well-spoken, neat and fine; *
But, were I you, he never should be mine.

Jul. What think'st thou of the rich Mercatio?

Luc. Well of his wealth; but of himself, so, so.

Jul. What think'st thou of the gentle Proteus?

Luc. Lord, Lord! to see what folly reigns in us!

Jul. How now! what means this passion at his name?

Luc. Pardon, dear madam; 't is a passing shame,
That I, unworthy body as I am,
Should censure^a thus on lovely gentlemen.

Jul. Why not on Proteus, as of all the rest?

Luc. Then thus: of many good I think him best.

Jul. Your reason?

Luc. I have no other but a woman's reason;
I think him so, because I think him so.

Jul. And wouldst thou have me cast my love on him?

Luc. Ay, if you thought your love not cast away.

Jul. Why, he of all the rest hath never mov'd me.

Luc. Yet he of all the rest, I think, best loves ye.

Jul. His little speaking shows his love but small.

Luc. Fire that's closest kept burns most of all.

Jul. They do not love that do not show their love.

Luc. O, they love least that let men know their love.

Jul. I would I knew his mind.

Luc. Peruse this paper, madam.

Jul. "To Julia,"—Say, from whom?

Luc. That the contents will show

Jul. Say, say; who gave it thee?

* *Censure*—give an opinion.

Luc. Sir Valentine's page; and sent, I think, from Proteus:

He would have given it you, but I, being in the way, Did in your name receive it; pardon the fault, I pray.

Jul. Now, by my modesty, a goodly broker!

Dare you presume to harbour wanton lines?

To whisper and conspire against my youth?

Now, trust me, 't is an office of great worth,

And you an officer fit for the place.

There, take the paper, see it be return'd;

Or else return no more into my sight.

Luc. To plead for love deserves more see than hate.

Jul. Will you be gone?

Luc. That you may ruminate. [*Exit.*]

Jul. And yet, I would I had o'erlook'd the letter.

It were a shame to call her back again,

And pray her to a fault for which I chid her.

What fool is she, that knows I am a maid,

And would not force the letter to my view!

Since maids, in modesty, say "No" to that

Which they would have the profferer construe "Ay."

Fie, fie! how wayward is this foolish love,

That, like a testy babe, will scratch the nurse,

And presently, all humbled, kiss the rod!

How churlishly I chid Lucetta hence,

When willingly I would have had her here!

How angrily^a I taught my brow to frown,

When inward joy enforc'd my heart to smile!

My penance is, to call Lucetta back,

And ask remission for my folly past:—

What ho! Lucetta!

Re-enter LUCETTA.

Luc. What would your ladyship?

Jul. Is 't near dinner-time?

Luc. I would it were;

^a *Angerly*, not *angrily*, was the adverb used in Shakspere's time.

That you might kill your stomach^a on your meat,
And not upon your maid.

Jul. What is 't that you
Took up so gingerly?

Luc. Nothing.

Jul. Why didst thou stoop then?

Luc. To take a paper up that I let fall.

Jul. And is that paper nothing?

Luc. Nothing concerning me.

Jul. Then let it lie for those that it concerns.

Luc. Madam, it will not lie where it concerns,
Unless it have a false interpreter.

Jul. Some love of yours hath writ to you in rhyme.

Luc. That I might sing it, madam, to a tune :
Give me a note : your ladyship can set.^b

Jul. As little by such toys as may be possible :
Best sing it to the tune of "Light o' love."^c

Luc. It is too heavy for so light a tune.

Jul. Heavy? belike it hath some burthen then.

Luc. Ay; and melodious were it, would you sing it.

Jul. And why not you?

Luc. I cannot reach so high.

Jul. Let's see your song :—How now, minion?

Luc. Keep tune there still, so you will sing it out :
And yet, methinks, I do not like this tune.

Jul. You do not?

Luc. No, madam; 't is too sharp.

Jul. You, minion, are too saucy,

Luc. Nay, now you are too flat,

And mar the concord with too harsh a descant:^d
There wanteth but a mean^e to fill your song.

^a *Stomach* is here used in the double sense of appetite, and obstinacy, or ill-temper.

^b *Set*—compose. Julia plays upon the word in the next line, in a different sense,—to "set by," being to make account of.

^c *Light o' love*—the name of a dance tune.

^d *Descant*. The simple air, in music, was called the "plain song," or ground. The "descant" was what we now call a "variation."

^e *Mean*—the tenor.

Jul. The mean is drown'd with your unruly base.

Luc. Indeed, I bid the base^a for Proteus.

Jul. This babble shall not henceforth trouble me.
Here is a coil with protestation!— [*Tears the letter.*
Go, get you gone; and let the papers lie :
You would be fingering them, to anger me.

Luc. She makes it strange; but she would be best pleas'd
To be so anger'd with another letter. [*Exit.*

Jul. Nay, would I were so anger'd with the same!
O hateful hands, to tear such loving words!
Injurious wasps! to feed on such sweet honey,
And kill the bees, that yield it, with your stings!
I'll kiss each several paper for amends.
Look, here is writ—"kind Julia:"—unkind Julia!
As in revenge of thy ingratitude,
I throw thy name against the bruising stones,
Trampling contemptuously on thy disdain.
And, here is writ—"love-wounded Proteus:"—
Poor wounded name! my bosom, as a bed,
Shall lodge thee, till thy wound be thoroughly heal'd;
And thus I search it with a sovereign kiss.
But twice, or thrice, was Proteus written down:
Be calm, good wind, blow not a word away,
Till I have found each letter in the letter,
Except mine own name: that some whirlwind bear
Unto a ragged, fearful, hanging rock,
And throw it thence into the raging sea!
Lo, here in one line is his name twice writ,—
"Poor forlorn Proteus, passionate Proteus,
To the sweet Julia;" that I'll tear away;
And yet I will not, sith so prettily
He couples it to his complaining names;
Thus will I fold them one upon another:
Now kiss, embrace, contend, do what you will.

Re-enter LUCETTA.

Luc. Madam, dinner is ready, and your father stays.

^a Lucetta here turns the allusion to the country game of base, or prison-base.

Jul. Well, let us go.

Luc. What, shall these papers lie like tell-tales here?

Jul. If you respect them, best to take them up.

Luc. Nay, I was taken up for laying them down :
Yet here they shall not lie, for catching cold.^a

Jul. I see you have a month's mind^b to them.

Luc. Ay, madam, you may say what sights you see ;
I see things too, although you judge I wink.

Jul. Come, come, will 't please you go ? | *Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The same. A Room in Antonio's House.*

Enter ANTONIO and PANTHINO.

Ant. Tell me, Panthino, what sad^c talk was that,
Wherewith my brother held you in the cloister ?

Pan. 'T was of his nephew Proteus, your son.

Ant. Why, what of him ?

Pan. He wonder'd that your lordship
Would suffer him to spend his youth at home ;
While other men, of slender reputation,
Put forth their sons to seek preferment out :
Some, to the wars, to try their fortune there ;
Some, to discover islands far away ;
Some, to the studious universities.
For any, or for all these exercises,
He said that Proteus, your son, was meet :
And did request me to importune you,
To let him spend his time no more at home,
Which would be great impeachment to his age,
In having known no travel in his youth.

Ant. Nor need'st thou much importune me to that
Whereon this month I have been hammering.
I have consider'd well his loss of time ;
And how he cannot be a perfect man,
Not being tried and tutor'd in the world :
Experience is by industry achiev'd,

^a *For catching cold*—lest they should catch cold.

^b *Month's mind*—desire for something. ^c *Sad*—serious.

And perfected by the swift course of time :
Then, tell me, whither were I best to send him ?

Pan. I think your lordship is not ignorant,
How his companion, youthful Valentine,
Attends the emperor in his royal court.

Ant. I know it well.

Pan. 'T were good, I think, your lordship sent him
thither :

There shall he practise tilts and tournaments,
Hear sweet discourse, converse with noblemen ;
And be in eye of every exercise,
Worthy his youth and nobleness of birth.

Ant. I like thy counsel ; well hast thou advis'd :
And, that thou mayst perceive how well I like it,
The execution of it shall make known :
Even with the speediest expedition,
I will despatch him to the emperor's court.

Pan. To-morrow, may it please you, don Alphonso,
With other gentlemen of good esteem,
Are journeying to salute the emperor,
And to commend their service to his will.

Ant. Good company ; with them shall Proteus go :
And,—in good time.—Now will we break with him.*

Enter PROTEUS.

Pro. Sweet love ! sweet lines ! sweet life !
Here is her hand, the agent of her heart ;
Here is her oath for love, her honour's pawn :
O, that our fathers would applaud our loves,
To seal our happiness with their consents !
O, heavenly Julia !

Ant. How now ? what letter are you reading there ?

Pro. May't please your lordship, 't is a word or two
Of commendation sent from Valentine,
Deliver'd by a friend that came from him.

Ant. Lend me the letter ; let me see what news.

Pro. There is no news, my lord ; but that he writes

* *Break with him*—break the matter to him.

How happily he lives, how well-belov'd,
And daily graced by the emperor;
Wishing me with him, partner of his fortune.

Ant. And how stand you affected to his wish?

Pro. As one relying on your lordship's will,
And not depending on his friendly wish.

Ant. My will is something sorted with his wish :
Muse not that I thus suddenly proceed ;
For what I will, I will, and there an end.
I am resolv'd that thou shalt spend some time
With Valentinus in the emperor's court ;
What maintenance he from his friends receives,
Like exhibition* thou shalt have from me.
To-morrow be in readiness to go :
Excuse it not, for I am peremptory.

Pro. My lord, I cannot be so soon provided ;
Please you, deliberate a day or two.

Ant. Look, what thou want'st shall be sent after thee :
No more of stay ; to-morrow thou must go.—
Come on, Panthino ; you shall be employ'd
To hasten on his expedition. [*Exeunt ANT. and PAN.*]

Pro. Thus have I shunn'd the fire, for fear of burning,
And drench'd me in the sea, where I am drown'd :
I fear'd to show my father Julia's letter,
Lest he should take exceptions to my love ;
And with the vantage of mine own excuse
Hath he excepted most against my love.
O, how this spring of love resembleth
The uncertain glory of an April day ;
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,
And by and by a cloud takes all away !

Re-enter PANTHINO.

Pan. Sir Proteus, your father calls for you ;
He is in haste ; therefore, I pray you, go.

Pro. Why, this it is ! my heart accords thereto ;
And yet a thousand times it answers, No. [*Exeunt.*]

* *Exhibition*—stipend, allowance.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Milan. *A Room in the Duke's Palace.**Enter VALENTINE and SPEED.**Speed.* Sir, your glove.*Val.* Not mine; my gloves are on.*Speed.* Why, then this may be yours, for this is but one.**Val.* Ha! let me see: ay, give it me, it 's mine:—
Sweet ornament that decks a thing divine!*Ah Silvia! Silvia!**Speed.* Madam Silvia! madam Silvia!*Val.* How now, sirrah?*Speed.* She is not within hearing, sir.*Val.* Why, sir, who bade you call her?*Speed.* Your worship, sir; or else I mistook.*Val.* Well, you 'll still be too forward.*Speed.* And yet I was last chidden for being too slow.*Val.* Go to, sir; tell me, do you know madam Silvia?*Speed.* She that your worship loves?*Val.* Why, how know you that I am in love?*Speed.* Marry, by these special marks: First, you have learned, like sir Proteus, to wreath your arms like a malecontent; to relish a love-song, like a robin-redbreast; to walk alone, like one that had the pestilence; to sigh, like a schoolboy that had lost his A.B.C.; to weep, like a young wench that had buried her grandam; to fast, like one that takes diet; to watch, like one that fears robbing; to speak puling, like a* One was anciently pronounced as if it were written *on*.

beggar at Hallowmas. You were wont, when you laughed, to crow like a cock; when you walked, to walk like one of the lions; when you fasted, it was presently after dinner; when you looked sadly, it was for want of money: and now you are metamorphosed with a mistress, that, when I look on you, I can hardly think you my master.

Val. Are all these things perceived in me?

Speed. They are all perceived without ye.

Val. Without me? they cannot.

Speed. Without you? nay, that's certain, for without you were so simple, none else would: but you are so without these follies, that these follies are within you, and shine through you like the water in an urinal; that not an eye that sees you but is a physician to comment on your malady.

Val. But tell me, dost thou know my lady Silvia?

Speed. She that you gaze on so, as she sits at supper?

Val. Hast thou observed that? even she I mean.

Speed. Why, sir, I know her not.

Val. Dost thou know her by my gazing on her, and yet know'st her not?

Speed. Is she not hard favoured, sir?

Val. Not so fair, boy, as well favoured.

Speed. Sir, I know that well enough.

Val. What dost thou know?

Speed. That she is not so fair as (of you) well favoured.

Val. I mean, that her beauty is exquisite, but her favour infinite.

Speed. That's because the one is painted, and the other out of all count.

Val. How painted? and how out of count?

Speed. Marry, sir, so painted, to make her fair, that no man counts of her beauty.

Val. How esteemest thou me? I account of her beauty.

Speed. You never saw her since she was deformed.

Val. How long hath she been deformed?

Speed. Ever since you loved her.

Val. I have loved her ever since I saw her; and still I see her beautiful.

Speed. If you love her, you cannot see her.

Val. Why?

Speed. Because love is blind. O, that you had mine eyes; or your own eyes had the lights they were wont to have when you chid at sir Proteus for going ungartered!

Val. What should I see then?

Speed. Your own present folly, and her passing deformity: for he, being in love, could not see to garter his hose; and you, being in love, cannot see to put on your hose.

Val. Belike, boy, then you are in love; for last morning you could not see to wipe my shoes.

Speed. True, sir; I was in love with my bed: I thank you, you swinged me for my love, which makes me the bolder to chide you for yours.

Val. In conclusion, I stand affected to her.

Speed. I would you were set; so your affection would cease.

Val. Last night she enjoined me to write some lines to one she loves.

Speed. And have you?

Val. I have.

Speed. Are they not lamely writ?

Val. No, boy, but as well as I can do them;—Peace! here she comes.

Enter SILVIA.

Speed. O excellent motion! O exceeding puppet! Now will he interpret to her.

* *Motion*—a puppet-show.

Val. Madam and mistress, a thousand good-morrows.

Speed. O, 'give ye good ev'n! here 's a million of manners. [Aside.

Sil. Sir Valentine and servant, to you two thousand.

Speed. He should give her interest, and she gives it him.

Val. As you enjoin'd me, I have writ your letter,
Unto the secret nameless friend of yours;
Which I was much unwilling to proceed in,
But for my duty to your ladyship.

Sil. I thank you, gentle servant: 't is very clerkly done.

Val. Now trust me, madam, it came hardly off;
For, being ignorant to whom it goes,
I writ at random, very doubtfully.

Sil. Perchance you think too much of so much pains?

Val. No, madam; so it stead you, I will write,
Please you command, a thousand times as much:
And yet,—

Sil. A pretty period! Well, I guess the sequel;
And yet I will not name it;—and yet I care not;—
And yet take this again;—and yet I thank you;
Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.

Speed. And yet you will; and yet another yet.

[Aside.

Val. What means your ladyship? do you not like it?

Sil. Yes, yes; the lines are very quaintly writ:
But since unwillingly, take them again;
Nay, take them.

Val. Madam, they are for you.

Sil. Ay, ay, you writ them, sir, at my request;
But I will none of them; they are for you:
I would have had them writ more movingly.

Val. Please you, I 'll write your ladyship another.

Sil. And when it 's writ, for my sake read it over :
And if it please you, so : if not, why so.

Val. If it please me, madam ! what then ?

Sil. Why, if it please you, take it for your labour.
And so good morrow, servant. [*Exit SILVIA.*]

Speed. O jest unseen, inscrutable, invisible,
As a nose on a man's face, or a weathercock on a
steeples !

My master sues to her ; and she hath taught her
suitor,

He being her pupil, to become her tutor.

O excellent device ! was there ever heard a better,
That my master, being scribe, to himself should write
the letter ?

Val. How now, sir ? what are you reasoning with
yourself ?

Speed. Nay, I was rhyming ; 't is you that have the
reason.

Val. To do what ?

Speed. To be a spokesman from madam Silvia.

Val. To whom ?

Speed. To yourself : why, she wooes you by a figure.

Val. What figure ?

Speed. By a letter, I should say.

Val. Why, she hath not writ to me ?

Speed. What needs she, when she hath made you
write to yourself ? Why, do you not perceive the
jest ?

Val. No, believe me.

Speed. No believing you, indeed, sir : But did you
perceive her earnest ?

Val. She gave me none, except an angry word.

Speed. Why, she hath given you a letter.

Val. That 's the letter I writ to her friend.

Speed. And that letter hath she delivered, and there
an end.

Val. I would it were no worse.

Speed. I 'll warrant you 't is as well.

For often have you writ to her ; and she, in modesty,
Or else for want of idle time, could not again reply ;
Or fearing else some messenger, that might her mind discover,
Herself hath taught her love himself to write unto her lover.—

All this I speak in print,^a for in print I found it.—

Why muse you, sir ? 't is dinner-time.

Val. I have dined.

Speed. Ay, but hearken, sir ; though theameleon
Love can feed on the air, I am one that am nourished
by my victuals, and would fain have meat. O, be
not like your mistress ; be moved, be moved.^b

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Verona. *A Room in Julia's House.*

Enter PROTEUS and JULIA.

Pro. Have patience, gentle Julia.

Jul. I must, where is no remedy.

Pro. When possibly I can, I will return.

Jul. If you turn not, you will return the sooner :

Keep this remembrance for thy Julia's sake.

[*Giving a ring.*]

Pro. Why, then we 'll make exchange ; here, take
you this.

Jul. And seal the bargain with a holy kiss.

Pro. Here is my hand for my true constancy ;
And when that hour o'erslips me in the day,
Wherein I sigh not, Julia, for thy sake,
The next ensuing hour some foul mischance
Torment me for my love's forgetfulness !
My father stays my coming ; answer not ;
The tide is now : nay, not thy tide of tears ;
That tide will stay me longer than I should :

[*Exit JULIA.*]

Julia, farewell.—What ! gone without a word ?

^a *In print*—with exactness.

^b *Be moved*—have compassion on me.

Ay, so true love should do: it cannot speak;
For truth hath better deeds than words to grace it.

Enter PANTHINO.

Pan. Sir Proteus, you are stay'd for.

Pro. Go; I come, I come:—

Alas! this parting strikes poor lovers dumb. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The same. A Street.*

Enter LAUNCE, leading a Dog.

Laun. Nay, 't will be this hour ere I have done weeping; all the kind of the Launces have this very fault: I have received my proportion, like the prodigious son, and am going with sir Proteus to the imperial's court. I think Crab my dog be the sourest-natured dog that lives: my mother weeping, my father wailing, my sister crying, our maid howling, our cat wringing her hands, and all our house in a great perplexity, yet did not this cruel-hearted cur shed one tear: he is a stone, a very pebble-stone, and has no more pity in him than a dog: a Jew would have wept to have seen our parting; why, my grandam, having no eyes, look you, wept herself blind at my parting. Nay, I'll show you the manner of it: This shoe is my father;—no, this left shoe* is my father; no, no, this left shoe is my mother;—nay, that cannot be so neither:—yes, it is so, it is so; it hath the worser sole. This shoe, with the hole in it, is my mother, and this my father; A vengeance on 't! there 't is: now, sir, this staff is my sister; for, look you, she is as white as a lily, and as small as a wand: this hat is Nan, our maid; I am the dog:—no, the dog is himself, and I am the dog,—O, the dog is me, and I am myself; ay, so, so. Now come I to my father; "Father, your blessing;" now should not the shoe speak a word for

* *This left shoe.* A passage in 'King John' also shows that each foot was formerly fitted with its shoe.

weeping; now should I kiss my father; well, he weeps on:—now come I to my mother, (O, that she could speak now!) like a wood^a woman;—well, I kiss her;—why, there 't is; here 's my mother's breath up and down; now come I to my sister; mark the moan she makes: now the dog all this while sheds not a tear, nor speaks a word; but see how I lay the dust with my tears.

Enter PANTHINO.

Pan. Launce, away, away, aboard; thy master is shipped, and thou art to post after with oars. What 's the matter? why weep'st thou, man? Away, ass; you 'll lose the tide if you tarry any longer.

Laun. It is no matter if the tied were lost; for it is the unkindest tied that ever man tied.

Pan. What 's the unkindest tide?

Laun. Why, he that 's tied here; Crab, my dog.

Pan. Tut, man, I mean thou 'lt lose the flood; and, in losing the flood, lose thy voyage; and, in losing thy voyage, lose thy master; and, in losing thy master, lose thy service; and, in losing thy service,—Why dost thou stop my mouth?

Laun. For fear thou shouldst lose thy tongue.

Pan. Where should I lose my tongue?

Laun. In thy tale.

Pan. In thy tail?

Laun. Lose the tide, and the voyage, and the master, and the service, and the tied! Why, man, if the river were dry, I am able to fill it with my tears; if the wind were down, I could drive the boat with my sighs.

Pan. Come, come away, man; I was sent to call thee.

Laun. Sir, call me what thou darest.

Pan. Wilt thou go?

Laun. Well, I will go.

[*Exeunt.*]

^a Wood—mad, wild.

SCENE IV.—Milan. *A Room in the Duke's Palace.*

Enter VALENTINE, SILVIA, THURIO, and SPEED.

Sil. Servant!

Val. Mistress.

Speed. Master, sir Thurio frowns on you.

Val. Ay, boy, it 's for love.

Speed. Not of you.

Val. Of my mistress then.

Speed. 'T were good you knocked him.

Sil. Servant, you are sad.

Val. Indeed, madam, I seem so.

Thu. Seem you that you are not?

Val. Haply I do.

Thu. So do counterfeits.

Val. So do you.

Thu. What seem I that I am not?

Val. Wise.

Thu. What instance of the contrary?

Val. Your folly.

Thu. And how quote^a you my folly?

Val. I quote^b it in your jerkin.

Thu. My jerkin is a doublet.

Val. Well, then, I 'll double your folly.

Thu. How?

Sil. What, angry, sir Thurio? do you change colour?

Val. Give him leave, madam; he is a kind of cameleon.

Thu. That hath more mind to feed on your blood, than live in your air.

Val. You have said, sir.

^a Quote—to mark.

^b Quote was pronounced *cote*, from the old French *coter*. Hence the quibble, I coat it in your *jerkin*—your short-coat, or jacket.

Thu. Ay, sir, and done too, for this time.

Val. I know it well, sir; you always end ere you begin.

Sil. A fine volley of words, gentlemen, and quickly shot off.

Val. 'T is indeed, madam; we thank the giver.

Sil. Who is that, servant?

Val. Yourself, sweet lady; for you gave the fire: Sir Thurio borrows his wit from your ladyship's looks, And spends what he borrows, kindly in your company.

Thu. Sir, if you spend word for word with me, I shall make your wit bankrupt.

Val. I know it well, sir: you have an exchequer of words,

And, I think, no other treasure to give your followers; For it appears, by their bare liveries, That they live by your bare words.

Sil. No more, gentlemen, no more; here comes my father.

Enter Duke.

Duke. Now, daughter Silvia, you are hard beset. Sir Valentine, your father is in good health: What say you to a letter from your friends Of much good news?

Val. My lord, I will be thankful To any happy messenger from thence.

Duke. Know you don Antonio, your countryman?

Val. Ay, my good lord, I know the gentleman To be of worth, and worthy estimation, And not without desert so well reputed.

Duke. Hath he not a son?

Val. Ay, my good lord; a son that well deserves The honour and regard of such a father.

Duke. You know him well?

Val. I knew him, as myself; for from our infancy We have convers'd and spent our hours together:

And though myself have been an idle truant,
 Omitting the sweet benefit of time
 To clothe mine age with angel-like perfection,
 Yet hath sir Proteus, for that 's his name,
 Made use and fair advantage of his days;
 His years but young, but his experience old;
 His head unmelld, but his judgment ripe;
 And, in a word, (for far behind his worth
 Come all the praises that I now bestow,)
 He is complete in feature,* and in mind,
 With all good grace to grace a gentleman.

Duke. Beshrew me, sir, but if he make this good,
 He is as worthy for an empress' love,
 As meet to be an emperor's counsellor.
 Well, sir; this gentleman is come to me,
 With commendation from great potentates;
 And here he means to spend his time a-while:
 I think 't is no unwelcome news to you.

Val. Should I have wish'd a thing, it had been he.

Duke. Welcome him then according to his worth;
 Silvia, I speak to you: and you, sir Thurio:—
 For Valentine, I need not 'cite him to it:
 I will send him hither to you presently. [*Exit DUKE.*]

Val. This is the gentleman I told your ladyship
 Had come along with me, but that his mistress
 Did hold his eyes lock'd in her crystal looks.

Sil. Belike, that now she hath enfranchis'd them,
 Upon some other pawn for fealty.

Val. Nay, sure I think she holds them prisoners still.

Sil. Nay, then he should be blind; and, being blind,
 How could he see his way to seek out you?

Val. Why, lady, love hath twenty pair of eyes.

Thu. They say that love hath not an eye at all—

Val. To see such lovers, Thurio, as yourself;
 Upon a homely object love can wink.

* *Feature* (form or fashion) was applied to the body as well as the face.

Enter PROTEUS.

Sil. Have done, have done ; here comes the gentleman.

Val. Welcome, dear Proteus !—Mistress, I beseech you,

Confirm his welcome with some special favour.

Sil. His worth is warrant for his welcome hither,
If this be he you oft have wish'd to hear from.

Val. Mistress, it is : sweet lady, entertain him
To be my fellow-servant to your ladyship.

Sil. Too low a mistress for so high a servant.

Pro. Not so, sweet lady ; but too mean a servant
To have a look of such a worthy mistress.

Val. Leave off discourse of disability :—
Sweet lady, entertain him for your servant.

Pro. My duty will I boast of, nothing else.

Sil. And duty never yet did want his meed ;
Servant, you are welcome to a worthless mistress.

Pro. I 'll die on him that says so, but yourself.

Sil. That you are welcome ?

Pro. No ; that you are worthless.

Thu. Madam, my lord your father would speak with you.

Sil. I wait upon his pleasure. Come, sir Thurio,
Go with me :—once more, new servant, welcome :
I 'll leave you to confer of home affairs ;
When you have done, we look to hear from you.

Pro. We 'll both attend upon your ladyship.

[*Exeunt SILVIA, THURIO, and SPEED.*]

Val. Now, tell me, how do all from whence you came ?

Pro. Your friends are well, and have them much commended.

Val. And how do yours ?

Pro. I left them all in health.

Val. How does your lady ? and how thrives your love ?

Pro. My tales of love were wont to weary you ;
I know you joy not in a love-discourse.

Val. Ay, Proteus, but that life is alter'd now :
I have done penance for contemning love ;
Whose high imperious thoughts have punish'd me
With bitter fasts, with penitential groans,
With nightly tears, and daily heart-sore sighs ;
For, in revenge of my contempt of love,
Love hath chas'd sleep from my enthralled eyes,
And made them watchers of mine own heart's sorrow.
O, gentle Proteus, love 's a mighty lord ;
And hath so humbled me, as, I confess,
There is no woe to his correction,^a
Nor to his service no such joy on earth !
Now, no discourse, except it be of love ;
Now can I break my fast, dine, sup, and sleep,
Upon the very naked name of love.

Pro. Enough ; I read your fortune in your eye ;
Was this the idol that you worship so ?

Val. Even she ; and is she not a heavenly saint ?

Pro. No ; but she is an earthly paragon.

Val. Call her divine.

Pro. I will not flatter her.

Val. O, flatter me ; for love delights in praises.

Pro. When I was sick, you gave me bitter pills ;
And I must minister the like to you.

Val. Then speak the truth by her ; if not divine,
Yet let her be a principality,
Sovereign to all the creatures on the earth.

Pro. Except my mistress.

Val. Sweet, except not any ;
Except thou wilt except against my love.

Pro. Have I not reason to prefer mine own ?

Val. And I will help thee to prefer her too :
She shall be dignified with this high honour,—
To bear my lady's train ; lest the base earth
Should from her vesture chance to steal a kiss,
And, of so great a favour growing proud,

^a There is no woe compared to his correction.

Disdain to root the summer-swelling flower,
And make rough winter everlastingly.

Pro. Why, Valentine, what braggardism is this?

Val. Pardon me, Proteus: all I can is nothing
To her, whose worth makes other worthies nothing;
She is alone.

Pro. Then let her alone.

Val. Not for the world: why, man, she is mine own;
And I as rich in having such a jewel
As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.
Forgive me, that I do not dream on thee,
Because thou seest me dote upon my love.
My foolish rival, that her father likes,
Only for his possessions are so huge,
Is gone with her along; and I must after,
For love, thou know'st, is full of jealousy.

Pro. But she loves you?

Val. Ay, and we are betroth'd: Nay, more, our
marriage hour,
With all the cunning manner of our flight,
Determin'd of: how I must climb her window;
The ladder made of cords; and all the means
Plotted, and 'greed on, for my happiness.
Good Proteus, go with me to my chamber,
In these affairs to aid me with thy counsel.

Pro. Go on before; I shall inquire you forth:
I must unto the road,^a to disembark
Some necessities that I needs must use;
And then I'll presently attend you.

Val. Will you make haste?

Pro. I will.—

[Exit VAL.]

Even as one heat another heat expels,
Or as one nail by strength drives out another,
So the remembrance of my former love
Is by a newer object quite forgotten.

^a Road—open harbour.

Is it her mien, or Valentinus' praise,
Her true perfection, or my false transgression,
That makes me reasonless, to reason thus?
She is fair; and so is Julia, that I love;—
That I did love, for now my love is thaw'd;
Which, like a waxen image 'gainst a fire,
Bears no impression of the thing it was.
Methinks, my zeal to Valentine is cold;
And that I love him not, as I was wont:
O! but I love his lady too, too much;
And that 's the reason I love him so little.
How shall I dote on her with more advice,
That thus without advice begin to love her!
'T is but her picture I have yet beheld,
And that hath dazzled my reason's light;
But when I look on her perfections,
There is no reason but I shall be blind.
If I can check my erring love, I will;
If not, to compass her I'll use my skill. [Exit.

SCENE V.—*The same. A Street.*

Enter SPEED and LAUNCE.

Speed. Launce! by mine honesty, welcome to Milan.

Laun. Forswear not thyself, sweet youth; for I am not welcome. I reckon this always—that a man is never undone till he be hanged; nor never welcome to a place till some certain shot be paid, and the hostess say, Welcome.

Speed. Come on, you madcap, I'll to the ale-house with you presently; where, for one shot of five-pence, thou shalt have five thousand welcomes. But, sirrah, how did thy master part with madam Julia?

Laun. Marry, after they closed in earnest, they parted very fairly in jest.

Speed. But shall she marry him?

Laun. No.

Speed. How then ? shall he marry her ?

Laun. No, neither.

Speed. What, are they broken ?

Laun. No, they are both as whole as a fish.

Speed. Why then, how stands the matter with them ?

Laun. Marry, thus ; when it stands well with him, it stands well with her.

Speed. What an ass art thou ! I understand thee not.

Laun. What a block art thou, that thou canst not ! My staff understands me.

Speed. What thou say'st ?

Laun. Ay, and what I do, too : look thee, I 'll but lean, and my staff understands me.

Speed. It stands under thee, indeed.

Laun. Why, stand under and understand is all one.

Speed. But tell me true, will 't be a match ?

Laun. Ask my dog : if he say ay, it will ; if he say no, it will ; if he shake his tail, and say nothing, it will.

Speed. The conclusion is then, that it will.

Laun. Thou shalt never get such a secret from me but by a parable.

Speed. 'T is well that I get it so. But, Launce, how say'st thou, that my master is become a notable lover ?

Laun. I never knew him otherwise.

Speed. Than how ?

Laun. A notable lubber, as thou reportest him to be.

Speed. Why, thou whoreson ass, thou mistakest me.

Laun. Why, fool, I meant not thee, I meant thy master.

Speed. I tell thee, my master is become a hot lover.

Laun. Why, I tell thee, I care not though he burn himself in love. If thou wilt, go with me to the ale-house ; if not, thou art an Hebrew, a Jew, and not worth the name of a Christian.

Speed. Why.

Laun. Because thou hast not so much charity in thee
as to go to the ale * with a Christian : Wilt thou go ?

Speed. At thy service. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*The same. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter PROTEUS.

Pro. To leave my Julia, shall I be forsworn ;
To love fair Silvia, shall I be forsworn ;
To wrong my friend, I shall be much forsworn ;
And even that power, which gave me first my oath,
Provokes me to this threefold perjury.
Love bade me swear, and love bids me forswear :
O sweet-suggesting love, if thou hast sinn'd,
Teach me, thy tempted subject, to excuse it.
At first I did adore a twinkling star,
But now I worship a celestial sun.
Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken ,
And he wants wit that wants resolved will
To learn his wit to exchange the bad for better.—
Fie, fie, unreverend tongue ! to call her bad,
Whose sovereignty so oft thou hast preferr'd
With twenty thousand soul-confirming oaths.
I cannot leave to love, and yet I do ;
But there I leave to love, where I should love.
Julia I lose, and Valentine I lose :
If I keep them, I needs must lose myself ;
If I lose them, thus find I by their loss,
For Valentine, myself ; for Julia, Silvia.
I to myself am dearer than a friend :
For love is still most precious in itself :
And Silvia, witness Heaven, that made her fair !
Shows Julia but a swarthy Ethiop.
I will forget that Julia is alive,
Rememb'ring that my love to her is dead
And Valentine I 'll hold an enemy,

* *Ale*—a rural festival or church holiday.

Aiming at Silvia as a sweeter friend.
 I cannot now prove constant to myself,
 Without some treachery us'd to Valentine :—
 This night, he meaneth with a corded ladder
 To climb celestial Silvia's chamber-window ;
 Myself in counsel, his competitor :
 Now presently I 'll give her father notice
 Of their disguising, and pretended * flight ;
 Who, all enrag'd, will banish Valentine ;
 For Thurio, he intends, shall wed his daughter :
 But, Valentine being gone, I 'll quickly cross,
 By some sly trick, blunt Thurio's dull proceeding.
 Love, lend me wings to make my purpose swift,
 As thou hast lent me wit to plot this drift ! [Exit.

SCENE VII.—Verona. *A Room in Julia's House.*

Enter JULIA and LUCETTA.

Jul. Counsel, Lucetta ! gentle girl, assist me !
 And, even in kind love, I do conjure thee,—
 Who art the table^b wherein all my thoughts
 Are visibly character'd and engrav'd,—
 To lesson me ; and tell me some good mean,
 How, with my honour, I may undertake
 A journey to my loving Proteus.

Luc. Alas ! the way is wearisome and long.

Jul. A true-devoted pilgrim is not weary
 To measure kingdoms with his feeble steps ;
 Much less shall she that hath love's wings to fly ;
 And when the flight is made to one so dear,
 Of such divine perfection, as sir Proteus.

Luc. Better forbear, till Proteus make return.

Jul. O, know'st thou not, his looks are my soul's food ?
 Pity the dearth that I have pined in,
 By longing for that food so long a time.

* *Pretended*—intended.

^b *Table*—table-book, or tables, for noting down something
 to be remembered.

Didst thou but know the inly touch of love,
Thou wouldst as soon go kindle fire with snow,
As seek to quench the fire of love with words.

Luc. I do not seek to quench your love's hot fire;
But qualify the fire's extreme rage,
Lest it should burn above the bounds of reason.

Jul. The more thou damm'st it up, the more it burns
The current that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage;
But, when his fair course is not hindered,
He makes sweet music with the enamell'd stones,
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage;
And so by many winding nooks he strays,
With willing sport, to the wild ocean.
Then let me go, and hinder not my course:
I'll be as patient as a gentle stream,
And make a pastime of each weary step,
Till the last step have brought me to my love;
And there I'll rest, as, after much turmoil,
A blessed soul doth in Elysium.

Luc. But in what habit will you go along?

Jul. Not like a woman; for I would prevent
The loose encounters of lascivious men:
Gentle Lucetta, fit me with such weeds
As may beseem some well-reputed page.

Luc. Why, then your ladyship must cut your hair.

Jul. No, girl; I'll knit it up in silken strings,
With twenty odd-conceited true-love knots:
To be fantastic may become a youth
Of greater time than I shall show to be.

Luc. What fashion, madam, shall I make your
breeches?

Jul. That fits as well as—"Tell me, good my lord,
What compass will you wear your farthingale?"
Why, ev'n what fashion thou best lik'st, Lucetta.

Luc. You must needs have them with a cod-piece,
madam.

Jul. Out, out, Lucetta! that will be ill-favour'd.

Luc. A round hose, madam, now 's not worth a pin, Unless you have a cod-piece to stick pins on.

Jul. Lucetta, as thou lov'st me, let me have What thou think'st meet, and is most mannerly. But tell me, wench, how will the world repute me, For undertaking so unstaid a journey? I fear me, it will make me scandaliz'd.

Luc. If you think so, then stay at home, and go not.

Jul. Nay, that I will not.

Luc. Then never dream on infamy, but go. If Proteus like your journey, when you come, No matter who 's displeas'd, when you are gone: I fear me, he will scarce be pleas'd withal.

Jul. That is the least, Lucetta, of my fear: A thousand oaths, an ocean of his tears, And instances of infinite^a of love, Warrant me welcome to my Proteus.

Luc. All these are servants to deceitful men.

Jul. Base men, that use them to so base effect! But truer stars did govern Proteus' birth: His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles; His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate; His tears, pure messengers sent from his heart; His heart as far from fraud as heaven from earth.

Luc. Pray Heaven he prove so, when you come to him.

Jul. Now, as thou lov'st me, do him not that wrong, To bear a hard opinion of his truth: Only deserve my love, by loving him; And presently go with me to my chamber, To take a note of what I stand in need of, To furnish me upon my longing journey. All that is mine I leave at thy dispose, My goods, my lands, my reputation; Only, in lieu thereof, despatch me hence: Come, answer not, but to it presently; I am impatient of my tarriance.

[*Exeunt.*

^a *Infinite*—infinitely.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Milan. *An Ante-room in the Duke's Palace.*

Enter DUKE, THURIO, and PROTEUS.

Duke. Sir Thurio, give us leave, I pray, awhile;
We have some secrets to confer about. [*Exit THURIO.*]
Now, tell me, Proteus, what 's your will with me?

Pro. My gracious lord, that which I would discover,
The law of friendship bids me to conceal:

But, when I call to mind your gracious favours
Done to me, undeserving as I am,

My duty pricks me on to utter that
Which else no worldly good should draw from me.

Know, worthy prince, sir Valentine, my friend,
This night intends to steal away your daughter;
Myself am one made privy to the plot.

I know you have determin'd to bestow her
On Thurio, whom your gentle daughter hates;

And should she thus be stolen away from you,
It would be much vexation to your age.

Thus, for my duty's sake, I rather chose
To cross my friend in his intended drift,
Than, by concealing it, heap on your head
A pack of sorrows, which would press you down,
Being unprevented, to your timeless grave.

Duke. Proteus, I thank thee for thine honest care;
Which to requite, command me while I live.

This love of theirs myself have often seen,
Haply, when they have judg'd me fast asleep;

And oftentimes have purpos'd to forbid
Sir Valentine her company, and my court:

But, fearing lest my jealous aim ^a might err,
 And so, unworthily, disgrace the man,
 (A rashness that I ever yet have shunn'd,)
 I gave him gentle looks; thereby to find
 That which thyself hast now disclos'd to me.
 And, that thou mayst perceive my fear of this,
 Knowing that tender youth is soon suggested,^b
 I nightly lodge her in an upper tower,
 The key whereof myself have ever kept;
 And thence she cannot be convey'd away.

Pro. Know, noble lord, they have devis'd a mean
 How he her chamber-window will ascend,
 And with a corded ladder fetch her down;
 For which the youthful lover now is gone,
 And this way comes he with it presently;
 Where, if it please you, you may intercept him.
 But, good my lord, do it so cunningly,
 That my discovery be not aimed at;
 For love of you, not hate unto my friend,
 Hath made me publisher of this pretence.^c

Duke. Upon mine honour, he shall never know
 That I had any light from thee of this.

Pro. Adieu, my lord; sir Valentine is coming. [*Exit.*]

Enter VALENTINE.

Duke. Sir Valentine, whither away so fast?

Val. Please it your grace, there is a messenger
 That stays to bear my letters to my friends,
 And I am going to deliver them.

Duke. Be they of much import?

Val. The tenor of them doth but signify
 My health, and happy being at your court.

Duke. Nay, then no matter; stay with me a while;
 I am to break with thee of some affairs,
 That touch me near, wherein thou must be secret.

^a Aim—purpose, intention.

^b Suggested—tempted.

^c Pretence—design.

'T is not unknown to thee, that I have sought
To match my friend, sir Thurio, to my daughter.

Val. I know it well, my lord; and, sure, the match
Were rich and honourable; besides, the gentleman
Is full of virtue, bounty, worth, and qualities
Beseeming such a wife as your fair daughter:
Cannot your grace win her to fancy him?

Duke. No, trust me; she is peevish, sullen, froward,
Proud, disobedient, stubborn, lacking duty;
Neither regarding that she is my child,
Nor fearing me as if I were her father:
And, may I say to thee, this pride of hers,
Upon advice, hath drawn my love from her;
And, where ^a I thought the remnant of mine age
Should have been cherish'd by her child-like duty,
I now am full resolv'd to take a wife,
And turn her out to who will take her in:
Then let her beauty be her wedding-dower;
For me and my possessions she esteems not.

Val. What would your grace have me to do in this?

Duke. There is a lady, sir, in Milan, here,
Whom I affect; but she is nice, and coy,
And nought esteems my aged eloquence:
Now, therefore, would I have thee to my tutor,
(For long ago I have forgot to court:
Besides, the fashion of the time is chang'd;)
How, and which way, I may bestow myself,
To be regarded in her sun-bright eye.

Val. Win her with gifts, if she respect not words;
Dumb jewels often, in their silent kind,
More than quick words, do move a woman's mind.

Duke. But she did scorn a present that I sent her.

Val. A woman sometimes scorns what best contents
her:
Send her another; never give her o'er;
For scorn at first makes after-love the more.

^a *Where*—whereas.

If she do frown, 't is not in hate of you,
But rather to beget more love in you :
If she do chide, 't is not to have you gone ;
For why, the fools are mad, if left alone.
Take no repulse, whatever she doth say :
For "get you gone," she doth not mean "away :"
Flatter, and praise, commend, extol their graces ;
Though ne'er so black, say they have angels' faces.
That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

Duke. But, she I mean is promis'd by her friends
Unto a youthful gentleman of worth ;
And kept severely from resort of men,
That no man hath access by day to her.

Val. Why, then I would resort to her by night.

Duke. Ay, but the doors be lock'd, and keys kept safe,
That no man hath recourse to her by night.

Val. What lets,* but one may enter at her window ?

Duke. Her chamber is aloft, far from the ground ;
And built so shelving, that one cannot climb it
Without apparent hazard of his life.

Val. Why, then, a ladder, quaintly made of cords,
To cast up with a pair of anchoring hooks,
Would serve to scale another Hero's tower,
So bold Leander would adventure it.

Duke. Now, as thou art a gentleman of blood,
Advise me where I may have such a ladder

Val. When would you use it ? pray, sir, tell me that.

Duke. This very night ; for love is like a child,
That longs for everything that he can come by.

Val. By seven o'clock I 'll get you such a ladder.

Duke. But, hark thee ; I will go to her alone ;
How shall I best convey the ladder thither ?

Val. It will be light, my lord, that you may bear it
Under a cloak, that is of any length.

Duke. A cloak as long as thine will serve the turn ?

* *Lets*—hinders.

Val. Ay, my good lord.

Duke. Then let me see thy cloak :
I 'll get me one of such another length.

Val. Why, any cloak will serve the turn, my lord.

Duke. How shall I fashion me to wear a cloak ?—
I pray thee, let me feel thy cloak upon me.—
What letter is this same ? What 's here ?—"To Silvia"?
And here an engine fit for my proceeding !
I 'll be so bold to break the seal for once. [*Reads.*

"My thoughts do harbour with my Silvia nightly ;
And slaves they are to me, that send them flying :
O, could their master come and go as lightly,
Himself would lodge, where senseless they are lying.
My herald thoughts in thy pure bosom rest them ;
While I, their king, that thither them importune,
Do curse the grace that with such grace hath bless'd them,
Because myself do want my servants' fortune :
I curse myself, for they are sent by me,
That they should harbour where their lord should be."

What 's here ?

"Silvia, this night I will enfranchise thee :"

'T is so ; and here 's the ladder for the purpose.
Why, Phaëton, (for thou art Merops' son,)
Wilt thou aspire to guide the heavenly car,
And with thy daring folly burn the world ?
Wilt thou reach stars, because they shine on thee ?
Go, base intruder ! overweening slave !
Bestow thy fawning smiles on equal mates ;
And think my patience, more than thy desert,
Is privilege for thy departure hence :
Thank me for this, more than for all the favours,
Which, all too much, I have bestow'd on thee.
But if thou linger in my territories,
Longer than swiftest expedition
Will give thee time to leave our royal court,
By Heaven, my wrath shall far exceed the love
I ever bore my daughter, or thyself.

Be gone; I will not hear thy vain excuse,
But, as thou lov'st thy life, make speed from hence.

[*Exit DUKE.*]

Val. And why not death, rather than living torment?
To die, is to be banish'd from myself;
And Silvia is myself: banish'd from her,
Is self from self: a deadly banishment!
What light is light, if Silvia be not seen?
What joy is joy, if Silvia be not by?
Unless it be to think that she is by,
And feed upon the shadow of perfection.
Except I be by Silvia in the night,
There is no music in the nightingale;
Unless I look on Silvia in the day,
There is no day for me to look upon:
She is my essence; and I leave to be,
If I be not by her fair influence
Foster'd, illumin'd, cherish'd, kept alive.
I fly not death, to fly his deadly doom:
Tarry I here, I but attend on death;
But, fly I hence, I fly away from life.

Enter PROTEUS and LAUNCE.

Pro. Run, boy, run, run, and seek him out.

Laun. So-ho! so-ho!

Pro. What seest thou?

Laun. Him we go to find:

There 's not a hair on 's head, but 't is a Valentine.

Pro. Valentine?

Val. No.

Pro. Who then? his spirit?

Val. Neither.

Pro. What then?

Val. Nothing.

Laun. Can nothing speak? Master, shall I strike?

Pro. Who wouldst thou strike?

Laun. Nothing.

Pro. Villain, forbear.

Laun. Why, sir, I'll strike nothing : I pray you,—

Pro. Sirrah, I say, forbear : Friend Valentine, a word.

Val. My ears are stopp'd, and cannot hear good news,
So much of bad already hath possess'd them.

Pro. Then in dumb silence will I bury mine,
For they are harsh, untuneable, and bad.

Val. Is Silvia dead ?

Pro. No, Valentine.

Val. No Valentine, indeed, for sacred Silvia!—
Hath she forsworn me ?

Pro. No, Valentine.

Val. No Valentine, if Silvia have forsworn me!—
What is your news ?

Laun. Sir, there is a proclamation that you are vanished.

Pro. That thou art banished. O, that's the news ;
From hence, from Silvia, and from me, thy friend.

Val. O, I have fed upon this woe already,
And now excess of it will make me surfeit.
Doth Silvia know that I am banished ?

Pro. Ay, ay ; and she hath offer'd to the doom
(Which, unrevers'd, stands in effectual force)
A sea of melting pearl, which some call tears :
Those at her father's churlish feet she tender'd ;
With them, upon her knees, her humble self ;
Wringing her hands, whose whiteness so became them,
As if but now they waxed pale for woe :
But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,
Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver-shedding tears,
Could penetrate her uncompassionate sire ;
But Valentine, if he be ta'en, must die.
Besides, her intercession chaf'd him so,
When she for thy repeal was suppliant,
That to close prison he commanded her,
With many bitter threats of 'biding there.

Val. No more ; unless the next word that thou speak'st

Have some malignant power upon my life :
If so, I pray thee, breathe it in mine ear,
As ending anthem of my endless dolour.

Pro. Cease to lament for that thou canst not help,
And study help for that which thou lament'st.
Time is the nurse and breeder of all good.
Here if thou stay, thou canst not see thy love ;
Besides, thy staying will abridge thy life.
Hope is a lover's staff ; walk hence with that,
And manage it against despairing thoughts.
Thy letters may be here, though thou art hence :
Which, being writ to me, shall be deliver'd
Even in the milk-white bosom of thy love.*

The time now serves not to expostulate :
Come, I 'll convey thee through the city gate ;
And, ere I part with thee, confer at large
Of all that may concern thy love-affairs :
As thou lov'st Silvia, though not for thyself,
Regard thy danger, and along with me.

Val. I pray thee, Launce, an if thou seest my boy,
Bid him make haste, and meet me at the north gate.

Pro. Go, sirrah, find him out. Come, Valentine.

Val. O my dear Silvia ! hapless Valentine !

[*Exeunt VALENTINE and PROTEUS.*]

Laun. I am but a fool, look you ; and yet I have
the wit to think my master is a kind of a knave : but
that 's all one, if he be but one knave. He lives not
now that knows me to be in love : yet I am in love ;
but a team of horse shall not pluck that from me ; nor
who 't is I love, and yet 't is a woman : but what wo-
man, I will not tell myself ; and yet 't is a milkmaid ;
yet 't is not a maid, for she hath had gossips : yet 't is
a maid, for she is her master's maid, and serves for

* *Even in the milk-white bosom of thy love.* The lady of the sixteenth century had a small pocket in the front of her stays in which she carried her letters, and other matters which she valued.

wages. She hath more qualities than a water-spaniel,—which is much in a bare Christian. Here is the catalog [*pulling out a paper*] of her conditions. Imprimis, “She can fetch and carry.” Why, a horse can do no more : nay, a horse cannot fetch, but only carry ; therefore is she better than a jade. Item, “She can milk ;” look you, a sweet virtue in a maid with clean hands.

Enter SPEED.

Speed. How now, signior Launce ? what news with your mastership ?

Laun. With my master's ship ? why, it is at sea.

Speed. Well, your old vice still ; mistake the word : What news then in your paper ?

Laun. The blackest news that ever thou heard'st.

Speed. Why, man, how black ?

Laun. Why, as black as ink.

Speed. Let me read them.

Laun. Fie on thee, jolt-head ! thou canst not read.

Speed. Thou liest, I can.

Laun. I will try thee : Tell me this : Who begot thee ?

Speed. Marry, the son of my grandfather.

Laun. O illiterate loiterer ! it was the son of thy grandmother : this proves that thou canst not read.

Speed. Come, fool, come : try me in thy paper.

Laun. There ; and St. Nicholas be thy speed !

Speed. Imprimis, “She can milk.”

Laun. Ay, that she can.

Speed. Item, “She brews good ale.”

Laun. And thereof comes the proverb,—Blessing of your heart, you brew good ale.

Speed. Item, “She can sew.”

Laun. That 's as much as to say, can she so ?

Speed. Item, “She can knit.”

Laun. What need a man care for a stock with a wench, when she can knit him a stock ?^a

^a *Stock*—stocking.

Speed. Item, "She can wash and scour."

Laun. A special virtue; for then she need not be washed and scoured.

Speed. "She can spin."

Laun. Then may I set the world on wheels, when she can spin for her living.

Speed. Item, "She hath many nameless virtues."

Laun. That's as much as to say, bastard virtues; that, indeed, know not their fathers, and therefore have no names.

Speed. "Here follow her vices."

Laun. Close at the heels of her virtues.

Speed. Item, "She is not to be kissed fasting, in respect of her breath."

Laun. Well, that fault may be mended with a breakfast: Read on.

Speed. Item, "She hath a sweet mouth."

Laun. That makes amends for her sour breath.

Speed. Item, "She doth talk in her sleep."

Laun. It's no matter for that, so she sleep not in her talk.

Speed. Item, "She is slow in words."

Laun. O villain, that set this down among her vices!

To be slow in words is a woman's only virtue:

I pray thee, out with 't; and place it for her chief virtue.

Speed. Item, "She is proud."

Laun. Out with that too; it was Eve's legacy, And cannot be ta'en from her.

Speed. Item, "She hath no teeth."

Laun. I care not for that neither, because I love crusts.

Speed. Item, "She is curst."

Laun. Well; the best is, she hath no teeth to bite.

Speed. "She will often praise her liquor."

Laun. If her liquor be good, she shall: if she will not, I will; for good things should be praised.

Speed. Item, "She is too liberal."

Laun. Of her tongue she cannot; for that's writ down she is slow of: of her purse she shall not; for that I'll keep shut: now of another thing she may; and that cannot I help. Well, proceed.

Speed. Item, "She hath more hair than wit,^a and more faults than hairs, and more wealth than faults."

Laun. Stop there; I'll have her: she was mine, and not mine, twice or thrice in that last article: Rehearse that once more.

Speed. Item, "She hath more hair than wit,"—

Laun. More hair than wit,—it may be; I'll prove it: The cover of the salt hides the salt, and therefore it is more than the salt; the hair that covers the wit is more than the wit; for the greater hides the less. What's next?

Speed.—"And more faults than hairs,"—

Laun. That's monstrous: O, that that were out!

Speed.—"And more wealth than faults."

Laun. Why, that word makes the faults gracious: Well, I'll have her: And if it be a match, as nothing is impossible,—

Speed. What then?

Laun. Why, then will I tell thee,—that thy master stays for thee at the north gate.

Speed. For me?

Laun. For thee? ay: who art thou? he hath stayed for a better man than thee.

Speed. And must I go to him?

Laun. Thou must run to him, for thou hast stayed so long, that going will scarce serve the turn.

Speed. Why didst not tell me sooner? 'pox of your love-letters! [Exit.

Laun. Now will he be swunged for reading my letter: An unmannerly slave, that will thrust himself into secrets!—I'll after, to rejoice in the boy's correction. [Exit.

^a An old English proverb.

SCENE II.—*The same. A Room in the Duke's Palace.*

Enter DUKE and THURIO; PROTEUS behind.

Duke. Sir Thurio, fear not but that she will love you,

Now Valentine is banish'd from her sight.

Thu. Since his exile she hath despis'd me most,
Forsworn my company, and rail'd at me,
That I am desperate of obtaining her.

Duke. This weak impress of love is as a figure
Trenched^a in ice; which with an hour's heat
Dissolves to water, and doth lose his form.
A little time will melt her frozen thoughts,
And worthless Valentine shall be forgot.—
How now, sir Proteus? Is your countryman,
According to our proclamation, gone?

Pro. Gone, my good lord.

Duke. My daughter takes his going grievously.

Pro. A little time, my lord, will kill that grief.

Duke. So I believe; but Thurio thinks not so.—
Proteus, the good conceit I hold of thee
(For thou hast shown some sign of good desert)
Makes me the better to confer with thee.

Pro. Longer than I prove loyal to your grace,
Let me not live to look upon your grace.

Duke. Thou know'st how willingly I would effect
The match between sir Thurio and my daughter.

Pro. I do, my lord.

Duke. And also, I think, thou art not ignorant
How she opposes her against my will.

Pro. She did, my lord, when Valentine was here.

Duke. Ay, and perversely she perseveres so.
What might we do, to make the girl forget
The love of Valentine, and love sir Thurio?

^a *Trenched*—cut.

Pro. The best way is, to slander Valentine
With falsehood, cowardice, and poor descent;
Three things that women highly hold in hate.

Duke. Ay, but she 'll think that it is spoke in hate.

Pro. Ay, if his enemy deliver it:

Therefore it must, with circumstance, be spoken
By one whom she esteemeth as his friend.

Duke. Then you must undertake to slander him.

Pro. And that, my lord, I shall be loth to do:
'T is an ill office for a gentleman;
Especially, against his very ^a friend.

Duke. Where your good word cannot advantage him,
Your slander never can endamage him;
Therefore the office is indifferent,
Being entreated to it by your friend.

Pro. You have prevail'd, my lord: if I can do it,
By aught that I can speak in his dispraise,
She shall not long continue love to him.
But say, this weed her love from Valentine,
It follows not that she will love sir Thurio.

Thu. Therefore, as you unwind her love from him,
Lest it should ravel, and be good to none,
You must provide to bottom it on me;
Which must be done by praising me as much
As you in worth dispraise sir Valentine.

Duke. And, Proteus, we dare trust you in this
kind;

Because we know, on Valentine's report,
You are already love's firm votary,
And cannot soon revolt and change your mind.
Upon this warrant shall you have access
Where you with Silvia may confer at large;
For she is lumpish, heavy, melancholy,
And, for your friend's sake, will be glad of you;
Where you may temper her, by your persuasion,
To hate young Valentine, and love my friend.

^a *Very*—true; real.

Pro. As much as I can do, I will effect :—
 But you, sir Thurio, are not sharp enough ;
 You must lay lime, to tangle her desires,
 By wailful sonnets, whose composed rhymes
 Should be full fraught with serviceable vows.

Duke. Ay, much is the force of heaven-bred poesy.

Pro. Say that upon the altar of her beauty
 You sacrifice your tears, your sighs, your heart.
 Write till your ink be dry ; and with your tears
 Moist it again ; and frame some feeling line,
 That may discover such integrity :
 For Orpheus' lute was strung with poets' sinews ;
 Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones,
 Make tigers tame, and huge leviathans
 Forsake unsounded deeps to dance on sands.
 After your dire lamenting elegies,
 Visit by night your lady's chamber-window,
 With some sweet concert : to their instruments
 Tune a deploring dump ;^a the night's dead silence
 Will well become such sweet complaining grievance.
 This, or else nothing, will inherit ^b her.

Duke. This discipline shows thou hast been in love.

Thu. And thy advice this night I 'll put in practice.
 Therefore, sweet Proteus, my direction-giver,
 Let us into the city presently
 To sort ^c some gentlemen well skill'd in music :
 I have a sonnet that will serve the turn,
 To give the onset to thy good advice.

Duke. About it, gentlemen.

Pro. We 'll wait upon your grace till after supper ;
 And afterward determine our proceedings.

Duke. Even now about it ; I will pardon you.

[*Exeunt.*

^a *Dump*—a mournful elegy.

^b *Inherit*—obtain possession of.

^c *Sort*—choose.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Forest, near Mantua.*

Enter certain Outlaws.

1 *Out.* Fellows, stand fast; I see a passenger.

2 *Out.* If there be ten, shrink not, but down with 'em.

Enter VALENTINE and SPEED.

3 *Out.* Stand, sir, and throw us that you have about you;

If not, we 'll make you sit, and rifle you.

Speed. Sir, we are undone! these are the villains
That all the travellers do fear so much.

Val. My friends,—

1 *Out.* That 's not so, sir; we are your enemies.

2 *Out.* Peace! we 'll hear him.

3 *Out.* Ay, by my beard, will we; for he is a proper man!

Val. Then know, that I have little wealth to lose;
A man I am cross'd with adversity:
My riches are these poor habiliments,
Of which if you should here disfurnish me,
You take the sum and substance that I have.

2 *Out.* Whither travel you?

Val. To Verona.

1 *Out.* Whence came you?

Val. From Milan.

3 *Out.* Have you long sojourn'd there?

Val. Some sixteen months; and longer might have stay'd,

If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.

1 *Out.* What, were you banish'd thence?

Val. I was.

2 *Out.* For what offence?

Val. For that which now torments me to rehearse :
I kill'd a man, whose death I much repent ;
But yet I slew him manfully in fight,
Without false vantage, or base treachery.

1 *Out.* Why, ne'er repent it, if it were done so :
But were you banish'd for so small a fault?

Val. I was, and held me glad of such a doom.

1 *Out.* Have you the tongues?

Val. My youthful travel therein made me happy ;
Or else I often had been miserable.

3 *Out.* By the bare scalp of Robin Hood's fat friar,
This fellow were a king for our wild faction!

1 *Out.* We 'll have him ; sirs, a word.

Speed. Master, be one of them ;
It is an honourable kind of thievery.

Val. Peace, villain !

2 *Out.* Tell us this : Have you anything to take to?

Val. Nothing but my fortune.

3 *Out.* Know then, that some of us are gentlemen,
Such as the fury of ungovern'd youth
Thrust from the company of awful * men :
Myself was from Verona banished,
For practising to steal away a lady,
An heir, and near allied unto the duke.

2 *Out.* And I from Mantua, for a gentleman,
Whom, in my mood, I stabb'd unto the heart.

1 *Out.* And I, for such like petty crimes as these.
But to the purpose,—for we cite our faults,
That they may hold excus'd our lawless lives,
And, partly, seeing you are beautified
With goodly shape ; and by your own report
A linguist ; and a man of such perfection,
As we do in our quality much want ;—

2 *Out.* Indeed, because you are a banish'd man,
Therefore, above the rest, we parley to you :

* *Awful*—lawful.

Are you content to be our general?
To make a virtue of necessity,
And live, as we do, in this wilderness?

3 *Out.* What say'st thou? wilt thou be of our consort?
Say, ay, and be the captain of us all:
We 'll do thee homage, and be rul'd by thee,
Love thee as our commander, and our king.

1 *Out.* But if thou scorn our courtesy, thou diest.

2 *Out.* Thou shalt not live to brag what we have
offer'd.

Val. I take your offer, and will live with you;
Provided that you do no outrages
On silly women, or poor passengers.

3 *Out.* No, we detest such vile base practices.
Come, go with us, we 'll bring thee to our crews,
And show thee all the treasure we have got;
Which, with ourselves, all rest at thy dispose. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Milan. *Court of the Palace.*

Enter PROTEUS.

Pro. Already have I been false to Valentine,
And now I must be as unjust to Thurio.
Under the colour of commending him,
I have access my own love to prefer;
But Silvia is too fair, too true, too holy,
To be corrupted with my worthless gifts.
When I protest true loyalty to her,
She twits me with my falsehood to my friend:
When to her beauty I commend my vows,
She bids me think how I have been forsworn
In breaking faith with Julia whom I lov'd:
And, notwithstanding all her sudden quips,
The least whereof would quell a lover's hope,
Yet, spaniel-like, the more she spurns my love,
The more it grows, and fawneth on her still.
But here comes Thurio: now must we to her window,
And give some evening music to her ear.

Enter THURIO and Musicians.

Thu. How now, sir Proteus; are you crept before us?

Pro. Ay, gentle Thurio; for you know that love
Will creep in service where it cannot go.

Thu. Ay, but I hope, sir, that you love not here.

Pro. Sir, but I do; or else I would be hence.

Thu. Who? Silvia?

Pro. Ay, Silvia,—for your sake.

Thu. I thank you for your own. Now, gentlemen,
Let's tune, and to it lustily awhile.

Enter Host, at a distance; and JULIA in boy's clothes.

Host. Now, my young guest! methinks you're ally-
cholly; I pray you, why is it?

Jul. Marry, mine host, because I cannot be merry.

Host. Come, we'll have you merry: I'll bring you
where you shall hear music, and see the gentleman that
you asked for.

Jul. But shall I hear him speak?

Host. Ay, that you shall.

Jul. That will be music.

[*Music plays.*]

Host. Hark! hark!

Jul. Is he among these?

Host. Ay: but peace, let's hear 'em.

SONG.

Who is Silvia? what is she,
That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise is she,
The heaven such grace did lend her,
That she might admired be.
Is she kind as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindness:
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness;
And, being help'd, inhabits there.
Then to Silvia let us sing,
That Silvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing,
Upon the dull earth dwelling:
To her let us garlands bring.

Host. How now? are you sadder than you were before?
How do you, man? the music likes ^a you not.

Jul. You mistake; the musician likes me not.

Host. Why, my pretty youth?

Jul. He plays false, father.

Host. How? out of tune on the strings?

Jul. Not so; but yet so false that he grieves my very heartstrings.

Host. You have a quick ear.

Jul. Ay, I would I were deaf! it makes me have a slow heart.

Host. I perceive you delight not in music.

Jul. Not a whit, when it jars so.

Host. Hark, what fine change is in the music!

Jul. Ay, that change is the spite.

Host. You would have them always play but one thing.

Jul. I would always have one play but one thing.

But, host, doth this sir Proteus, that we talk on,
Often resort unto this gentlewoman?

Host. I tell you what Launce, his man, told me, he
loved her out of all nick.^b

Jul. Where is Launce?

Host. Gone to seek his dog; which, to-morrow, by
his master's command, he must carry for a present to
his lady.

Jul. Peace! stand aside! the company parts.

Pro. Sir Thurio, fear not you! I will so plead,
That you shall say, my cunning drift excels.

Thu. Where meet we?

Pro. At saint Gregory's well.

Thu. Farewell. [*Exeunt THURIO and Musicians.*]

SILVIA appears above, at her window.

Pro. Madam, good even to your ladyship.

Sil. I thank you for your music, gentlemen:
Who is that, that spake?

^a *Likes*—pleases.

^b *Nick*—beyond all reckoning.

Pro. One, lady, if you knew his pure heart's truth,
You would quickly learn to know him by his voice.

Sil. Sir Proteus, as I take it.

Pro. Sir Proteus, gentle lady, and your servant.

Sil. What 's your will?

Pro. That I may compass yours.

Sil. You have your wish; my will is even this,—
That presently you hie you home to bed.

Thou subtle, perjur'd, false, disloyal man!

Think'st thou, I am so shallow, so conceitless,

To be seduced by thy flattery,

That hast deceiv'd so many with thy vows?

Return, return, and make thy love amends.

For me,—by this pale queen of night I swear,

I am so far from granting thy request,

That I despise thee for thy wrongful suit;

And by and by intend to chide myself,

Even for this time I spend in talking to thee.

Pro. I grant, sweet love, that I did love a lady;
But she is dead.

Jul. 'T were false, if I should speak it;

For I am sure she is not buried. [Aside.

Sil. Say that she be; yet Valentine, thy friend,

Survives; to whom, thyself art witness,

I am betroth'd: And art thou not ashamed

To wrong him with thy importunacy?

Pro. I likewise hear that Valentine is dead.

Sil. And so suppose am I; for in his grave
Assure thyself my love is buried.

Pro. Sweet lady, let me rake it from the earth.

Sil. Go to thy lady's grave, and call hers thence;
Or, at the least, in hers sepulchre thine.

Jul. He heard not that. [Aside.

Pro. Madam, if your heart be so obdurate,
Vouchsafe me yet your picture for my love,
The picture that is hanging in your chamber;
To that I 'll speak, to that I 'll sigh and weep:

For, since the substance of your perfect self
Is else devoted, I am but a shadow ;
And to your shadow will I make true love.

Jul. If 't were a substance, you would, sure, deceive it,

And make it but a shadow, as I am. *[Aside.*

Sil. I am very loth to be your idol, sir ;
But, since your falsehood shall become you well
To worship shadows, and adore false shapes,
Send to me in the morning, and I 'll send it :
And so, good rest.

Pro. As wretches have o'er-night,
That wait for execution in the morn.

[Exeunt PROTEUS ; and SILVIA, from above.

Jul. Host, will you go ?

Host. By my halidom,^a I was fast asleep

Jul. Pray you, where lies sir Proteus ?

Host. Marry, at my house : Trust me, I think, 't is almost day.

Jul. Not so ; but it hath been the longest night
That e'er I watch'd, and the most heaviest. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The same*

Enter EGLAMOUR.

Egl. This is the hour that madam Silvia
Entreated me to call, and know her mind ;
There 's some great matter she 'd employ me in.—
Madam, madam !

SILVIA appears above, at her window.

Sil. Who calls ?

Egl. Your servant, and your friend ;
One that attends your ladyship's command.

Sil. Sir Eglamour, a thousand times good-morrow.

Egl. As many, worthy lady, to yourself.
According to your ladyship's impose,^b

^a *Halidom*—holiness.

^b *Impose*—command.

I am thus early come, to know what service
It is your pleasure to command me in.

Sil. O Eglamour, thou art a gentleman,
(Think not I flatter, for I swear I do not,)
Valiant, wise, remorseful,* well accomplish'd.
Thou art not ignorant what dear good will
I bear unto the banish'd Valentine;
Nor how my father would enforce me marry
Vain Thurio, whom my very soul abhorr'd.
Thyself hast lov'd; and I have heard thee say,
No grief did ever come so near thy heart
As when thy lady and thy true love died,
Upon whose grave thou vow'dst pure chastity.
Sir Eglamour, I would to Valentine,
To Mantua, where, I hear, he makes abode;
And, for the ways are dangerous to pass,
I do desire thy worthy company,
Upon whose faith and honour I repose.
Urge not my father's anger, Eglamour,
But think upon my grief, a lady's grief;
And on the justice of my flying hence,
To keep me from a most unholy match,
Which Heaven and fortune still reward with plagues.
I do desire thee, even from a heart
As full of sorrows as the sea of sands,
To bear me company, and go with me:
If not, to hide what I have said to thee,
That I may venture to depart alone.

Egl. Madam, I pity much your grievances;
Which since I know they virtuously are plac'd,
I give consent to go along with you;
Recking as little what betideth me
As much I wish all good befortune you.
When will you go?

Sil. This evening coming.

Egl. Where shall I meet you?

* *Remorseful*—compassionate.

Sil. At friar Patrick's cell,
Where I intend holy confession.

Egl. I will not fail your ladyship :
Good morrow, gentle lady.

Sil. Good morrow, kind sir Eglamour. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—*The same.*

Enter LAUNCE, with his dog.

When a man's servant shall play the cur with him, look you, it goes hard : one that I brought up of a puppy ; one that I saved from drowning, when three or four of his blind brothers and sisters went to it ! I have taught him—even as one would say precisely, Thus I would teach a dog. I was sent to deliver him, as a present to mistress Silvia, from my master ; and I came no sooner into the dining-chamber, but he steps me to her trencher, and steals her capon's leg. O, 't is a foul thing when a cur cannot keep^a himself in all companies ! I would have, as one should say, one that takes upon him to be a dog indeed, to be, as it were, a dog at all things. If I had not had more wit than he, to take a fault upon me that he did, I think verily he had been hanged for 't ; sure as I live he had suffered for 't : you shall judge. He thrusts me himself into the company of three or four gentlemanlike dogs, under the duke's table : he had not been there (bless the mark !) a pissing while, but all the chamber smelt him. " Out with the dog," says one ; " What cur is that ?" says another ; " Whip him out," says a third ; " Hang him up," says the duke. I, having been acquainted with the smell before, knew it was Crab ; and goes me to the fellow that whips the dogs : " Friend," quoth I, " you mean to whip the dog ?" " Ay, marry, do I," quoth he. " You do him the more wrong," quoth I ; " 't was I did the thing you wot of." He makes me no more ado, but whips me out of the chamber. How many masters

^a *Keep*—restrain.

would do this for their servant? Nay, I'll be sworn, I have sat in the stocks for puddings he hath stolen, otherwise he had been executed: I have stood on the pillory for geese he hath killed, otherwise he had suffered for 't: thou think'st not of this now!—Nay, I remember the trick you served me when I took my leave of madam Silvia; did not I bid thee still mark me, and do as I do? When didst thou see me heave up my leg, and make water against a gentlewoman's farthingale? didst thou ever see me do such a trick?

Enter PROTEUS and JULIA.

Pro. Sebastian is thy name? I like thee well, And will employ thee in some service presently.

Jul. In what you please.—I'll do what I can.

Pro. I hope thou wilt.—How now, you whoreson peasant;

[*To LAUNCE.*

Where have you been these two days loitering?

Laun. Marry, sir, I carried mistress Silvia the dog you bade me.

Pro. And what says she to my little jewel?

Laun. Marry, she says, your dog was a cur; and tells you, currish thanks is good enough for such a present.

Pro. But she received my dog?

Laun. No, indeed, did she not: here have I brought him back again.

Pro. What, didst thou offer her this from me?

Laun. Ay, sir; the other squirrel was stolen from me by the hangman's boys in the market-place; and then I offered her mine own; who is a dog as big as ten of yours, and therefore the gift the greater.

Pro. Go, get thee hence, and find my dog again, Or ne'er return again into my sight.

Away, I say: Stay'st thou to vex me here?

A slave, that still an end^a turns me to shame.

[*Exit LAUNCE.*

^a *Still an end*—almost perpetually.

Sebastian, I have entertained thee,
 Partly, that I have need of such a youth,
 That can with some discretion do my business,
 For 't is no trusting to yon foolish lout;
 But, chiefly, for thy face and thy behaviour;
 Which (if my augury deceive me not)
 Witness good bringing up, fortune, and truth:
 Therefore know thee, for this I entertain thee.
 Go presently, and take this ring with thee,
 Deliver it to madam Silvia:

She lov'd me well,^a deliver'd it to me.

Jul. It seems you lov'd her not to leave^b her token:
 She is dead, belike?

Pro. Not so; I think she lives.

Jul. Alas!

Pro. Why dost thou cry, alas!

Jul. I cannot choose but pity her.

Pro. Wherefore shouldst thou pity her?

Jul. Because, methinks, that she lov'd you as well
 As you do love your lady Silvia:

She dreams on him that has forgot her love;
 You dote on her that cares not for your love.
 'T is pity, love should be so contrary;
 And thinking on it makes me cry, alas!

Pro. Well, give her that ring, and therewithal
 This letter;—that 's her chamber.—Tell my lady,
 I claim the promise for her heavenly picture.
 Your message done, hie home unto my chamber,
 Where thou shalt find me, sad and solitary. [*Exit Pro.*]

Jul. How many women would do such a message?
 Alas, poor Proteus! thou hast entertain'd
 A fox, to be the shepherd of thy lambs:
 Alas, poor fool! why do I pity him
 That with his very heart despiseth me?
 Because he loves her, he despiseth me;
 Because I love him, I must pity him.

^a She lov'd me well, *who* deliver'd it to me.

^b To leave—to part with.

This ring I gave him, when he parted from me,
 To bind him to remember my good will :
 And now am I (unhappy messenger)
 To plead for that, which I would not obtain ;
 To carry that, which I would have refus'd ;
 To praise his faith, which I would have disprais'd.
 I am my master's true confirmed love ;
 But cannot be true servant to my master,
 Unless I prove false traitor to myself.
 Yet I will woo for him ; but yet so coldly,
 As, Heaven it knows, I would not have him speed.

Enter SILVIA, attended.

Gentlewoman, good day ! I pray you, be my mean
 To bring me where to speak with madam Silvia.

Sil. What would you with her, if that I be she ?

Jul. If you be she, I do entreat your patience
 To hear me speak the message I am sent on.

Sil. From whom ?

Jul. From my master, sir Proteus, madam.

Sil. O !—he sends you for a picture ?

Jul. Ay, madam.

Sil. Ursula, bring my picture there. [*Picture brought.*]
 Go, give your master this : tell him, from me,
 One Julia, that his changing thoughts forget,
 Would better fit his chamber, than this shadow.

Jul. Madam, please you peruse this letter.—
 Pardon me, madam ; I have unadvis'd
 Deliver'd you a paper that I should not :
 This is the letter to your ladyship.

Sil. I pray thee, let me look on that again.

Jul. It may not be ; good madam, pardon me.

Sil. There, hold.

I will not look upon your master's lines :
 I know they are stuff'd with protestations,
 And full of new-found oaths ; which he will break,
 As easily as I do tear his paper.

Jul. Madam, he sends your ladyship this ring.

Sil. The more shame for him that he sends it me ;
For, I have heard him say a thousand times,
His Julia gave it him at his departure :
Though his false finger have profan'd the ring,
Mine shall not do his Julia so much wrong.

Jul. She thanks you.

Sil. What say'st thou ?

Jul. I thank you, madam, that you tender her :
Poor gentlewoman ! my master wrongs her much.

Sil. Dost thou know her ?

Jul. Almost as well as I do know myself :
To think upon her woes I do protest
That I have wept an hundred several times.

Sil. Belike, she thinks that Proteus hath forsook her.

Jul. I think she doth, and that 's her cause of sorrow.

Sil. Is she not passing fair ?

Jul. She hath been fairer, madam, than she is :
When she did think my master lov'd her well,
She, in my judgment, was as fair as you ;
But since she did neglect her looking-glass,
And threw her sun-expelling mask away,
The air hath starv'd the roses in her cheeks,
And pinch'd^a the lily-tincture of her face,
That now she is become as black as I.

Sil. How tall was she ?

Jul. About my stature : for, at Pentecost,
When all our pageants of delight were play'd,
Our youth got me to play the woman's part,
And I was trimm'd in madam Julia's gown ;
Which served me as fit, by all men's judgments,
As if the garment had been made for me :
Therefore, I know she is about my height.
And, at that time, I made her weep a-good,
For I did play a lamentable part ;
Madam, 't was Ariadne, passioning
For Theseus' perjury and unjust flight ;
Which I so lively acted with my tears,

^a *Pinch'd*—painted.

That my poor mistress, moved therewithal,
Wept bitterly ; and, would I might be dead,
If I in thought felt not her very sorrow !

Sil. She is beholden to thee, gentle youth !—
Alas, poor lady ! desolate and left !—

I weep myself to think upon thy words.

Here, youth, there is my purse ; I give thee this
For thy sweet mistress' sake, because thou lov'st her.
Farewell.

[*Exit SILVIA.*]

Jul. And she shall thank you for't, if e'er you know her.
A virtuous gentlewoman, mild, and beautiful.

I hope my master's suit will be but cold,
Since she respects my mistress' love so much.
Alas, how love can trifle with itself !

Here is her picture : Let me see ; I think,

If I had such a tire, this face of mine

Were full as lovely as is this of hers :

And yet the painter flatter'd her a little,

Unless I flatter with myself too much.

Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow :

If that be all the difference in his love,

I'll get me such a colour'd periwig.

Her eyes are grey as glass ; and so are mine :

Ay, but her forehead's low, and mine's as high.

What should it be, that he respects in her,

But I can make respective in myself,

If this fond love were not a blinded god ?

Come, shadow, come, and take this shadow up,

For 't is thy rival. O thou senseless form,

Thou shalt be worshipp'd, kiss'd, lov'd, and ador'd ;

And, were there sense in his idolatry,

My substance should be statue^a in thy stead.

I'll use thee kindly for thy mistress' sake,

That used me so ; or else, by Jove I vow,

I should have scratch'd out your unseeing eyes,

To make my master out of love with thee !

[*Exit.*]

^a *Statue* and *picture* were often used without distinction.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The same. An Abbey.**Enter EGLAMOUR.*

Egl. The sun begins to gild the western sky :
And now it is about the very hour
That Silvia, at friar Patrick's cell, should meet me.
She will not fail; for lovers break not hours,
Unless it be to come before their time;
So much they spur their expedition.

Enter SILVIA.

See where she comes : Lady, a happy evening !

Sil. Amen, amen ! go on, good Eglamour,
Out at the postern by the abbey-wall ;
I fear I am attended by some spies.

Egl. Fear not : the forest is not three leagues off :
If we recover that, we are sure enough. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. A Room in the Duke's Palace.**Enter THURIO, PROTEUS, and JULIA.*

Thu. Sir Proteus, what says Silvia to my suit ?

Pro. O, sir, I find her milder than she was ;
And yet she takes exceptions at your person.

Thu. What, that my leg is too long ?

Pro. No, that it is too little.

Thu. I 'll wear a boot, to make it somewhat rounder.

Pro. But love will not be spurr'd to what it loathes.

Thu. What says she to my face ?

Pro. She says it is a fair one.

Thu. Nay, then the wanton lies ; my face is black.

Pro. But pearls are fair ; and the old saying is,
Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies' eyes.

Jul. 'Tis true, such pearls as put out ladies' eyes ;
For I had rather wink than look on them. [*Aside.*

Thu. How likes she my discourse ?

Pro. Ill, when you talk of war.

Thu. But well, when I discourse of love and peace ?

Jul. But better, indeed, when you hold your peace.
[*Aside.*

Thu. What says she to my valour ?

Pro. O, sir, she makes no doubt of that.

Jul. She needs not, when she knows it cowardice.

[*Aside.*

Thu. What says she to my birth ?

Pro. That you are well deriv'd.

Jul. True ; from a gentleman to a fool. [*Aside.*

Thu. Considers she my possessions ?

Pro. O, ay ; and pities them.

Thu. Wherefore ?

Jul. That such an ass should owe them. [*Aside.*

Pro. That they are out by lease.*

Jul. Here comes the duke.

Enter DUKE.

Duke. How now, sir Proteus ? how now, Thurio ?
Which of you saw sir Eglamour of late ?

Thu. Not I.

Pro. Nor I.

Duke. Saw you my daughter ?

Pro. Neither.

Duke. Why, then, she's fled unto that peasant
Valentine ;

And Eglamour is in her company.

'Tis true ; for friar Laurence met them both,
As he in penance wander'd through the forest :

* By his possessions, Thurio means his lands ; but Proteus alludes to his mental endowments, which he says "are out by lease"—are not in his own keeping.

Him he knew well, and guess'd that it was she ;
But, being mask'd, he was not sure of it :
Besides, she did intend confession
At Patrick's cell this even ; and there she was not :
These likelihoods confirm her flight from hence.
Therefore, I pray you, stand not to discourse,
But mount you presently ; and meet with me
Upon the rising of the mountain-foot
That leads toward Mantua, whither they are fled.
Despatch, sweet gentlemen, and follow me. [Exit.

Thu. Why, this it is to be a peevish girl,
That flies her fortune when it follows her :
I'll after ; more to be reveng'd on Eglamour,
Than for the love of reckless Silvia. [Exit.

Pro. And I will follow, more for Silvia's love,
Than hate of Eglamour that goes with her. [Exit.

Jul. And I will follow, more to cross that love,
Than hate for Silvia, that is gone for love. [Exit.

SCENE III.—*Frontiers of Mantua. The Forest.*

Enter SILVIA and Outlaws.

1 Out. Come, come ;
Be patient, we must bring you to our captain.

Sil. A thousand more mischances than this one
Have learn'd me how to brook this patiently.

2 Out. Come, bring her away.

1 Out. Where is the gentleman that was with her ?

3 Out. Being nimble-footed, he hath outrun us,
But Moyses and Valerius follow him.

Go thou with her to the west end of the wood,
There is our captain : we'll follow him that's fled.
The thicket is beset, he cannot 'scape.

1 Out. Come, I must bring you to our captain's cave
Fear not ; he bears an honourable mind,
And will not use a woman lawlessly.

Sil. O Valentine, this I endure for thee. [Exeunt.

Jul. 'Tis true, such pearls as put out ladies' eyes ;
For I had rather wink than look on them. [*Aside.*

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Fear not ; he bears an honourable mind,
And will not use a woman lawlessly.

Sil. O *Valentine*, this I endure for thee. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—*Another part of the Forest.**Enter VALENTINE.*

Val. How use doth breed a habit in a man !
 This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,
 I better brook than flourishing peopled towns :
 Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,
 And to the nightingale's complaining notes
 Tune my distresses, and record ^a my woes.
 O thou that dost inhabit in my breast,
 Leave not the mansion so long tenantless ;
 Lest, growing ruinous, the building fall,
 And leave no memory of what it was !
 Repair me with thy presence, Silvia ;
 Thou gentle nymph, cherish thy forlorn swain !
 What hallooing, and what stir, is this to-day ?
 These are my mates, that make their wills their law,
 Have some unhappy passenger in chase :
 They love me well ; yet I have much to do,
 To keep them from uncivil outrages.
 Withdraw thee, Valentine ; who 's this comes here ?
[*Steps aside.*]

Enter PROTEUS, SILVIA, and JULIA.

Pro. Madam, this service I have done for you,
 (Though you respect not aught your servant doth,)
 To hazard life, and rescue you from him
 That would have forc'd your honour and your love.
 Vouchsafe me, for my meed, but one fair look ;
 A smaller boon than this I cannot beg,
 And less than this, I am sure, you cannot give.

Val. How like a dream is this I see and hear !
 Love, lend me patience to forbear a while. [*Aside.*]

Sil. O miserable, unhappy that I am !

^a *Record*—to sing.

Pro. Unhappy were you, madam, ere I came ;
But, by my coming, I have made you happy.

Sil. By thy approach thou mak'st me most unhappy.

Jul. And me, when he approacheth to your presence.

[*Aside*

Sil. Had I been seized by a hungry lion,
I would have been a breakfast to the beast,
Rather than have false Proteus rescue me.
O, Heaven be judge how I love Valentine,
Whose life 's as tender to me as my soul ;
And full as much (for more there cannot be)
I do detest false perjur'd Proteus :
Therefore be gone, solicit me no more.

Pro. What dangerous action, stood it next to death,
Would I not undergo for one calm look ?

O, 't is the curse in love, and still approv'd,*
When women cannot love where they're belov'd.

Sil. When Proteus cannot love where he 's belov'd.
Read over Julia's heart, thy first best love,
For whose dear sake thou didst then rend thy faith
Into a thousand oaths ; and all those oaths
Descended into perjury, to love me.
Thou hast no faith left now, unless thou 'dst two,
And that 's far worse than none ; better have none
Than plural faith, which is too much by one :
Thou counterfeit to thy true friend !

Pro. In love,
Who respects friend ?

Sil. All men but Proteus.

Pro. Nay, if the gentle spirit of moving words
Can no way change you to a milder form,
I'll woo you like a soldier, at arms' end ;
And love you 'gainst the nature of love, force you.

Sil. O Heaven !

Pro. I'll force thee yield to my desire.

* *Approv'd*—proved, experienced.

Val. Ruffian, let go that rude uncivil touch;
Thou friend of an ill fashion!

Pro. Valentine!

Val. Thou common friend, that's without faith or
love;

(For such is a friend now;) treacherous man!
Thou hast beguil'd my hopes; nought but mine eye
Could have persuaded me; Now I dare not say
I have one friend alive; thou wouldst disprove me.
Who should be trusted when one's own right hand
Is perjur'd to the bosom? Proteus,
I am sorry I must never trust thee more,
But count the world a stranger for thy sake.
The private wound is deepest: O time most accus'd!
'Mongst all foes, that a friend should be the worst.

Pro. My shame, and guilt, confounds me.—
Forgive me, Valentine: if hearty sorrow
Be a sufficient ransom for offence,
I tender it here; I do as truly suffer
As e'er I did commit.

Val. Then I am paid;
And once again I do receive thee honest:—
Who by repentance is not satisfied
Is nor of heaven, nor earth; for these are pleas'd;
By penitence the Eternal's wrath's appeas'd,—
And, that my love may appear plain and free,
All that was mine, in Silvia, I give thee.

Jul. O me, unhappy! [Faints.]

Pro. Look to the boy.

Val. Why, boy!
Why, wag! how now? what's the matter? Look up;
speak.

Jul. O good sir, my master charged me to deliver a
ring to madam Silvia; which, out of my neglect, was
never done.

Pro. Where is that ring, boy?

Jul. Here 't is: this is it. [Gives a ring.]

Pro. How! let me see:

Why, this is the ring I gave to Julia.

Jul. O, cry your mercy, sir, I have mistook;
This is the ring you sent to Silvia. [*Shows another ring*]

Pro. But how camest thou by this ring? at my departure I gave this unto Julia.

Jul. And Julia herself did give it me;
And Julia herself hath brought it hither.

Pro. How! Julia!

Jul. Behold her that gave aim to all thy oaths,
And entertain'd them deeply in her heart:

How oft hast thou with perjury cleft the root?

O Proteus, let this habit make thee blush!

Be thou asham'd, that I have took upon me

Such an immodest raiment; if shame live

In a disguise of love:

It is the lesser blot, modesty finds,

Women to change their shapes, than men their minds.

Pro. Than men their minds! 't is true; O Heaven!
were man

But constant, he were perfect: that one error

Fills him with faults; makes him run through all the
sins:

Inconstancy falls off ere it begins:

What is in Silvia's face, but I may spy

More fresh in Julia's with a constant eye?

Val. Come, come, a hand from either:

Let me be bless'd to make this happy close;

'T were pity two such friends should be long foes.

Pro. Bear witness, Heaven, I have my wish for ever.

Jul. And I mine.

Enter Outlaws, with DUKE and THURIO.

Out. A prize, a prize, a prize!

Val. Forbear, forbear, I say; it is my lord the duke.
Your grace is welcome to a man disgrac'd,
Banished Valentine.

Duke.

Sir Valentine!

Thu. Yonder is Silvia; and Silvia's mine.

Val. Thurio, give back, or else embrace thy death;
Come not within the measure of my wrath:
Do not name Silvia thine; if once again,
Milan shall not behold thee. Here she stands;
Take but possession of her with a touch;—
I dare thee but to breathe upon my love.—

Thu. Sir Valentine, I care not for her, I;
I hold him but a fool, that will endanger
His body for a girl that loves him not:
I claim her not, and therefore she is thine.

Duke. The more degenerate and base art thou,
To make such means for her as thou hast done,
And leave her on such slight conditions.—
Now, by the honour of my ancestry,
I do applaud thy spirit, Valentine,
And think thee worthy of an empress' love!
Know then, I here forget all former griefs,
Cancel all grudge, repeal thee home again.—
Plead a new state in thy unrivall'd merit,
To which I thus subscribe,—Sir Valentine,
Thou art a gentleman, and well deriv'd;
Take thou thy Silvia, for thou hast deserv'd her.

Val. I thank your grace; the gift hath made me
happy.

I now beseech you, for your daughter's sake,
To grant one boon that I shall ask of you.

Duke. I grant it, for thine own, whate'er it be.

Val. These banish'd men, that I have kept withal,
Are men endued with worthy qualities;
Forgive them what they have committed here,
And let them be recall'd from their exile:
They are reformed, civil, full of good,
And fit for great employment, worthy lord.

Duke. Thou hast prevail'd; I pardon them, and thee;
Dispose of them, as thou know'st their deserts.
Come, let us go; we will include all jars
With triumphs, mirth, and rare solemnity.

Val. And, as we walk along, I dare be bold
With our discourse to make your grace to smile :
What think you of this page, my lord ?

Duke. I think the boy hath grace in him ; he blushes.

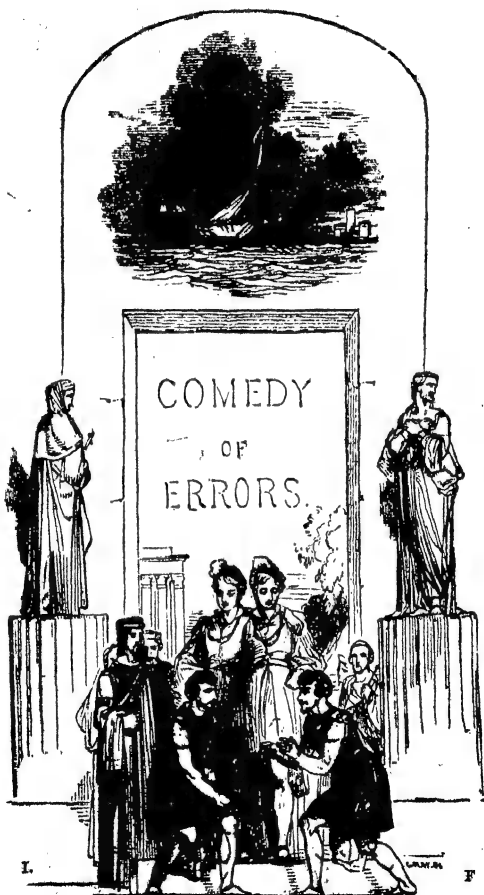
Val. I warrant you, my lord ; more grace than boy.

Duke. What mean you by that saying ?

Val. Please you, I'll tell you as we pass along,
That you will wonder what hath fortun'd.—
Come, Proteus ; 't is your penance, but to hear
The story of your loves discovered :
That done, our day of marriage shall be yours ;
One feast, one house, one mutual happiness. [*Exeunt.*







I.

F





'THE COMEDY OF ERRORS' was first printed in the folio collection of Shakspeare's Plays in 1623. This copy presents many typographical blunders, and in a few passages the text is manifestly corrupt. The difficulties, however, are not very considerable. The Comedy was clearly one of Shakspeare's very early plays. It was probably untouched by its author after its first production.

In a work by Francis Meres, published in 1598, it is mentioned amongst other dramas of Shakspeare. The chief evidence of its being a very early play is to be found in the great prevalence of that measure which was known to our language as early as the time of Chaucer by the name of "rime dogerel." This peculiarity is to be observed only in three of our author's plays,—in 'Love's Labour's Lost,' in 'The Taming of the Shrew,' and in 'The Comedy of Errors.' It was a distinguishing characteristic of the early English drama. 'The Comedy of Errors' was unquestionably suggested by 'The Menæchmi' of Plautus; and it furnishes abundant proof of Shakspeare's familiarity with that ancient dramatist.

Criticism has justly held that 'The Comedy of Errors' is essentially a farce, and was meant to be so.

Coleridge says, "A proper farce is mainly distinguished from comedy by the licence allowed, and even required, in the fable, in order to produce strange and laughable situations." Nothing, however, can be managed with more skill than the whole dramatic action of this farce. It has been objected that the riddle which is presented throughout the piece teases and wearies the reader and the spectator. Hazlitt says, "In reading the play, from the sameness of the names of the two Antipholuses and the two Dromios, as well as from their being constantly taken for each other by those who see them, it is difficult, without a painful effort of attention, to keep the characters distinct in the mind. And again, on the stage, either the complete similitude of their persons and dress must produce the same perplexity whenever they first enter, or the identity of appearance, which the story supposes, will be destroyed. We still, however, having a clue to the difficulty, can tell which is which, merely from the contradictions which arise as soon as the different parties begin to speak; and we are indemnified for the perplexity and blunders into which we are thrown, by seeing others thrown into greater and almost inextricable ones." Hazlitt has here, almost undesignedly, pointed out the source of the pleasure which, with an "effort of attention,"—not a "painful effort," we think,—a reader or spectator of 'The Comedy of Errors' is sure to receive from this drama. We have "a clue to the difficulty;"—we know more than the actors in the drama;—we may be a little perplexed, but the deep perplexity of the characters is a

constantly-increasing triumph to us. The spectators, the readers, have the clue, are let into the secret, by the story of the first scene. Nothing can be more beautifully managed, or is altogether more Shakspearean, than the narrative of *Ægeon*; and that narrative is so clear and so impressive, that the reader never forgets it amidst all the errors and perplexities which follow. It appears to us that every one of an *audience* of 'The Comedy of Errors,' who keeps his eyes open, will, after he has become a little familiar with the persons of the two *Antipholuses* and the two *Dromios*, find out some clue by which he can detect a difference between each, even without "the practical contradictions which arise as soon as the different parties begin to speak." Each pair of persons selected to play the twins must be of the same height,—with such general resemblances of the features as may be made to appear identical by the colour and false hair of the tiring-room,—and be dressed with apparently perfect similarity. But let every care be taken to make the deception perfect, yet the observing spectator will detect a difference between each; some peculiarity of the voice, some "trick o' the eye," some dissimilarity in gait, some minute variation in dress; and, while his curiosity is kept alive by the effort of attention which is necessary for this detection, the riddle will not only not tease him, but its perpetual solution will afford him the utmost satisfaction.

But has not Shakspeare himself furnished a clue to the understanding of the Errors, by his marvellous skill in the delineation of character? Pope forcibly

remarked that, if our poet's dramas were printed without the names of the persons represented being attached to the individual speeches, we should know who is speaking by his wonderful discrimination in assigning to every character appropriate modes of thought and expression. It appears to us that this is unquestionably the case with the characters of each of the twin-brothers in 'The Comedy of Errors.' The Antipholus of Ephesus is strikingly opposed to the Antipholus of Syracuse: he is neither sedate, nor gentle, nor truly-loving, as his brother is;—he has no habits of self-command;—his temperament is sensual. The two Dromios each have their "merry jests;" they each bear a beating with wonderful good temper; they each cling faithfully to their master's interests. But there is certainly a marked difference in the quality of their mirth. The Dromio of Ephesus is precise and antithetical, striving to utter his jests with infinite gravity and discretion. On the contrary, the "merry jests" of Dromio of Syracuse all come from the outpouring of his gladsome heart. Of course the characters of the twins could not be violently contrasted, for that would have destroyed the illusion. They must still

"Go hand in hand, not one before another."



PERSONS REPRESENTED.

SOLINUS, *Duke of Ephesus.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1.

ÆGEON, *a merchant of Syracuse.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS, *twin-brother to Antipholus of Syracuse, but unknown to him, and son to Ægeon and Æmilia.*

Appears, Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE, *twin-brother to Antipholus of Ephesus, but unknown to him, and son to Ægeon and Æmilia.*

*Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 2.
Act IV. sc. 3; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 1.*

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS, *twin-brother to Dromio of Syracuse, and an attendant on Antipholus of Ephesus.*

*Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 1.
Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 1.*

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE, *twin-brother to Dromio of Ephesus, and an attendant on Antipholus of Syracuse.*

*Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2.
Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 1.*

BALTHAZAR, *a merchant.*

Appears, Act III. sc. 1.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ANGELO, *a goldsmith.*

Appears, Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1.

A Merchant, *friend to Antipholus of Syracuse.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1.

PINCH, *a schoolmaster and a conjuror.*

Appears, Act IV. sc. 4.

ÆMILIA, *wife to Ægeon, an abbess at Ephesus.*

Appears, Act V. sc. 1.

ADRIANA, *wife to Antipholus of Ephesus.*

Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 1.

LUCIANA, *sister to Adriana.*

*Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act III. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 2;
sc. 4. Act V. sc. 1.*

LUCE, *her servant.*

Appears, Act III. sc. 1.

A Courtezan.

Appears, Act IV. sc. 3; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 1.

SCENE—EPHESUS.



THE
COMEDY OF ERRORS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Hall in the Duke's Palace.*

Enter DUKE, ÆGEON, Gaoler, Officers, and other Attendants.

Æge. Proceed, Solinus, to procure my fall,
And, by the doom of death, end woes and all.

Duke. Merchant of Syracuse, plead no more;
I am not partial, to infringe our laws;
The enmity and discord, which of late
Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your duke
To merchants, our well-dealing countrymen,—
Who, wanting gilders to redeem their lives,
Have seal'd his rigorous statutes with their bloods,—
Excludes all pity from our threat'ning looks.
For, since the mortal and intestine jars
'Twixt thy seditious countrymen and us
It hath in solemn synods been decreed,
Both by the Syracusans and ourselves,
To admit no traffic in our adverse towns:
Nay, more, If any, born at Ephesus,
Be seen at any Syracusan marts and fairs,
Again, If any Syracusan born,
Come to the bay of Ephesus, he dies,
His goods confiscate to the duke's dispose;
Unless a thousand marks be levied,
To quit the penalty, and to ransom him.

Thy substance, valued at the highest rate,
Cannot amount unto a hundred marks;
Therefore, by law thou art condemn'd to die.

Ege. Yet this my comfort; when your words are
done,

My woes end likewise with the evening sun.

Duke. Well, Syracusan, say, in brief, the cause
Why thou departedst from thy native home;
And for what cause thou cam'st to Ephesus.

Ege. A heavier task could not have been impos'd,
Than I to speak my griefs unspeakable.
Yet, that the world may witness that my end
Was wrought by nature,^a not by vile offence,
I'll utter what my sorrow gives me leave.
In Syracuse was I born; and wed
Unto a woman, happy but for me,
And by me, too, had not our hap been bad.
With her I liv'd in joy; our wealth increas'd,
By prosperous voyages I often made
To Epidamnum, till my factor's death,
And the great care of goods at random left,
Drew me from kind embracements of my spouse:
From whom my absence was not six months old,
Before herself (almost at fainting under
The pleasing punishment that women bear)
Had made provision for her following me,
And soon, and safe, arrived where I was.
There had she not been long, but she became
A joyful mother of two goodly sons;
And, which was strange, the one so like the other
As could not be distinguish'd but by names.
That very hour, and in the self-same inn,
A poor mean woman was delivered
Of such a burthen, male twins, both alike:

^a *By nature*—by the impulses of nature, by natural affection,
—as opposed to *vile offence*, the violation of the municipal laws of
Ephesus.

Those, for their parents were exceeding poor,
I bought, and brought up to attend my sons.
My wife, not meanly proud of two such boys,
Made daily motions for our home return:
Unwilling I agreed; alas, too soon. We came aboard
A league from Epidamnium had we sail'd
Before the always-wind-obeying deep
Gave any tragic instance of our harm:
But longer did we not retain much hope;
For what obscured light the heavens did grant
Did but convey unto our fearful minds
A doubtful warrant of immediate death;
Which, though myself would gladly have embrac'd,
Yet the incessant weepings of my wife,
Weeping before for what she saw must come,
And piteous plainings of the pretty babes,
That mourn'd for fashion, ignorant what to fear,
Forc'd me to seek delays for them and me.
And this it was,—for other means was none.—
The sailors sought for safety by our boat,
And left the ship, then sinking-ripe, to us:
My wife, most careful for the latter born,
Had fasten'd him unto a small spare mast,
Such as seafaring men provide for storms:
To him one of the other twins was bound,
Whilst I had been like heedful of the other.
The children thus dispos'd, my wife and I,
Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fix'd,
Fasten'd ourselves at either end the mast;
And floating straight, obedient to the stream,
Were carried towards Corinth, as we thought.
At length the sun, gazing upon the earth,
Dispers'd those vapours that offended us;
And, by the benefit of his wished light,
The seas wax'd calm, and we discovered
Two ships from far making amain to us,
Of Corinth that, of Epidaurus this:

But ere they came,—O, let me say no more!

Gather the sequel by that went before.

Duke. Nay, forward, old man, do not break off so;
For we may pity, though not pardon thee.

Ege. O, had the gods done so, I had not now
Worthily term'd them merciless to us!

For ere the ships could meet by twice five leagues,

We were encounter'd by a mighty rock;

Which being violently borne upon,

Our helpful ship was splitted in the midst,

So that, in this unjust divorce of us,

Fortune had left to both of us alike

What to delight in, what to sorrow for.

Her part, poor soul! seeming as burthened

With lesser weight, but not with lesser woe,

Was carried with more speed before the wind;

And in our sight they three were taken up

By fishermen of Corinth, as we thought.

At length, another ship had seiz'd on us;

And, knowing whom it was their hap to save,

Gave healthful welcome to their shipwrack'd guests;

And would have reft the fishers of their prey,

Had not their bark been very slow of sail,

And therefore homeward did they bend their course.

Thus have you heard me sever'd from my bliss;

That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd,

To tell sad stories of my own mishaps.

Duke. And, for the sake of them thou sorrowest for,

Do me the favour to dilate at full

What hath befall'n of them, and thee, till now.

Ege. My youngest boy, and yet my eldest care,

At eighteen years became inquisitive

After his brother; and importun'd me,

That his attendant (so his case was like,*

Reft of his brother, but retain'd his name)

Might bear him company in the quest of him:

* *So his case was like—his case was so like that of Antipholus.*

Whom whilst I labour'd of a love to see,
I hazarded the loss of whom I lov'd.
Five summers have I spent in farthest Greece,
Roaming clean through the bounds of Asia,
And, coasting homeward, came to Ephesus;
Hopeless to find, yet loth to leave unsought,
Or that, or any place that harbours men.
But here must end the story of my life;
And happy were I in my timely death,
Could all my travels warrant me they live.

Duke. Hapless Ægeon, whom the fates have mark'd
To bear the extremity of dire mishap!
Now, trust me, were it not against our laws,
Against my crown, my oath, my dignity,
Which princes, would they, may not disannul,
My soul should sue as advocate for thee.
But, though thou art adjudged to the death,
And passed sentence may not be recall'd
But to our honour's great disparagement,
Yet will I favour thee in what I can:
Therefore, merchant, I'll limit thee this day,
To seek thy hope by beneficial help:
Try all the friends thou hast in Ephesus:
Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the sum,
And live; if no, then thou art doom'd to die:—
Gaoler, take him into thy custody.

Gaol. I will, my lord.

Æge. Hopeless, and helpless, doth Ægeon wend,
But to procrastinate his liveless* end. [Exeunt

SCENE II.—A public Place.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS and DROMIO of Syracuse, and a Merchant.

Mer. Therefore give out you are of Epidamnum,

* *Liveless.* *Lifeless* and *liveless* are the same; as *live'y* and *afely* also are the same.

Lest that your goods too soon be confiscate.
This very day, a Syracusan merchant
Is apprehended for arrival here ;
And, not being able to buy out his life,
According to the statute of the town,
Dies ere the weary sun set in the west.
There is your money that I had to keep.

Ant. S. Go, bear it to the Centaur, where we host,
And stay there, Dromio, till I come to thee.
Within this hour it will be dinner-time :
Till that, I'll view the manners of the town,
Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings,
And then return, and sleep within mine inn ;
For with long travel I am stiff and weary.
Get thee away.

Dro. S. Many a man would take you at your word,
And go indeed, having so good a mean. [*Exit Dro. S.*]

Ant. S. A trusty villain, sir, that very oft,
When I am dull with care and melancholy,
Lightens my humour with his merry jests.
What, will you walk with me about the town,
And then go to my inn and dine with me ?

Mer. I am invited, sir, to certain merchants,
Of whom I hope to make much benefit ;
I crave your pardon. Soon at five o'clock,*
Please you, I'll meet with you upon the mart,
And afterward consort you till bedtime ;
My present business calls me from you now.

Ant. S. Farewell till then : I will go lose myself,
And wander up and down, to view the city.

Mer. Sir, I commend you to your own content.

[*Exit Merchant.*]

Ant. S. He that commends me to mine own content
Commends me to the thing I cannot get.
I to the world am like a drop of water,
That in the ocean seeks another drop ;

* *Soon at five o'clock—about five o'clock.*

Who, falling there to find his fellow forth,
Unseen, inquisitive, confounds himself :
So I, to find a mother and a brother,
In quest of them, unhappy, lose myself.

Enter DROMIO of Ephesus.

Here comes the almanac of my true date.—
What now ? How chance thou art return'd so soon ?

Dro. E. Return'd so soon ! rather approach'd too late :
The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit ;
The clock hath stricken twelve upon the bell,
My mistress made it one upon my cheek :
She is so hot, because the meat is cold ;
The meat is cold, because you come not home ;
You come not home, because you have no stomach ;
You have no stomach, having broke your fast ;
But we, that know what 't is to fast and pray,
Are penitent * for your default to-day.

Ant. S. Stop in your wind, sir ; tell me this, I pray :
Where have you left the money that I gave you ?

Dro. E. O,—sixpence, that I had o' Wednesday last,
To pay the saddler for my mistress' crupper ;
The saddler had it, sir ; I kept it not.

Ant. S. I am not in a sportive humour now :
Tell me, and dally not, where is the money ?
We being strangers here, how dar'st thou trust
So great a charge from thine own custody ?

Dro. E. I pray you, jest, sir, as you sit at dinner :
I from my mistress come to you in post ;
If I return, I shall be post indeed ;^b
For she will score your fault upon my pate.
Methinks your maw, like mine, should be your clock,
And strike you home without a messenger.

* *Penitent*—in the sense of doing penance.

^b *Post indeed.* The *post* of a shop was used as the tally-board of a publican is now used, to keep the *score*.

Ant. S. Come, Dromio, come, these jests are out of season ;

Reserve them till a merrier hour than this :

Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee ?

Dro. E. To me, sir ? why, you gave no gold to me.

Ant. S. Come on, sir knave ; have done your foolishness,

And tell me how thou hast dispos'd thy charge.

Dro. E. My charge was but to fetch you from the mart

Home to your house, the Phoenix, sir, to dinner ;

My mistress and her sister stay for you.

Ant. S. Now, as I am a christian, answer me,
In what safe place you have bestow'd * my money
Or I shall break that merry sconce of yours,
That stands on tricks when I am undispos'd :
Where is the thousand marks thou hadst of me ?

Dro. E. I have some marks of yours upon my pate,
Some of my mistress' marks upon my shoulders,
But not a thousand marks between you both.
If I should pay your worship those again,
Perchance, you will not bear them patiently.

Ant. S. Thy mistress' marks ? what mistress, slave,
hast thou ?

Dro. E. Your worship's wife, my mistress at the Phoenix ;

She that doth fast till you come home to dinner,
And prays that you will hie you home to dinner.

Ant. S. What, wilt thou flout me thus unto my face,
Being forbid ? There, take you that, sir knave.

Dro. E. What mean you, sir ? for God's sake, hold
your hands ;

Nay, an you will not, sir, I'll take my heels.

[Exit DRO. E.]

Ant. S. Upon my life, by some device or other,

* *Bestow'd*—stowed, deposited.

The villain is o'er-raught^a of all my money
They say this town is full of cozenage ;
As, nimble jugglers that deceive the eye,
Dark-working sorcerers that change the mind,
Soul-killing witches that deform the body,
Disguised cheaters, prating mountebanks,
And many such like liberties of sin :
If it prove so, I will be gone the sooner.
I'll to the Centaur, to go seek this slave ;
I greatly fear my money is not safe.

[Exit.

^aO'er-raught—overreached.



ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A public Place.*

Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.

Adr. Neither my husband, nor the slave return'd,
That in such haste I sent to seek his master !
Sure, Luciana, it is two o'clock.

Luc. Perhaps, some merchant hath invited him,
And from the mart he 's somewhere gone to dinner.
Good sister, let us dine, and never fret :

A man is master of his liberty :
Time is their master ; and when they see time,
They 'll go, or come : If so, be patient, sister.

Adr. Why should their liberty than ours be more ?

Luc. Because their business still lies out o' door.

Adr. Look, when I serve him so, he takes it ill.

Luc. O, know, he is the bridle of your will.

Adr. There 's none but asses will be bridled so.

Luc. Why, headstrong liberty is lash'd with woe.*

There 's nothing situate under heaven's eye
But hath his bound, in earth, in sea, in sky :
The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowls,
Are their males' subjects, and at their controls :
Men, more divine, the masters of all these,
Lords of the wide world, and wild watery seas,
Indued with intellectual sense and souls,
Of more pre-eminence than fish and fowls,
Are masters to their females, and their lords :
Then let your will attend on their accords.

* *Lash'd with woe.* A *lace*, a *leash*, a *latch*, a *lash*, is each a form of expressing what binds or fastens ; and thus " headstrong liberty," and " woe," are bound together—are inseparable.

Adr. This servitude makes you to keep unwed.

Luc. Not this, but troubles of the marriage-bed.

Adr. But were you wedded you would bear some sway.

Luc. Ere I learn love, I'll practise to obey.

Adr. How if your husband start some other where?^a

Luc. Till he come home again, I would forbear.

Adr. Patience, unmov'd, no marvel though she pause;

They can be meek that have no other cause.

A wretched soul, bruis'd with adversity,

We bid be quiet when we hear it cry;

But were we burthen'd with like weight of pain,

As much, or more, we should ourselves complain:

So thou, that hast no unkind mate to grieve thee,

With urging helpless patience would relieve me:

But, if thou live to see like right bereft,

This fool-begg'd patience^b in thee will be left.

Luc. Well, I will marry one day, but to try;—
Here comes your man, now is your husband nigh.

Enter DROMIO of Ephesus.

Adr. Say, is your tardy master now at hand?

Dro. E. Nay, he's at two hands with me, and that my two ears can witness.

Adr. Say, didst thou speak with him? know'st thou his mind?

Dro. E. Ay, ay, he told his mind upon mine ear.
Besheiw his hand! I scarce could understand it.

Luc. Spake he so doubtfully thou couldst not feel his meaning?

Dro. E. Nay, he struck so plainly I could too well feel his blows; and withal so doubtfully that I could scarce understand them.^c

^a *Where* has here the power of a noun, and is used as in 'Henry VIII.'—"the king hath sent me *otherwhere*."

^b The allusion is to the practice of "begging a fool" for the guardianship of his fortune.

^c *Understand them*—stand under them.

Adr. But say, I prithee, is he coming home?
It seems he hath great care to please his wife.

Dro. E. Why, mistress, sure my master is horn-mad.

Adr. Horn-mad, thou villain?

Dro. E. I mean not cuckold mad;
But sure he is stark mad:

When I desir'd him to come home to dinner,

He ask'd me for a thousand marks in gold:

"T is dinner-time," quoth I; "My gold," quoth he:

"Your meat doth burn," quoth I; "My gold," quoth
he:

"Will you come?" quoth I; "My gold," quoth he:

"Where is the thousand marks I gave thee, villain?"

"The pig," quoth I, "is burn'd;" "My gold," quoth he:

"My mistress, sir," quoth I; "Hang up thy mistress;

I know not thy mistress; out on thy mistress!"

Luc. Quoth who?

Dro. E. Quoth my master.

"I know," quoth he, "no house, no wife, no mistress;"

So that my errand, due unto my tongue,

I thank him, I bare home upon my shoulders;

For, in conclusion, he did beat me there.

Adr. Go back again, thou slave, and fetch him home.

Dro. E. Go back again, and be new beaten home?
For God's sake send some other messenger.

Adr. Back, slave, or I will break thy pate across.

Dro. E. And he will bless that cross with other beat-
ing:

Between you I shall have a holy head.

Adr. Hence, prating peasant! fetch thy master home.

Dro. E. Am I so round with you, as you with me,
That like a football you do spurn me thus?*

You spurn me hence, and he will spurn me hither:

If I last in this service you must case me in leather.

[Exit.]

* To be *round* with any one is to be plain-spoken; as in 'Hamlet'—"Let her be *round* with him." Dromio uses the word in a double sense, when he alludes to the football.

Luc. Fie, how impatience loureth in your face!

Adr. His company must do his minions grace,
Whilst I at home starve for a merry look.
Hath homely age the alluring beauty took
From my^a poor cheek? then he hath wasted it:
Are my discourses dull? barren my wit?
If voluble and sharp discourse be marr'd,
Unkindness blunts it, more than marble hard.
Do their gay vestments his affections bait?
That's not my fault, he's master of my state:
What ruins are in me that can be found
By him not ruin'd? then is he the ground
Of my defeatures:^a My decayed fair^b
A sunny look of his would soon repair:
But, too unruly deer, he breaks the pale,
And feeds from home: poor I am but his stale.^c

Luc. Self-harming jealousy!—fie! beat it hence.

Adr. Unfeeling fools can with such wrongs dispense.
I know his eye doth homage elsewhere;
Or else, what lets it but he would be here?
Sister, you know he promis'd me a chain;—
Would that alone, alone he would detain,
So he would keep fair quarter with his bed!
I see, the jewel best enamelled
Will lose his beauty; and though gold 'bides still,
That others touch, yet often touching will
Wear gold; and so no man that hath a name,
But falsehood and corruption doth it shame.
Since that my beauty cannot please his eye,
I'll weep what's left away, and weeping die.

Luc. How many fond fools serve mad jealousy!

[*Exeunt.*]

^a *Defeatures*—want of beauty—defect of features.

^b *Fair*—used substantively, for beauty.

^c *Stale*—stalking-horse.

SCENE II.—*The same.**Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse.*

Ant. S. The gold I gave to Dromio is laid up
 Safe at the Centaur; and the heedful slave
 Is wander'd forth, in care to seek me out.
 By computation, and mine host's report,
 I could not speak with Dromio, since at first
 I sent him from the mart: See, here he comes.

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.

How now, sir? is your merry humour alter'd?
 As you love strokes, so jest with me again.
 You know no Centaur? you receiv'd no gold?
 Your mistress sent to have me home to dinner?
 My house was at the Phoenix? Wast thou mad,
 That thus so madly thou didst answer me?

Dro. S. What answer, sir? When spake I such a
 word?

Ant. S. Even now, even here, not half an hour since.

Dro. S. I did not see you since you sent me hence,
 Home to the Centaur, with the gold you gave me.

Ant. S. Villain, thou didst deny the gold's receipt,
 And told'st me of a mistress, and a dinner;
 For which, I hope, thou felt'st I was displeas'd.

Dro. S. I am glad to see you in this merry vein:
 What means this jest? I pray you, master, tell me.

Ant. S. Yea, dost thou jeer, and flout me in the
 teeth?

Think'st thou I jest? Hold, take thou that, and that.

[Beating him.]

Dro. S. Hold, sir, for God's sake: now your jest is
 earnest:

Upon what bargain do you give it me?

Ant. S. Because that I familiarly sometimes
 Do use you for my fool, and chat with you,
 Your sauciness will jest upon my love,

And make a common of my serious hours.^a
When the sun shines let foolish gnats make sport,
But creep in crannies when he hides his beams.
If you will jest with me know my aspect,
And fashion your demeanour to my looks,
Or I will beat this method in your sconce.

Dro. S. Sconce, call you it? so you would leave battering, I had rather have it a head: an you use these blows long, I must get a sconce for my head, and insconce it^b too; or else I shall seek my wit in my shoulders. But, I pray, sir, why am I beaten?

Ant. S. Dost thou not know?

Dro. S. Nothing, sir; but that I am beaten.

Ant. S. Shall I tell you why?

Dro. S. Ay, sir, and wherefore; for, they say, every why hath a wherefore.

Ant. S. Why, first—for flouting me; and then, wherefore,—

For urging it the second time to me.

Dro. S. Was there ever any man thus beaten out of

When, in the why, and the wherefore, is neither rhyme nor reason?

Well, sir, I thank you.

Ant. S. Thank me, sir? for what?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, for this something that you gave me for nothing.

Ant. S. I'll make you amends next, to give you nothing for something. But, say, sir, is it dinner-time?

Dro. S. No, sir; I think the meat wants that I have.

Ant. S. In good time, sir, what 's that?

Dro. S. Basting.

^a The "serious hours" of Antipholus are his *private* hours: the "sauciness" of Dromio intrudes upon those hours, and deprives his master of his exclusive possession of them—makes them "a common" property.

^b *Insconce* it—defend it—fortify it.

Ant. S. Well, sir, then 't will be dry.

Dro. S. If it be, sir, I pray you eat none of it.

Ant. S. Your reason?

Dro. S. Lest it make you choleric, and purchase me another dry basting.

Ant. S. Well, sir, learn to jest in good time. There 's a time for all things.

Dro. S. I durst have denied that, before you were so choleric.

Ant. S. By what rule, sir?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, by a rule as plain as the plain bald pate of father Time himself.

Ant. S. Let 's hear it.

Dro. S. There 's no time for a man to recover his hair, that grows bald by nature.

Ant. S. May he not do it by fine and recovery?

Dro. S. Yes, to pay a fine for a periwig, and recover the lost hair of another man.

Ant. S. Why is Time such a niggard of hair, being, as it is, so plentiful an excrement?

Dro. S. Because it is a blessing that he bestows on beasts: and what he hath scanted men in hair, he hath given them in wit.

Ant. S. Why, but there 's many a man hath more hair than wit.

Dro. S. Not a man of those but he hath the wit to lose his hair.

Ant. S. Why, thou didst conclude hairy men plain dealers without wit.

Dro. S. The plainer dealer, the sooner lost: Yet he loseth it in a kind of jollity.

Ant. S. For what reason?

Dro. S. For two; and sound ones too.

Ant. S. Nay, not sound, I pray you.

Dro. S. Sure ones then.

Ant. S. Nay, not sure, in a thing falsing.*

Falsing—the participle of the verb *to fals*.

Dro. S. Certain ones then.

Ant. S. Name them.

Dro. S. The one, to save the money that he spends in tiring;^a the other, that at dinner they should not drop in his porridge.

Ant. S. You would all this time have proved there is no time for all things.

Dro. S. Marry, and did, sir; namely, in no time^b to recover hair lost by nature.

Ant. S. But your reason was not substantial, why there is no time to recover.

Dro. S. Thus I mend it: Time himself is bald, and therefore, to the world's end, will have bald followers.

Ant. S. I knew 't would be a bald conclusion: But soft! who wafts us yonder?

Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.

Adr. Ay, ay, Antipholus, look strange, and frown;
Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects:

I am not Adriana, nor thy wife.

The time was once, when thou unurg'd wouldst vow

That never words were music to thine ear,

That never object pleasing in thine eye,

That never touch well-welcome to thy hand,

That never meat sweet-savour'd in thy taste,

Unless I spake, or look'd, or touch'd, or carv'd to thee.

How comes it now, my husband, oh, how comes it,

That thou art then estranged from thyself?

Thyself I call it, being strange to me,

That, undividable, incorporate,

Am better than thy dear self's better part.

Ah, do not tear away thyself from me;

For know, my love, as easy mayst thou fall^c

^a *Tiring*—attiring.

^b Dromio proves that "there is no time for all things," because a man recovers his hair, by means of a periwig, "in no time."

^c *Fall* is here used as a verb active.

A drop of water in the breaking gulf,
And take unmingled thence that drop again,
Without addition or diminishing,
As take from me thyself, and not me too.
How dearly would it touch thee to the quick
Shouldst thou but hear I were licentious!
And that this body, consecrate to thee,
By ruffian lust should be contaminate!
Wouldst thou not spit at me, and spurn at me,
And hurl the name of husband in my face,
And tear the stain'd skin of my harlot brow,
And from my false hand cut the wedding-ring,
And break it with a deep-divorcing vow?
I know thou canst; and therefore, see thou do it.
I am possess'd with an adulterate blot;
My blood is mingled with the crime of lust:
For, if we two be one, and thou play false,
I do digest the poison of thy flesh,
Being strumpeted by thy contagion.
Keep then fair league and truce with thy true bed;
I live dis-stain'd,* thou, undishonoured.

Ant. S. Plead you to me, fair dame? I know you
not:

In Ephesus I am but two hours old,
As strange unto your town as to your talk;
Who, every word by all my wit being scann'd,
Want wit in all one word to understand.

Luc. Fie, brother! how the world is chang'd with
you!

When were you wont to use my sister thus?
She sent for you by Dromio home to dinner

Ant. S. By Dromio?

Dro. S. By me?

Adr. By thee; and this thou didst return from him,—
That he did buffet thee, and, in his blows,
Denied my house for his, me for his wife.

* *Dis-stain'd*—unstained.

Ant. S. Did you converse, sir, with this gentlewoman?
What is the course and drift of your compact?

Dro. S. I, sir? I never saw her till this time.

Ant. S. Villain, thou liest; for even her very words
Didst thou deliver to me on the mart.

Dro. S. I never spake with her in all my life.

Ant. S. How can she thus then call us by our names,
Unless it be by inspiration?

Adr. How ill agrees it with your gravity,
To counterfeit thus grossly with your slave,
Abetting him to thwart me in my mood!
Be it my wrong, you are from me exempt,^a
But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.
Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine:
Thou art an elm, my husband, I, a vine;
Whose weakness, married to thy stronger state,
Makes me with thy strength to communicate:
If aught possess thee from me, it is dross,
Usurping ivy, briar, or idle^b moss;
Who, all for want of pruning, with intrusion
Infect thy sap, and live on thy confusion.

Ant. S. To me she speaks; she moves me for her
theme:

What, was I married to her in my dream?
Or sleep I now, and think I hear all this?
What error drives our eyes and ears amiss?
Until I know this sure uncertainty,
I'll entertain the offer'd fallacy.

Luc. Dromio, go bid the servants spread for dinner.

Dro. S. O, for my beads! I cross me for a sinner.
This is the fairy land;—O, spite of spites!
We talk with goblins, owls, and elvish sprites;

^a *Exempt.* Adriana intends to say that she must bear the wrong; that Antipholus, being her husband, is released, acquitted, *exempt*, from any consequences of this wrong.

^b *Idle*—useless, fruitless; as in "deserts *idle*."

If we obey them not, this will ensue,
They 'll suck our breath, or pinch us black and blue.

Luc. Why prat'st thou to thyself, and answer'st not?
Dromio, thou Dromio, thou snail, thou slug, thou sot!

Dro. S. I am transformed, master, am I not?

Ant. S. I think thou art, in mind, and so am I.

Dro. S. Nay, master, both in mind, and in my shape.

Ant. S. Thou hast thine own form.

Dro. S. No, I am an ape.

Luc. If thou art chang'd to aught, 't is to an ass.

Dro. S. 'T is true; she rides me, and I long for grass.
'T is so, I am an ass; else it could never be,
But I should know her as well as she knows me.

Adr. Come, come, no longer will I be a fool,
To put the finger in the eye and weep,
Whilst man, and master, laugh my woes to scorn.
Come, sir, to dinner; Dromio, keep the gate:—
Husband, I 'll dine above with you to-day,
And shrieve you of a thousand idle pranks:
Sirrah, if any ask you for your master,
Say, he dines forth, and let no creature enter.
Come, sister:—Dromio, play the porter well.

Ant. S. Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?
Sleeping, or waking? mad, or well-advis'd?
Known unto these, and to myself disguis'd!
I 'll say as they say, and persevere so,
And in this mist at all adventures go.

Dro. S. Master, shall I be porter at the gate?

Adr. Ay; and let none enter, lest I break your pate.

Luc. Come, come, Antipholus, we dine too late. [*Ex.*]



ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The same.*

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, DROMIO of Ephesus, ANGELO, and BALTHAZAR.

Ant. E. Good signior Angelo, you must excuse us all.

My wife is shrewish, when I keep not hours :
Say, that I linger'd with you at your shop,
To see the making of her carcanet,^a
And that to-morrow you will bring it home.
But here 's a villain, that would face me down
He met me on the mart ; and that I beat him,
And charg'd him with a thousand marks in gold ;
And that I did deny my wife and house :
Thou drunkard, thou, what didst thou mean by this ?

Dro. E. Say what you will, sir, but I know what I know :

That you beat me at the mart, I have your hand to show :

If the skin were parchment, and the blows you gave were ink,

Your own handwriting would tell you what I think.

Ant. E. I think thou art an ass.

Dro. E. Marry, so it doth appear
By the wrongs I suffer and the blows I bear.

I should kick, being kick'd ; and, being at that pass,
You would keep from my heels, and beware of an ass.

Ant. E. You are sad, signior Balthazar : 'Pray God, our cheer

May answer my good will, and your good welcome here

^a *Carcanet*—a chain, or necklace.

Bal. I hold your dainties cheap, sir, and your welcome dear.

Ant. E. O, signior Balthazar! either at flesh or fish,
A table full of welcome makes scarce one dainty dish.

Bal. Good meat, sir, is common; that every churl affords.

Ant. E. And welcome more common; for that's nothing but words.

Bal. Small cheer, and great welcome, makes a merry feast.

Ant. E. Ay, to a niggardly host, and more sparing guest:

But though my cates be mean, take them in good part;
Better cheer may you have, but not with better heart.

But, soft; my door is lock'd. Go bid them let us in.

Dro. E. Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicely, Gillian,
Jen'!

Dro. S. [*Within.*] Mome,^a malt-horse, capon, cock-
comb, idiot, patch!^b

Either get thee from the door, or sit down at the hatch:
Dost thou conjure for wenches, that thou call'st for such
store,

When one is one too many? Go, get thee from the door.

Dro. E. What patch is made our porter? My
master stays in the street.

Dro. S. Let him walk from whence he came, lest he
catch cold on 's feet.

Ant. E. Who talks within there? ho! open the door.

Dro. S. Right, sir, I'll tell you when, an you'll tell
me wherefore.

Ant. E. Wherefore? for my dinner; I have not
din'd to-day.

Dro. S. Nor to-day here you must not; come again
when you may.

^a *Mome* is the French word for a buffoon;—*momer* is to go in disguise; hence *mummary*. But *mome* here means a blockhead, —something foolish.

^b *Patch*—a pretender, a deceitful fellow, one who is *patched up*

Ant. E. What art thou, that keep'st me out from
the house I owe?^a

Dro. S. The porter for this time, sir, and my name
is Dromio.

Dro. E. O villain, thou hast stolen both mine office
and my name;

The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle blame.

If thou hadst been Dromio to-day in my place,

Thou wouldst have chang'd thy face for a name, or thy
name for an ass.

Luce. [*Within.*] What a coil is there! Dromio, who
are those at the gate?

Dro. E. Let my master in, Luce.

Luce. Faith, no; he comes too late;
And so tell your master.

Dro. E. O Lord, I must laugh;—
Have at you with a proverb.—Shall I set in my staff?

Luce. Have at you with another: that's,—When?
can you tell?

Dro. S. If thy name be called Luce, Luce, thou
hast answer'd him well.

Ant. E. Do you hear, you minion? you'll let us in,
I hope?

Luce. I thought to have ask'd you.

Dro. S. And you said, no.

Dro. E. So, come, help; well struck; there was
blow for blow.

Ant. E. Thou baggage, let me in.

Luce. Can you tell for whose sake?

Dro. E. Master, knock the door hard.

Luce. Let him knock till it ake.

Ant. E. You'll cry for this, minion, if I beat the
door down.

Luce. What needs all that, and a pair of stocks in
the town?

^a *Owe*—own.

Adr. [*Within.*] Who is that at the door, that keeps all this noise?

Dro. S. By my troth, your town is troubled with unruly boys.

Ant. E. Are you there, wife? you might have come before.

Adr. Your wife, sir knave! go, get you from the door.

Dro. E. If you went in pain, master, this knave would go sore.

Ang. Here is neither cheer, sir, nor welcome; we would fain have either.

Bal. In debating which was best, we shall part with^a neither.

Dro. E. They stand at the door, master; bid them welcome hither.

Ant. E. There is something in the wind, that we cannot get in.

Dro. E. You would say so, master, if your garments were thin.

Your cake here is warm within; you stand here in the cold:

It would make a man mad as a buck to be so bought and sold.

Ant. E. Go, fetch me something, I'll break ope the gate.

Dro. S. Break any breaking here, and I'll break your knave's pate.

Dro. E. A man may break a word with you, sir; and words are but wind:

Ay, and break it in your face, so he break it not behind.

Dro. S. It seems, thou want'st breaking: Out upon thee, hind!

Dro. E. Here's too much, out upon thee! I pray thee, let me in.

^a *Part with*—depart with.

Dro. S. Ay, when fowls have no feathers, and fish have no fin.

Ant. E. Well, I'll break in : Go, borrow me a crow.

Dro. E. A crow without feather ; master, mean you so ?

For a fish without a fin, there's a fowl without a feather : If a crow help us in, sirrah, we'll pluck a crow together.

Ant. E. Go, get thee gone, fetch me an iron crow.

Bal. Have patience, sir, O let it not be so.

Herein you war against your reputation,

And draw within the compass of suspect

The unviolated honour of your wife.

Once this,^a--Your long experience of her wisdom,

Her sober virtue, years, and modesty,

Plead on her part some cause to you unknown ;

And doubt not, sir, but she will well excuse

Why at this time the doors are made against you.^b

Be rul'd by me ; depart in patience,

And let us to the Tiger all to dinner :

And, about evening, come yourself alone,

To know the reason of this strange restraint.

If by strong hand you offer to break in,

Now in the stirring passage of the day,

A vulgar comment will be made of it ;

And that supposed by the common rout,

Against your yet ungalled estimation,

That may with foul intrusion enter in,

And dwell upon your grave when you are dead :

For slander lives upon succession ;

For ever housed, where it gets possession.

Ant. E. You have prevail'd. I will depart in quiet,

And, in despite of mirth, mean to be merry.

I know a wench of excellent discourse ;

Pretty and witty ; wild, and yet, too, gentle ;--

There will we dine : this woman that I mean,

^a Once this--once for all.

^b To make the door is still a provincial expression.

My wife (but, I protest, without desert)
 Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal;
 To her will we to dinner. Get you home,
 And fetch the chain; by this, I know, 't is made:
 Bring it, I pray you, to the Porpentine;^a
 For there 's the house; that chain will I bestow
 (Be it for nothing but to spite my wife)
 Upon mine hostess there: good sir, make haste:
 Since mine own doors refuse to entertain me,
 I 'll knock elsewhere, to see if they 'll disdain me.

Ang. I 'll meet you at that place, some hour hence.

Ant. E. Do so. This jest shall cost me some expense.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same.*

Enter LUCIANA and ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse.

Luc. And may it be that you have quite forgot
 A husband's office? shall, Antipholus,
 Even in the spring of love, thy love-springs^b rot?
 Shall love, in building, grow so ruinous?
 If you did wed my sister for her wealth,
 Then, for her wealth's sake, use her with more kindness:
 Or, if you like elsewhere, do it by stealth;
 Muffle your false love with some show of blindness:
 Let not my sister read it in your eye;
 Be not thy tongue thy own shame's orator;
 Look sweet, speak fair, become disloyalty;
 Apparel vice like virtue's harbinger:
 Bear a fair presence, though your heart be tainted;
 Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint;
 Be secret-false: What need she be acquainted?
 What simple thief brags of his own attain?
 'T is double wrong to truant with your bed,
 And let her read it in thy looks at board:
 Shame hath a bastard fame, well managed;
 Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word.

^a *Porpentine*. This word is invariably used throughout the early editions of Shakspeare for *porcupine*.

^b *Love-springs* are the early shoots of love.

Alas, poor women! make us but believe,

Being compact of credit,^a that you love us ;
Though others have the arm, show us the sleeve ;

We in your motion turn, and you may move us.

Then, gentle brother, get you in again ;

Comfort my sister, cheer her, call her wife :

'T is holy sport, to be a little vain,^b

When the sweet breath of flattery conquers strife.

Ant. S. Sweet mistress, (what your name is else, I know
not,

Nor by what wonder you do hit of mine,)

Less, in your knowledge, and your grace, you show not

Than our earth's wonder ; more than earth divine.

Teach me, dear creature, how to think and speak ;

Lay open to my earthy gross conceit,
Smother'd in errors, feeble, shallow, weak,

The folded meaning of your words' deceit.

Against my soul's pure truth why labour you,

To make it wander in an unknown field ?

Are you a god ? would you create me new ?

Transform me then, and to your power I 'll yield

But if that I am I, then well I know,

Your weeping sister is no wife of mine,

Nor to her bed no homage do I owe ;

Far more, far more, to you do I decline.

O, train me not, sweet mermaid, with thy note,

To drown me in thy sister flood of tears ;

Sing, siren, for thyself, and I will dote :

Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs,

And as a bed I 'll take thee, and there lie ;

And, in that glorious supposition, think

He gains by death, that hath such means to die :—

Let Love,^c being light, be drowned if she sink !

Luc. What, are you mad, that you do reason so ?

^a *Compact of credit*—credulous.

^b *Vain*—light of tongue.

^c *Love* is here used as the queen of love.

Ant. S. Not mad, but mated ;^a how, I do not know

Luc. It is a fault that springeth from your eye.

Ant. S. For gazing on your beams, fair sun, being by.

Luc. Gaze where you should, and that will clear your sight.

Ant. S. As good to wink, sweet love, as look on night.

Luc. Why call you me love ? call my sister so.

Ant. S. Thy sister's sister.

Luc. That 's my sister.

Ant. S. No ;

It is thyself, mine own self's better part ;

Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer heart ;

My food, my fortune, and my sweet hope's aim,

My sole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim.

Luc. All this my sister is, or else should be.

Ant. S. Call thyself sister, sweet, for I aim thee ;

Thee will I love, and with thee lead my life ;

Thou hast no husband yet, nor I no wife :

Give me thy hand.

Luc. O, soft, sir, hold you still ;

I'll fetch my sister, to get her good will. [*Exit Luc.*]

*Enter, from the house of ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus,
DROMIO of Syracuse.*

Ant. S. Why, how now, Dromio ? where runn'st thou so fast ?

Dro. S. Do you know me, sir ? am I Dromio ? am I your man ? am I myself ?

Ant. S. Thou art Dromio, thou art my man, thou art thyself.

Dro. S. I am an ass, I am a woman's man, and besides myself.

Ant. S. What woman's man ? and how besides thyself ?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, besides myself, I am due to a

^a To *mato*—to *amate*—is to make senseless, to stupify as in a dream. *Mætan* (Anglo-Saxon) is to dream.

woman ; one that claims me, one that haunts me, one that will have me.

Ant. S. What claim lays she to thee ?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, such claim as you would lay to your horse ; and she would have me as a beast : not that, I being a beast, she would have me ; but that she, being a very beastly creature, lays claim to me.

Ant. S. What is she ?

Dro. S. A very reverent body ; ay, such a one as a man may not speak of, without he say, sir reverence :^a I have but lean luck in the match, and yet is she a wondrous fat marriage.

Ant. S. How dost thou mean a fat marriage ?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, she 's the kitchen-wench, and all grease ; and I know not what use to put her to, but to make a lamp of her, and run from her by her own light. I warrant, her rags, and the tallow in them, will burn a Poland winter : if she lives till doomsday, she 'll burn a week longer than the whole world.

Ant. S. What complexion is she of ?

Dro. S. Swart, like my shoe, but her face nothing like so clean kept. For why ? she sweats ; a man may go over shoes in the grime of it.

Ant. S. That 's a fault that water will mend.

Dro. S. No, sir, 't is in grain ; Noah's flood could not do it.

Ant. S. What 's her name ?

Dro. S. Nell, sir ;—but her name and three quarters, that 's an ell and three quarters, will not measure her from hip to hip.

Ant. S. Then she bears some breadth ?

Dro. S. No longer from head to foot, than from hip to hip : she is spherical, like a globe. I could find out countries in her.

Ant. S. In what part of her body stands Ireland ?

^a When anything offensive was spoken of, this form of apology was used.

Dro. S. Marry, sir, in her buttocks I found it out by the bogs.

Ant. S. Where Scotland?

Dro. S. I found it by the barrenness; hard, in the palm of the hand.

Ant. S. Where France?

Dro. S. In her forehead; armed and reverted, making war against her heir.*

Ant. S. Where England?

Dro. S. I looked for the chalky cliffs, but I could find no whiteness in them; but I guess it stood in her chin, by the salt rheum that ran between France and it.

Ant. S. Where Spain?

Dro. S. Faith, I saw it not; but I felt it, hot in her breath.

Ant. S. Where America, the Indies?

Dro. S. O, sir, upon her nose, all o'er embellished with rubies, carbuncles, sapphires, declining their rich aspect to the hot breath of Spain; who sent whole armadas of carracks to be ballast at her nose.

Ant. S. Where stood Belgia, the Netherlands?

Dro. S. O, sir, I did not look so low. To conclude, this drudge, or diviner, laid claim to me; called me Dromio; swore, I was assured^b to her; told me what privy marks I had about me, as the mark of my shoulder, the mole in my neck, the great wart on my left arm, that I, amazed, ran from her as a witch:

And, I think, if my breast had not been made of faith,
and my heart of steel,
She had transform'd me to a curtail-dog, and made me
turn i' the wheel.

Ant. S. Go, hie thee presently, post to the road;
And if the wind blow any way from shore,

* This is generally held to be an allusion to the War of the League—the war against Henry of Navarre, the *Astr* of

I will not harbour in this town to-night.
If any bark put forth, come to the mart,
Where I will walk, till thou return to me
If every one knows us, and we know none,
'T is time, I think, to trudge, pack, and be gone.

Dro. S. As from a bear a man would run for life,
So fly I from her that would be my wife. [*Exit.*]

Ant. S. There 's none but witches do inhabit here ;
And therefore 't is high time that I were hence.
She, that doth call me husband, even my soul
Doth for a wife abhor : but her fair sister,
Possess'd with such a gentle sovereign grace,
Of such enchanting presence and discourse,
Hath almost made me traitor to myself :
But, lest myself be guilty to^a self-wrong,
I 'll stop mine ears against the mermaid's song.

Enter ANGELO.

Ang. Master Antipholus ?

Ant. S. Ay, that 's my name.

Ang. I know it well, sir. Lo, here is the chain ;
I thought to have ta'en you at the Porpentine :
The chain unfinish'd made me stay thus long.

Ant. S. What is your will that I shall do with this ?

Ang. What please yourself, sir ; I have made it for you.

Ant. S. Made it for me, sir ! I bespoke it not.

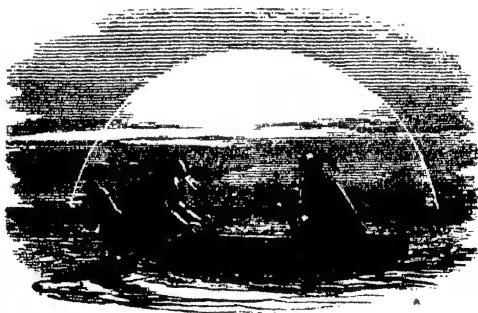
Ang. Not once, nor twice, but twenty times you have :
Go home with it, and please your wife withal ;
And soon at supper-time I 'll visit you,
And then receive my money for the chain.

Ant. S. I pray you, sir, receive the money now,
For fear you ne'er see chain nor money more.

Ang. You are a merry man, sir ; fare you well. [*Exit.*]

^a *Guilty to—not of*—was the phraseology of Shakspeare's time.

Ant. S. What I should think of this I cannot tell ;
But this I think, there 's no man is so vain
That would refuse so fair an offer'd chain.
I see, a man here needs not live by shifts,
When in the streets he meets such golden gifts.
I 'll to the mart, and there for Dromio stay ;
If any ship put out, then straight away. [Exit.]



ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The same.*

Enter a Merchant, ANGELO, and an Officer.

Mer. You know, since Pentecost the sum is due,
And since I have not much importun'd you,
Nor now I had not, but that I am bound
To Persia, and want gilders for my voyage:
Therefore make present satisfaction,
Or I'll attach you by this officer.

Ang. Even just the sum that I do owe to you
Is ^{growing} to me ^a by Antipholus:
And, in the instant that I met with you,
He had of my chain; at five o'clock
I shall receive the money for the same:
Pleaseth you walk with me down to his house,
I will discharge my bond, and thank you too.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, and DROMIO of Ephesus.

Off. That labour may you save; see where he comes.

Ant. E. While I go to the goldsmith's house, go thou
And buy a rope's end; that will I bestow
Among my wife and her confederates,
For locking me out of my doors by day.
But soft, I see the goldsmith:—get thee gone;
Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me.

Dro. E. I buy a thousand pound a year! I buy a rope!
[*Exit DROMIO.*

Ant. E. A man is well help up that trusts to you.
I promised your presence, and the chain;
But neither chain, nor goldsmith, came to me:

^a *Growing to me—accruing to me.*

Belike, you thought our love would last too long,
If it were chain'd together; and therefore came not.

Ang. Saving your merry humour, here 's the note
How much your chain weighs to the utmost carat;
The fineness of the gold, and chargeful fashion;
Which doth amount to three odd ducats more
Than I stand debted to this gentleman:
I pray you, see him presently discharg'd,
For he is bound to sea, and stays but for it.

Ant. E. I am not furnish'd with the present money;
Besides I have some business in the town:
Good signior, take the stranger to my house,
And with you take the chain, and bid my wife
Disburse the sum on the receipt thereof;
Perchance, I will be there as soon as you.

Ang. Then you will bring the chain to her yourself?

Ant. E. No; bear it with you, lest I come not time
enough.

Ang. Well, sir, I will: Have you the chain about

Ant. E. An if I have not, sir, I hope you have;
Or else you may return without your money.

Ang. Nay, come, I pray you, sir, give me the chain;
Both wind and tide stays for this gentleman,
And I, to blame, have held him here too long.

Ant. E. Good Lord, you use this dalliance to excuse
Your breach of promise to the Porpentine:
I should have chid you for not bringing it,
But, like a shrew, you first begin to brawl.

Mer. The hour steals on; I pray you, sir, despatch.

Ang. You hear how he importunes me; the chain—

Ant. E. Why, give it to my wife, and fetch your
money.

Ang. Come, come, you know I gave it you even now;
Either send the chain, or send me by some token.

Ant. E. Fie! now you run this humour out of breath:
Come, where 's the chain? I pray you, let me see it.

Mer. My business cannot brook this dalliance :
Good sir, say, whe'r you 'll answer me, or no ;
If not, I 'll leave him to the officer.

Ant. E. I answer you ! What should I answer you ?

Ang. The money that you owe me for the chain.

Ant. E. I owe you none, till I receive the chain.

Ang. You know I gave it you half an hour since.

Ant. E. You gave me none ; you wrong me much
to say so.

Ang. You wrong me more, sir, in denying it :
Consider, how it stands upon my credit.

Mer. Well, officer, arrest him at my suit.

Off. I do ; and charge you, in the duke's name, to
obey me.

Ang. This touches me in reputation :—
Either consent to pay this sum for me,
Or I attach you by this officer.

Ant. E. Consent to pay thee that I never had !
Arrest me, foolish fellow, if thou dar'st.

Ang. Here is thy fee ; arrest him, officer.
I would not spare my brother in this case,
If he should scorn me so apparently.

Off. I do arrest you, sir ; you hear the suit.

Ant. E. I do obey thee, till I give thee bail :
But, sirrah, you shall buy this sport as dear
As all the metal in your shop will answer.

Ang. Sir, sir, I shall have law in Ephesus,
To your notorious shame, I doubt it not.

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.

Dro. S. Master, there's a bark of Epidamnus,
That stays but till her owner comes aboard.
And then, sir, she bears away : our fraughtage, sir,
I have convey'd aboard ; and I have bought
The oil, the balsamum, and aqua-vitæ.
The ship is in her trim ; the merry wind

Blows fair from land : they stay for nought at all,
But for their owner, master, and yourself.

Ant. E. How now ! a madman ? Why, thou peevish*

What ship of Epidamnum stays for me ?

Dro. S. A ship you sent me to, to hire wastage.

Ant. E. Thou drunken slave, I sent thee for a rope ;
And told thee to what purpose, and what end.

Dro. S. You sent me, sir, for a rope's-end as soon :
You sent me to the bay, sir, for a bark.

Ant. E. I will debate this matter at more leisure,
And teach your ears to list me with more heed.
To Adriana, villain, hie thee straight :
Give her this key, and tell her, in the desk
That's cover'd o'er with Turkish tapestry,
There is a purse of ducats ; let her send it ;
Tell her, I am arrested in the street,
And that shall bail me : hie thee, slave : be gone.
On, officer, to prison till it come.

[*Exeunt Merchant, ANGELO, Officer, and ANT. E.*]

Dro. S. To Adriana ! that is where we din'd,
Where Dowsabel did claim me for her husband :
She is too big, I hope, for me to compass.
Thither I must, although against my will,
For servants must their masters' minds fulfil. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—*The same.*

Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.

Adr. Ah, Luciana, did he tempt thee so ?

Mightst thou perceive austerely in his eye
That he did plead in earnest, yea, or no ?

Look'd he or red, or pale ; or sad or merrily
What observation mad'st thou in this case,
Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face ?

* *Peevish*—silly. *Sheep* and *ship* were pronounced alike.

Luc. First, he denied you had in him no right.^a

Adr. He meant he did me none; the more my spite.

Luc. Then swore he, that he was a stranger here.

Adr. And true he swore, though yet forsworn he were.

Luc. Then pleaded I for you.

Adr. And what said he?

Luc. That love I begg'd for you, he begg'd of me.

Adr. With what persuasion did he tempt thy love?

Luc. With words that in an honest suit might move.

First, he did praise my beauty; then, my speech.

Adr. Didst speak him fair?

Luc. Have patience, I beseech.

Adr. I cannot, nor I will not, hold me still;

My tongue, though not my heart, shall have his will.

He is deformed, crooked, old, and sere,

Ill-fac'd, worse-bodied, shapeless everywhere;

Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkind;

Stigmatical^b in making, worse in mind.

Luc. Who would be jealous then of such a one?

No evil lost is wail'd when it is gone.

Adr. Ah! but I think him better than I say,

And yet would herein others' eyes were worse:

Far from her nest the lapwing cries, away;

My heart prays for him, though my tongue do curse.

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.

Dro. S. Here, go: the desk, the purse; sweet, now,
make haste.

Luc. How hast thou lost thy breath?

Dro. S. By running fast.

Adr. Where is thy master, Dromio? is he well?

Dro. S. No, he's in Tartar limbo, worse than hell.

A devil in an everlasting garment hath him;

One whose hard heart is button'd up with steel;

A fiend, a fairy, pitiless and rough;

^a The modern construction would be—"He denied you had in him a right."

^b *Stigmatical*—branded in form; with a mark upon him.

A wolf, nay, worse,—a fellow all in buff;^a
 A back-friend, a shoulder-clapper, one that countermands
 The passages of alleys, creeks, and narrow lands;
 A hound that runs counter, and yet draws dry-foot well;^b
 One that, before the judgment, carries poor souls to hell.^c

Adr. Why, man, what is the matter?

Dro. S. I do not know the matter; he is 'rested on the case.

Adr. What, is he arrested? tell me, at whose suit.

Dro. S. I know not at whose suit he is arrested, well;
 But is in a suit of buff, which 'rested him, that can I tell:

Will you send him, mistress, redemption, the money in his desk?

Adr. Go fetch it, sister.—This I wonder at.

[Exit Luc.]

That he, unknown to me, should be in debt:—

Tell me, was he arrested on a band?^d

Dro. S. Not on a band, but on a stronger thing;
 A chain, a chain: do you not hear it ring?

Adr. What, the chain?

Dro. S. No, no, the bell: 't is time that I were gone.
 It was two ere I left him, and now the clock strikes one.

Adr. The hours come back! that did I never hear.

Dro. S. O yes. If any hour meet a sergeant, a' turns back for very fear.

Adr. As if Time were in debt! how fondly dost thou reason!

^a The occupation of the bailiff being somewhat dangerous in times when men were ready to resist the execution of the law with the sword and rapier, he was clothed with the ox-skin, the buff, which in warfare subsequently took the place of the heavier coat of mail.

^b The hound that runs *counter* runs upon a false course; but the hound that draws *dry-foot* well follows the game by the scent of the foot.

^c Hell was the name of a place of confinement under the Exchequer Chamber for the debtors of the Crown.

Dro. S. Time is a very bankrupt, and owes more
than he's worth, to season.

Nay, he's a thief too : Have you not heard men say,
That Time comes stealing on by night and day ?
If he be in debt, and theft, and a sergeant in the way,
Hath he not reason to turn back an hour in a day ?

Enter LUCIANA.

Adr. Go, Dromio ; there's the money, bear it straight ;
And bring thy master home immediately.
Come, sister ; I am press'd down with conceit ;
Conceit, my comfort, and my injury. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The same.*

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse.

Ant. S. There's not a man I meet but doth salute
me,
As if I were their well-acquainted friend ;
And every one doth call me by my name.
Some tender money to me, some invite me ;
Some other give me thanks for kindnesses ;
Some offer me commodities to buy :
Even now a tailor call'd me in his shop,
And show'd me silks that he had bought for me,
And, therewithal, took measure of my body.
Sure, these are but imaginary wiles,
And Lapland sorcerers inhabit here.

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.

Dro. S. Master, here's the gold you sent me for :
What, have you got [rid of] the picture of Old Adam
new apparelled ?

Ant. S. What gold is this ? What Adam dost thou
mean ?

Dro. S. Not that Adam that kept the paradise, but
that Adam that keeps the prison : he that goes in the

calf's-skin that was killed for the prodigal; he that came behind you, sir, like an evil angel, and bid you forsake your liberty.

Ant. S. I understand thee not.

Dro. S. No? why, 't is a plain case: he that went like a base-viol, in a case of leather; the man, sir, that, when gentlemen are tired, gives them a fob, and 'rests them; he, sir, that takes pity on decayed men, and gives them suits of durance; he that sets up his rest to do more exploits with his mace, than a morris-pike.*

Ant. S. What! thou mean'st an officer?

Dro. S. Ay, sir, the sergeant of the band; he, that brings any man to answer it that breaks his band; one that thinks a man always going to bed, and says, "God give you good rest!"

Ant. S. Well, sir, there rest in your foolery. Is there any ship puts forth to-night? may we be gone?

Dro. S. Why, sir, I brought you word an hour since, that the bark Expedition put forth to-night; and then were you hindered by the sergeant, to tarry for the hoy Delay: Here are the angels that you sent for, to deliver you.

Ant. S. The fellow is distract, and so am I;
And here we wander in illusions;
Some blessed power deliver us from hence!

Enter a Courtezan.

Cour. Well met, well met, master Antipholus.
I see, sir, you have found the goldsmith now:
Is that the chain you promis'd me to-day?

Ant. S. Satan, avoid! I charge thee, tempt me not!

Dro. S. Master, is this mistress Satan?

Ant. S. It is the devil.

Dro. S. Nay, she is worse, she is the devil's dam;
and here she comes in the habit of a light wench; and thereof comes, that the wenches say, "God damn me,"

* A morris-pike was the pike of the Moors.

that's as much as to say, "God make me a light wench." It is written, they appear to men like angels of light: light is an effect of fire, and fire will burn; ergo, light wenches will burn. Come not near her.

Cour. Your man and you are marvellous merry, sir. Will you go with me? We'll mend our dinner here.

Dro. S. Master, if you do, expect spoon-meat, or bespeak a long spoon.

Ant. S. Why, Dromio?

Dro. S. Marry, he must have a long spoon that must eat with the devil.

Ant. S. Avoid then, fiend! what tell'st thou me of supping?

Thou art, as you are all, a sorceress:

I conjure thee to leave me, and be gone.

Cour. Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner, Or, for my diamond, the chain you promis'd; And I'll be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

Dro. S. Some devils ask but the paring of one's nail, A rush, a hair, a drop of blood, a pin, A nut, a cherry-stone; but she, more covetous, Would have a chain.

Master, be wise; an' if you give it her, The devil will shake her chain, and fright us with it.

Cour. I pray you, sir, my ring, or else the chain; I hope you do not mean to cheat me so.

Ant. S. Avaunt, thou witch! Come, Dromio, let us go.

Dro. S. Fly pride, says the peacock: Mistress, that you know. [*Exeunt ANT. S. and DRO. S.*]

Cour. Now, out of doubt, Antipholus is mad, Else would he never so demean himself: A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats,

Both one and other he denies me now.

The reason that I gather he is mad,
(Besides this present instance of his rage,)

Is a mad tale he told to-day at dinner,
Of his own doors being shut against his entrance.
Belike, his wife, acquainted with his fits,
On purpose shut the doors against his way.
My way is now to hie home to his house,
And tell his wife, that, being lunatic,
He rush'd into my house, and took perforce
My ring away : This course I fittest choose ;
For forty ducats is too much to lose. [Exit.]

SCENE IV.—*The same.*

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, and an Officer

Ant. E. Fear me not, man, I will not break away :
I'll give thee, ere I leave thee, so much money
To warrant thee, as I am 'rested for.
My wife is in a wayward mood to-day ;
And will not lightly trust the messenger :
That I should be attach'd in Ephesus,
I tell you, 't will sound barshly in her ears.—

Enter DROMIO of Ephesus, with a rope's end.

Here comes my man ; I think he brings the money.
How now, sir ? have you that I sent you for ?

Dro. E. Here 's that, I warrant you, will pay them
all.

Ant. E. But where 's the money ?

Dro. E. Why, sir, I gave the money for the rope.

Ant. E. Five hundred ducats, villain, for a rope ?

Dro. E. I'll serve you, sir, five hundred at the rate.

Ant. E. To what end did I bid thee hie thee home ?

Dro. E. To a rope's end, sir, and to that end am I
return'd.

Ant. E. And to that end, sir, I will welcome you.

[Beating him.]

Off. Good sir, be patient.

Dro. E. Nay, 't is for me to be patient ; I am in
adversity.

Off. Good now, hold thy tongue.

Dro. E. Nay, rather persuade him to hold his hands

Ant. E. Thou whoreson, senseless villain!

Dro. E. I would I were senseless, sir, that I might not feel your blows.

Ant. E. Thou art sensible in nothing but blows, and so is an ass.

Dro. E. I am an ass, indeed; you may prove it by my long ears. I have served him from the hour of my nativity to this instant, and have nothing at his hands for my service but blows: when I am cold, he heats me with beating; when I am warm, he cools me with beating; I am waked with it, when I sleep; raised with it, when I sit; driven out of doors with it, when I go from home; welcomed home with it, when I return: nay, I bear it on my shoulders, as a beggar wont her brat; and, I think, when he hath lamed me, I shall beg with it from door to door.

Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, and the Courtezan, with PINCH, and others.

Ant. E. Come, go along; my wife is coming yonder.

Dro. E. Mistress, *respice finem*, respect your end; or rather the prophecy, like the parrot, "Beware the rope's end."

Ant. E. Wilt thou still talk? [*Beats him.*]

Cour. How say you now? is not your husband mad?

Adr. His incivility confirms no less.

Good doctor Pinch, you are a conjurer;

Establish him in his true sense again,

And I will please you what you will demand.

Luc. Alas, how fiery and how sharp he looks!

Cour. Mark, how he trembles in his extasy!

Pinch. Give me your hand, and let me feel your pulse.

Ant. E. There is my hand, and let it feel your ear.

Pinch. I charge thee, Satan, hous'd within this man,
To yield possession to my holy prayers,

And to thy state of darkness hie thee straight ;
I conjure thee by all the saints in heaven.

Ant. E. Peace, doting wizard, peace ; I am not mad.

Adr. O, that thou wert not, poor distressed soul !

Ant. E. You minion, you, are these your customers ?
Did this companion with the saffron face
Revel and feast it at my house to-day,
Whilst upon me the guilty doors were shut,
And I denied to enter in my house ?

Adr. O husband, God doth know, you din'd at home,
Where 'would you had remain'd until this time,
Free from these slanders, and this open shame !

Ant. E. Din'd at home ! Thou villain, what say'st
thou ?

Dro. E. Sir, sooth to say, you did not dine at home.

Ant. E. Were not my doors lock'd up, and I shut
out ?

Dro. E. Perdy, your doors were lock'd, and you
shut out.

Ant. E. And did not she herself revile me there ?

Dro. E. Sans fable, she herself revil'd you there.

Ant. E. Did not her kitchen-maid rail, taunt, and
scorn me ?

Dro. E. Certes, she did ; the kitchen-vestal scorn'd
you.

Ant. E. And did I not in rage depart from thence ?

Dro. E. In verity, you did ;—my bones bear witness,
That since have felt the vigour of his rage.

Adr. Is 't good to soothe him in these contraries ?

Pinch. It is no shame ; the fellow finds his vein,
And, yielding to him, humours well his frenzy.

Ant. E. Thou hast suborn'd the goldsmith to arrest
me.

Adr. Alas ! I sent you money to redeem you,
By Dromio here, who came in haste for it.

Dro. E. Money by me ? heart and good-will you
might,

But, surely, master, not a rag of money.

Ant. E. Went'st not thou to her for a purse of ducats?

Adr. He came to me, and I deliver'd it.

Luc. And I am witness with her, that she did.

Dro. E. God and the rope-maker, bear me witness,
That I was sent for nothing but a rope!

Pinch. Mistress, both man and master is possess'd;
I know it by their pale and deadly looks:

They must be bound, and laid in some dark room.

Ant. E. Say, wherefore didst thou lock me forth to-day?
And why dost thou deny the bag of gold?

Adr. I did not, gentle husband, lock thee forth.

Dro. E. And, gentle master, I receiv'd no gold;
But I confess, sir, that we were lock'd out.

Adr. Dissembling villain, thou speak'st false in both.

Ant. E. Dissembling harlot, thou art false in all;
And art confederate with a damned pack,
To make a loathsome abject scorn of me:
But with these nails I'll pluck out these false eyes,
That would behold in me this shameful sport.

[*PINCH and his Assistants bind ANT. E. and DRO. E.*

Adr. O, bind him, bind him, let him not come near
me.

Pinch. More company; the fiend is strong within him.

Luc. Ah me, poor man! how pale and wan he looks!

Ant. E. What, will you murder me? Thou gaoler,
thou,

I am thy prisoner: wilt thou suffer them
To make a rescue?

Off. Masters, let him go:

He is my prisoner, and you shall not have him.

Pinch. Go, bind this man, for he is frantic too.

Adr. What wilt thou do, thou peevish officer?

Hast thou delight to see a wretched man
Do outrage and displeasure to himself?

Off. He is my prisoner; if I let him go,
The debt he owes will be requir'd of me.

Adr. I will discharge thee, ere I go from thee:

Bear me forthwith unto his creditor,
 And, knowing how the debt grows, I will pay it.
 Good master doctor, see him safe convey'd
 Home to my house. O most unhappy day!

Ant. E. O most unhappy strumpet!

Dro. E. Master, I am here enter'd in bond for you.

Ant. E. Out on thee, villain! wherefore dost thou
 mad me?

Dro. E. Will you be bound for nothing? be mad,
 good master; cry, the devil.—

Luc. God help, poor souls, how idly do they talk!

Adr. Go, bear him hence.—Sister, go you with me.—

[*Exeunt PINCH and Assistants, with*

ANT. E. and DRO. E.

Say now, whose suit is he arrested at?

Off. One Angelo, a goldsmith. Do you know him?

Adr. I know the man: What is the sum he owes?

Off. Two hundred ducats.

Adr. Say, how grows it due?

Off. Due for a chain your husband had of him.

Adr. He did bespeak a chain for me, but had it not.

Cour. When as your husband, all in rage, to-day
 Came to my house, and took away my ring,
 (The ring I saw upon his finger now,)
 Straight after, did I meet him with a chain.

Adr. It may be so, but I did never see it:—

Come, gaoler, bring me where the goldsmith is;
 I long to know the truth hereof at large.

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse, with his rapier drawn,
 and DROMIO of Syracuse.*

Luc. God, for thy mercy! they are loose again.

Adr. And come with naked swords; let's call more
 help,

To have them bound again.

Off.

Away, they'll kill us.

[*Exeunt Officer, ADR., and LUC.*

Ant. S. I see, these witches are afraid of swords.

Dro. S. She that would be your wife now ran from you.

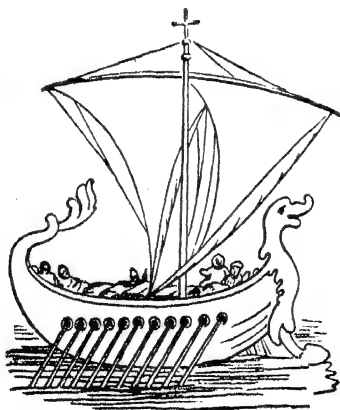
Ant. S. Come to the Centaur; fetch our stuff from thence :

I long that we were safe and sound aboard.

Dro. S. Faith, stay here this night, they will surely do us no harm; you saw they speak us fair, give us gold : methinks they are such a gentle nation, that, but for the mountain of mad flesh that claims marriage of me, I could find in my heart to stay here still, and turn witch.

Ant. S. I will not stay to-night for all the town ;
Therefore away, to get our stuff^a aboard. [*Exeunt.*

^a *Stuff*—baggage. “The king’s stuff” is often mentioned in the orders issued for royal progresses.



ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The same.*

Enter Merchant and ANGELO.

Ang. I am sorry, sir, that I have hinder'd you;
But, I protest, he had the chain of me,
Though most dishonestly he doth deny it.

Mer. How is the man esteem'd here in the city?

Ang. Of very reverent reputation, sir,
Of credit infinite, highly belov'd,
Second to none that lives here in the city;
His word might bear my wealth at any time.

Mer. Speak softly: yonder, as I think, he walks.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS and DROMIO of Syracuse.

Ang. 'T is so; and that self chain about his neck,
Which he forswore, most monstrously, to have.
Good sir, draw near to me, I'll speak to him.
Signior Antipholus, I wonder much
That you would put me to this shame and trouble;
And not without some scandal to yourself,
With circumstance and oaths, so to deny
This chain, which now you wear so openly:
Beside the charge, the shame, imprisonment,
You have done wrong to this my holdest friend;
Who, but for staying on our controversy,
Had hoisted sail, and put to sea to-day:
This chain you had of me, can you deny it?

Ant. S. I think I had; I never did deny it.

Mer. Yes, that you did, sir; and forswore it too.

Ant. S. Who heard me to deny it, or forswear it?

Mer. These ears of mine, thou knowest, did hear thee:
Fie on thee, wretch! 't is pity that thou liv'st
To walk where any honest men resort.

Ant. S. Thou art a villain to impeach me thus:

I'll prove mine honour and mine honesty
Against thee presently, if thou dar'st stand.

Mer. I dare, and do defy thee for a villain.

[*They draw.*]

Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, Courtezan, and others.

Adr. Hold, hurt him not, for God's sake; he is mad;
Some get within him,^a take his sword away:
Bind Dromio too, and bear them to my house.

Dro. S. Run, master, run; for God's sake take a house.^b
This is some priory.—In, or we are spoil'd.

[*Exeunt ANT. S. and DRO. S. to the Priory*]

Enter the ABBESS.

Abb. Be quiet, people. Wherefore throng you hither?

Adr. To fetch my poor distracted husband hence:
Let us come in, that we may bind him fast,
And bear him home for his recovery.

Ang. I knew he was not in his perfect wits.

Mer. I am sorry now that I did draw on him.

Abb. How long hath this possession held the man?

Adr. This week he hath been heavy, sour, sad,
And much different from the man he was;
But, till this afternoon, his passion
Ne'er brake into extremity of rage.

Abb. Hath he not lost much wealth by wrack of sea?
Buried some dear friend? Hath not else his eye
Stray'd his affection in unlawful love?
A sin prevailing much in youthful men,
Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing.
Which of these sorrows is he subject to?

Adr. To none of these, except it be the last;
Namely, some love, that drew him oft from home.

Abb. You should for that have reprehended him.

Adr. Why, so I did.

^a *Get within him*—close with him.

^b *Take a house*—take to a house; take the shelter of a house.

Abb. Ay, but not rough enough.

Adr. As roughly as my modesty would let me.

Abb. Haply, in private.

Adr. And in assemblies too.

Abb. Ay, but not enough.

Adr. It was the copy of our conference :

In bed, he slept not for my urging it ;

At board, he fed not for my urging it ;

Alone, it was the subject of my theme ;

In company, I often glanced it ;

Still did I tell him it was vile and bad.

Abb. And therefore came it that the man was mad :

The venom clamours of a jealous woman

Poison more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.

It seems his sleeps were hinder'd by thy railing :

And thereof comes it that his head is light.

Thou say'st his meat was sauc'd with thy upbraidings :

Unquiet meals make ill digestions,

Thereof the raging fire of fever bred ;

And what 's a fever but a fit of madness ?

Thou say'st his sports were hinder'd by thy brawls :

Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue

But moody and dull melancholy,

Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair,

And, at her heels, a huge infectious troop

Of pale distemperatures, and foes to life ?

In food, in sport, and life-preserving rest

To be disturb'd, would mad or man, or beast :

The consequence is then, thy jealous fits

Have scar'd thy husband from the use of wits.

Luc. She never reprehended him but mildly,

When he demean'd himself rough, rude, and wildly.

Why bear you these rebukes, and answer not ?

Adr. She did betray me to my own reproof.—

Good people, enter, and lay hold on him.

Abb. No, not a creature enters in my house.

Adr. Then, let your servants bring my husband forth.

Abb. Neither ; he took this place for sanctuary,
And it shall privilege him from your hands,
Till I have brought him to his wits again,
Or lose my labour in assaying it.

Adr. I will attend my husband, be his nurse,
Diet his sickness, for it is my office,
And will have no attorney but myself ;
And therefore let me have him home with me.

Abb. Be patient : for I will not let him stir,
Till I have used the approved means I have,
With wholesome syrups, drugs, and holy prayers,
To make of him a formal man again :
It is a branch and parcel of mine oath,
A charitable duty of my order ;
Therefore depart, and leave him here with me.

Adr. I will not hence, and leave my husband here ;
And ill it doth beseem your holiness,
To separate the husband and the wife.

Abb. Be quiet, and depart, thou shalt not have him.

[*Exit ABBESS.*]

Luc. Complain unto the duke of this indignity.

Adr. Come, go ; I will fall prostrate at his feet,
And never rise until my tears and prayers
Have won his grace to come in person hither,
And take perforce my husband from the abbess.

Mer. By this, I think, the dial points at five :
Anon, I 'm sure, the duke himself in person
Comes this way to the melancholy vale,—
The place of depth and sorry execution,
Behind the ditches of the abbey here.

Ang. Upon what cause ?

Mer. To see a reverend Syracusan merchant,
Who put unluckily into this bay,
Against the laws and statutes of this town,
Beheaded publicly for his offence.

Ang. See where they come ; we will behold his death.

Luc. Kneel to the duke, before he pass the abbey.

Enter DUKE, attended; AEGEON, bare-headed; with the Headsman and other Officers.

Duke. Yet once again proclaim it publicly,
If any friend will pay the sum for him,
He shall not die, so much we tender him.

Adr. Justice, most sacred duke, against the abbess!

Duke. She is a virtuous and a reverend lady;
It cannot be that she hath done thee wrong.

Adr. May it please your grace, Antipholus, my husband,—

Whom I made lord of me and all I had,
At your important letters,—this ill day
A most outrageous fit of madness took him;
That desperately he hurried through the street,
(With him his bondman, all as mad as he,)
Doing displeasure to the citizens
By rushing in their houses, bearing thence
Rings, jewels, anything his rage did like.
Once did I get him bound, and sent him home;
Whilst to take order for the wrongs I went,
That here and there his fury had committed.
Anon, I wot not by what strong escape,*
He broke from those that had the guard of him;
And, with his mad attendant and himself,
Each one with ireful passion, with drawn swords,
Met us again, and, madly bent on us,
Chas'd us away; till, raising of more aid,
We came again to bind them: then they fled
Into this abbey, whither we pursued them;
And here the abbess shuts the gates on us,
And will not suffer us to fetch him out,
Nor send him forth, that we may bear him hence.
Therefore, most gracious duke, with thy command,
Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for help.

Duke. Long since, thy husband serv'd me in my wars;

* *Strong escape*—escape effected by strength.

And I to thee engag'd a prince's word,
When thou didst make him master of thy bed,
To do him all the grace and good I could.
Go, some of you, knock at the abbey-gate,
And bid the lady abbess come to me;
I will determine this before I stir.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. O mistress, mistress, shift and save yourself!
My master and his man are both broke loose,
Beaten the maids a-row,^a and bound the doctor,
Whose beard they have sing'd off with brands of fire;
And ever as it blaz'd, they threw on him
Great pails of puddled mire to quench the hair:
My master preaches patience to him, and the while
His man with scissors nicks him like a fool:^b
And, sure, unless you send some present help,
Between them they will kill the conjurer.

Adr. Peace, fool! thy master and his man are here;
And that is false thou dost report to us.

Serv. Mistress, upon my life, I tell you true;
I have not breath'd almost since I did see it.
He cries for you, and vows, if he can take you,
To scorch your face, and to disfigure you: [*Cry within.*
Hark, hark, I hear him, mistress; fly, be gone.

Duke. Come, stand by me, fear nothing: Guard with
halberds.

Adr. Ah me, it is my husband! Witness you
That he is borne about invisible:
Even now we hous'd him in the abbey here;
And now he 's there, past thought of human reason.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS and DROMIO of Ephesus.

Ant. E. Justice, most gracious duke, oh, grant me
justice!

^a A-row—on row; one after the other.

^b It was the custom to shave, or crop, the heads of idiots.

Even for the service that long since I did thee,
When I bestrid thee in the wars, and took
Deep scars to save thy life; even for the blood
That then I lost for thee, now grant me justice!

Ege. Unless the fear of death doth make me dote,
I see my son Antipholus and Dromio.

Ant. E. Justice, sweet prince, against that woman
there.

She whom thou gav'st to me to be my wife;
That hath abused and dishonour'd me,
Even in the strength and height of injury!
Beyond imagination is the wrong
That she this day hath shameless thrown on me.

Duke. Discover how, and thou shalt find me just.

Ant. E. This day, great duke, she shut the doors
upon me,

While she with harlots^a feasted in my house.

Duke. A grievous fault: Say, woman, didst thou so?

Adr. No, my good lord;—myself, he, and my sister,
To-day did dine together: So befall my soul
As this is false he burthens me withal!

Luc. Ne'er may I look on day, nor sleep on night,
But she tells to your highness simple truth!

Ang. O perjur'd woman! they are both forsworn.
In this the madman justly chargeth them.

Ant. E. My liege, I am advised what I say;
Neither disturbed with the effect of wine,
Nor heady-rash, provok'd with raging ire,
Albeit my wrongs might make one wiser mad.
This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner:
That goldsmith there, were he not pack'd with her,
Could witness it, for he was with me then;
Who parted with me to go fetch a chain,
Promising to bring it to the Porpentine,
Where Balthazar and I did dine together.
Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,

^a A harlot was, originally, a hireling.

I went to seek him : In the street I met him ;
And, in his company, that gentleman.
There did this perjur'd goldsmith swear me down,
That I this day of him receiv'd the chain,
Which, God be knows, I saw not : for the which,
He did arrest me with an officer.
I did obey ; and sent my peasant home
For certain ducats : He with none return'd.
Then fairly I bespoke the officer,
To go in person with me to my house.
By th' way we met my wife, her sister, and a rabble more
Of vile confederates ; along with them
They brought one Pinch, a hungry lean-fac'd villain,
A mere anatomy, a mountebank,
A thread-bare juggler, and a fortune-teller ;
A needy, hollow-eyed, sharp-looking wretch,
A living dead man : this pernicious slave,
Forsooth, took on him as a conjurer,
And gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulse,
And with no face, as 't were, outfacing me,
Cries out, I was possess'd : then all together
They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence ;
And in a dark and dankish vault at home
There left me and my man, both bound together ;
Till gnawing with my teeth my bonds in sunder,
I gain'd my freedom, and immediately
Ran hither to your grace ; whom I beseech
To give me ample satisfaction
For these deep shames, and great indignities.

Ang. My lord, in truth, thus far I witness with him,
That he din'd not at home, but was lock'd out.

Duke. But had he such a chain of thee, or no ?

Ang. He had, my lord : and when he ran in here,
These people saw the chain about his neck.

Mer. Besides, I will be sworn, these ears of mine
Heard you confess you had the chain of him,
After you first forswore it on the mart,
And, thereupon, I drew my sword on you ;

And then you fled into this abbey here,
From whence, I think, you are come by miracle.

Ant. E. I never came within these abbey walls,
Nor ever didst thou draw thy sword on me;
I never saw the chain, so help me Heaven!
And this is false you burthen me withal.

Duke. Why, what an intricate impeach is this!
I think you all have drunk of Circe's cup.
If here you hous'd him, here he would have been:
If he were mad, he would not plead so coldly:
You say he din'd at home; the goldsmith here
Denies that saying:—Sirrah, what say you?

Dro. E. Sir, he din'd with her there, at the Porpentina.

Cour. He did; and from my finger snatch'd that ring.

Ant. E. 'T is true, my liege, this ring I had of her.

Duke. Saw'st thou him enter at the abbey here?

Cour. As sure, my liege, as I do see your grace.

Duke. Why, this is strange:—Go call the abbess
hither;

I think you are all mated, or stark mad. [*Exit Attend.*]

Æge. Most mighty duke, vouchsafe me speak a word;
Haply, I see a friend will save my life,
And pay the sum that may deliver me.

Duke. Speak freely, Syracusan, what thou wilt.

Æge. Is not your name, sir, call'd Antipholus?
And is not that your bondman Dromio?

Dro. E. Within this hour I was his bondman, sir,
But he, I thank him, gnaw'd in two my cords:
Now am I Dromio, and his man, unbound.

Æge. I am sure you both of you remember me.

Dro. E. Ourselves we do remember, sir, by you;
For lately we were bound, as you are now.
You are not Pinch's patient, are you, sir?

Æge. Why look you strange on me? you know me
well.

Ant. E. I never saw you in my life, till now.

Æge. Oh! grief hath chang'd me, since you saw me
last;

And careful hours, with Time's deformed hand,
Have written strange defeatures in my face :
But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voice ?

Ant. E. Neither.

Æge. Dromio, nor thou ?

Dro. E. No, trust me, sir, nor I.

Æge. I am sure thou dost.

Dro. E. Ay, sir ? but I am sure I do not ; and whatsoever a man denies you are now bound to believe him.

Æge. Not know my voice ! O, time's extremity !
Hast thou so crack'd and splitted my poor tongue,
In seven short years, that here my only son
Knows not my feeble key of untun'd cares ?
Though now this grained face of mine be hid
In sap-consuming winter's drizzled snow,
And all the conduits of my blood froze up,
Yet hath my night of life some memory,
My wasting lamps some fading glimmer left,
My dull deaf ears a little use to hear :
All these old witnesses (I cannot err)
Tell me, thou art my son Antipholus.

Ant. E. I never saw my father in my life.

Æge. But seven years since, in Syracuse, boy,
Thou know'st we parted : but, perhaps, my son,
Thou sham'st to acknowledge me in misery.

Ant. E. The duke, and all that know me in the city,
Can witness with me that it is not so ;
I ne'er saw Syracuse in my life.

Duke. I tell thee, Syracusan, twenty years
Have I been patron to Antipholus,
During which time he ne'er saw Syracuse :
I see, thy age and dangers make thee dote.

*Enter the ABBESS, with ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse, and
DROMIO of Syracuse.*

Abb. Most mighty duke, behold a man much wrong'd.

[*All gather to see him.*

Adr. I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me.

Duke. One of these men is genius to the other ;
And so of these : Which is the natural man,
And which the spirit ? Who deciphers them ?

Dro. S. I, sir, am Dromio ; command him away.

Dro. E. I, sir, am Dromio ; pray, let me stay.

Ant. S. Ægeon, art thou not ? or else his ghost ?

Dro. S. O, my old master, who hath bound him here ?

Abb. Whoever bound him, I will loose his bonds,
And gain a husband by his liberty :

Speak, old Ægeon, if thou be'st the man
That hadst a wife once called Æmilia,
That bore thee at a burthen two fair sons :
O, if thou be'st the same Ægeon, speak,
And speak unto the same Æmilia !

Æge. If I dream not, thou art Æmilia :
If thou art she, tell me, where is that son
That floated with thee on the fatal raft ?

Abb. By men of Epidamnum, he, and I,
And the twin Dromio, all were taken up :
But, by and by, rude fishermen of Corinth
By force took Dromio and my son from them,
And me they left with those of Epidamnum :
What then became of them I cannot tell ;
I, to this fortune that you see me in.

Duke. Why, here begins his morning story right.
These two Antipholus', these two so like,
And these two Dromios, one in semblance,—
Besides her urging of her wrack at sea,—
These are the parents to these children,
Which accidentally are met together.
Antipholus, thou cam'st from Corinth first ?

Ant. S. No, sir, not I ; I came from Syracuse.

Duke. Stay, stand apart ; I know not which is which.

Ant. E. I came from Corinth, my most gracious lord.

Dro. E. And I with him.

Ant. E. Brought to this town by that most famous
warrior

Duke Menaphon, your most renowned uncle.

Adr. Which of you two did dine with me to-day ?

Ant. S. I, gentle mistress.

Adr. And are not you my husband ?

Ant. E. No, I say nay to that.

Ant. S. And so do I, yet did she call me so ;

And this fair gentlewoman, her sister here,

Did call me brother :—What I told you then,

I hope I shall have leisure to make good ;

If this be not a dream I see and hear.

Ang. That is the chain, sir, which you had of me.

Ant. S. I think it be, sir ; I deny it not.

Ant. E. And you, sir, for this chain arrested me.

Ang. I think I did, sir ; I deny it not.

Adr. I sent you money, sir, to be your bail,
By Dromio ; but I think he brought it not.

Dro. E. No, none by me.

Ant. S. This purse of ducats I receiv'd from you,
And Dromio my man did bring them me :

I see, we still did meet each other's man,

And I was ta'en for him, and he for me,

And thereupon these Errors are arose.

Ant. E. These ducats pawn I for my father here.

Duke. It shall not need ; thy father hath his life.

Cour. Sir, I must have that diamond from you.

Ant. E. There, take it ; and much thanks for my
good cheer.

Abb. Renowned duke, vouchsafe to take the pains
To go with us into the abbey here,

And hear at large discoursed all our fortunes :

And all that are assembled in this place,

That by this sympathized one day's error

Have suffer'd wrong, go, keep us company,

And we shall make full satisfaction.

Twenty-five years have I but gone in travail

Of you, my sons ; nor, till this present hour,

My heavy burthens are delivered :

The duke, my husband, and my children both,

And you the calendars of their nativity,
Go to a gossip's feast, and go with me;
After so long grief, such nativity!

Duke. With all my heart, I'll gossip at this feast.

[*Exeunt DUKE, ABBESS, ÆGEON, Courtezan,
Merchant, ANGELO, and Attendants.*]

Dro. S. Master, shall I fetch your stuff from
shipboard?

Ant. E. Dromio, what stuff of mine hast thou
embark'd?

Dro. S. Your goods, that lay at host, sir, in the
Centaur.

Ant. S. He speaks to me; I am your master,
Dromio:

Come, go with us; we'll look to that anon:
Embrace thy brother there, rejoice with him.

[*Exeunt ANT. S. and E., ADR., and LUC.*]

Dro. S. There is a fat friend at your master's house,
That kitchen'd me for you to-day at dinner;
She now shall be my sister, not my wife.

Dro. E. Methinks, you are my glass, and not my
brother:

I see, by you, I am a sweet-fac'd youth.
Will you walk in to see their gossiping?

Dro. S. Not I, sir; you are my elder.

Dro. E. That's a question: how shall we try it?

Dro. S. We'll draw cuts for the senior: till then,
lead thou first.

Dro. E. Nay, then thus:

We came into the world like brother and brother:
And now let's go hand in hand, not one before
another. [*Exeunt.*]

End of
The Comedy of Errors.



LOVE'S
LABOUR'S
LOST.



—





THIS play was one of those published in Shakspeare's lifetime. The first edition appeared in 1598. In the first collected edition, the folio of 1623, the text differs little from the original quarto.

From the title of the first edition of 'Love's Labour's Lost,' we learn that, when it was presented before Queen Elizabeth, at the Christmas of 1597, it had been "newly corrected and augmented." As no edition of the comedy before it was corrected and augmented, is known to exist, we have no proof that the few allusions to temporary circumstances, which are supposed in some degree to fix the date of the play, may not apply to the augmented copy only. In the *extrinsic* evidence, therefore, which this comedy supplies, there is nothing whatever to disprove the belief which we entertain that, before it had been "corrected and augmented," 'Love's Labour's Lost' was one of the plays produced by Shakspeare about 1589, when, being only twenty-five years of age, he was a joint-proprietor in the Blackfriars theatre. The *intrinsic* evidence appears to us entirely to support this opinion.

There is no historical foundation for any portion of the action of this comedy. There was no Ferdinand King of Navarre. We have no evidence of a difference between France and Navarre as to possessions in Aquitaine.

Charles Lamb was wont to call 'Love's Labour's

Lost the Comedy of Leisure. 'T is certain that in the commonwealth of King Ferdinand of Navarre we have—

" All men idle, all ;
And women too."

But still all this idleness is too energetic to warrant us in calling this the Comedy of Leisure. Let us try again. Is it not the Comedy of Affectations ?

Molière, in his '*Précieuses Ridicules*,' has admirably hit off *one* affectation that had found its way into the private life of his own times. In '*Love's Labour's Lost*' Shakspeare presents us almost every variety of affectation that is founded upon a misdirection of intellectual activity. We have here many of the forms in which cleverness is exhibited as opposed to wisdom, and false refinement as opposed to simplicity. The affected characters, even the most fantastical, are not fools ; but, at the same time, the natural characters, who, in this play, are chiefly the women, have their intellectual foibles. All the modes of affectation are developed in one continued stream of fun and drollery ;—every one is laughing at the folly of the other, and the laugh grows louder and louder as the more natural characters, one by one, trip up the heels of the more affected. The most affected at last join in the laugh with the most natural ; and the whole comes down to "plain kersey yea and nay,"—from the syntax of Holofernes, and the "fire-new words" of Armado, to "greasy Joan" and "roasted crabs."

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

FERDINAND, *King of Navarre.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 3. Act V. sc. 2.

BIRON, *a lord attending on the King.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 3.
Act V. sc. 2.

LONGAVILLE, *a lord attending on the King.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 3. Act V. sc. 2.

DUMAIN, *a lord attending on the King.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 3. Act V. sc. 2.

BOYET, *a lord attending on the Princess of France.*

Appears, Act II. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 2.

MERCADE, *a lord attending on the Princess of France.*

Appears, Act V. sc. 2.

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO, *a fantastical Spaniard.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

SIR NATHANIEL, *a curate.*

Appears, Act IV. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

HOLOFERNES, *a schoolmaster.*

Appears, Act IV. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

DULL, *a constable.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1.

COSTARD, a clown.

*Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 2.
Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.*

MOTH, page to Armado.

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

A Forester.

Appears, Act IV. sc. 1.

PRINCESS OF FRANCE.

Appears, Act II. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 2.

ROSALINE, a lady attending on the Princess of France.

Appears, Act II. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 2.

MARIA, a lady attending on the Princess of France.

Appears, Act II. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 2.

KATHARINE, a lady attending on the Princess of France.

Appears, Act II. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 2.

JAQUENETTA, a country wench.

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 2.

SCENE—NAVARRIE.



LOVE'S LABOUR 'S LOST.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Navarre. *A Park, with a Palace in it*

Enter the KING, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, and DUMAIN.

King. Let fame, that all hunt after in their lives,
Live register'd upon our brazen tombs,
And then grace us in the disgrace of death ;
When, spite of cormorant devouring Time,
Th' endeavour of this present breath may buy
That honour, which shall bate his scythe's keen edge,
And make us heirs of all eternity.
Therefore, brave conquerors !—for so you are,
That war against your own affections,
And the huge army of the world's desires,—
Our late edict shall strongly stand in force :
Navarre shall be the wonder of the world ;
Our court shall be a little Academe,
Still and contemplative in living art.
You three, Biron, Dumain, and Longaville,
Have sworn for three years' term to live with me,
My fellow-scholars, and to keep those statutes
That are recorded in this schedule here :
Your oaths are pass'd, and now subscribe your names,
That his own hand may strike his honour down,
That violates the smallest branch herein :
If you are arm'd to do, as sworn to do,
Subscribe to your deep oath, and keep it too.

Long. I am resolv'd : 't is but a three years' fast ;

The mind shall banquet, though the body pine :
Fat paunches have lean pates ; and dainty bits
Make rich the ribs, but bankerout the wits.

Dum. My loving lord, Dumain is mortified.
The grosser manner of these world's delights
He throws upon the gross world's baser slaves :
To love, to wealth, to pomp, I pine and die ;
With all these living in philosophy.*

Biron. I can but say their protestation over,
So much, dear liege, I have already sworn,
That is, To live and study here three years.
But there are other strict observances :
As, not to see a woman in that term ;
Which, I hope well, is not enrolled there :
And, one day in a week to touch no food,
And but one meal on every day beside ;
The which, I hope, is not enrolled there :
And then to sleep but three hours in the night,
And not be seen to wink of all the day ;
(When I was wont to think no harm all night,
And make a dark night too of half the day ;)
Which, I hope well, is not enrolled there :
O, these are barren tasks, too hard to keep ;
Not to see ladies, — study, — fast, — not sleep.

King. Your oath is pass'd to pass away from these.

Biron. Let me say no, my liege, an if you please ;
I only swore to study with your grace,
And stay here in your court for three years' space.

Long. You swore to that, Biron, and to the rest.

Biron. By yea and nay, sir, then I swore in jest.
What is the end of study ? let me know.

King. Why, that to know, which else we should not
know.

Biron. Things hid and barr'd, you mean, from
common sense ?

* *With all these.* To love, to wealth, to pomp, Dumain is
dead ; but philosophy, in which he lives, includes them all.

King. Ay, that is study's godlike recompense.

Biron. Come on then, I will swear to study so,
To know the thing I am forbid to know :

As thus,—To study where I well may dine,

When I to fast expressly am forbid ;^a

Or study where to meet some mistress fine,

When mistresses from common sense are hid :

Or, having sworn too hard-a-keeping oath,

Study to break it, and not break my troth.

If study's gain be thus, and this be so,

Study knows that which yet it doth not know :

Swear me to this, and I will ne'er say, no.

King. These be the stops that hinder study quite,

And train our intellects to vain delight.

Biron. Why, all delights are vain ; and that most
vain,

Which, with pain purchas'd, doth inherit pain :

As, painfully to pore upon a book,

To seek the light of truth ; while truth the while

Doth falsely blind the eyesight of his look :

Light, seeking light, doth light of light beguile :

So, ere you find where light in darkness lies,

Your light grows dark by losing of your eyes.

Study me how to please the eye indeed,

By fixing it upon a fairer eye ;

Who dazzling so, that eye shall be his heed,

And give him light that it was blinded by.

Study is like the heaven's glorious sun,

That will not be deep-search'd with saucy looks ;

Small have continual plodders ever won,

Save base authority from other's books.

^a *Forbid* was a very ancient mode of making *bid* more emphatical. *Biron* will *study* to know what he is *forbid* to know ; he uses here *forbid* in its common acceptation. But he is expressly *for-bid* to fast—expressly bid to fast ; and he will receive the word as if he were *forbidden*—bid from fasting.

These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,

That give a name to every fixed star,

Have no more profit of their shining nights,

Than those that walk, and wot not what they are.

Too much to know is, to know nought but fame ;

And every godfather can give a name.

King. How well he 's read, to reason against reading !

Dum. Proceeded well, to stop all good proceeding !

Long. He weeds the corn, and still lets grow the weeding.

Biron. The spring is near, when green geese are a breeding.

Dum. How follows that ?

Biron. Fit in his place and time.

Dum. In reason nothing.

Biron. Something then in rhyme.

King. Biron is like an envious sneaping frost,

That bites the first-born infants of the spring.

Biron. Well, say I am ; why should proud summer boast,

Before the birds have any cause to sing ?

Why should I joy in any abortive birth ?

At Christmas I no more desire a rose,

Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled shows ;

But like of each thing that in season grows.

So you, to study now it is too late,

Climb o'er the house to unlock the little gate.

King. Well, sit you out ; go home, Biron ; adieu !

Biron. No, my good lord ; I have sworn to stay with you :

And, though I have for barbarism spoke more,

Than for that angel knowledge you can say ;

Yet, confident I 'll keep what I have sworn,

And bide the penance of each three years' day,

Give me the paper,—let me read the same ;

And to the strictest decrees I 'll write my name.

King. How well this yielding rescues thee from shame!

Biron. [*Reads.*]

Item, That no woman shall come within a mile of my court—
Hath this been proclaim'd?

Long. Four days ago.

Biron. Let's see the penalty. [*Reads.*]

—On pain of losing her tongue.—

Who devis'd this penalty?

Long. Marry, that did I.

Biron. Sweet lord, and why?

Long. To fright them hence with that dread penalty.

Biron. A dangerous law against gentility. [*Reads.*]

Item, If any man be seen to talk with a woman within the term of three years, he shall endure such public shame as the rest of the court shall possibly devise.—

This article, my liege, yourself must break;

For, well you know, here comes in embassy
The French king's daughter, with yourself to speak,—

A maid of grace, and complete majesty,—
About surrender-up of Aquitaine

To her decrepit, sick, and bed-rid father:
Therefore this article is made in vain,

Or vainly comes th' admired princess hither.

King. What say you, lords? why, this was quite forgot.

Biron. So study evermore is over-shot;
While it doth study to have what it would,
It doth forget to do the thing it should:
And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,
'T is won, as towns with fire; so won, so lost.

King. We must, of force, dispense with this decree.
She must lie^a here on mere necessity.

^a *Lie*—to reside.

Biron. Necessity will make us all forsworn
 Three thousand times within this three years' space
 For every man with his affects is born;
 Not by might master'd, but by special grace.
 If I break faith, this word shall speak for me,
 I am forsworn on mere necessity.—
 So to the laws at large I write my name : [*Subscribes.*
 And he that breaks them in the least degree
 Stands in attainder of eternal shame :
 Suggestions^a are to others, as to me ;
 But, I believe, although I seem so loth,
 I am the last that will last keep his oath.
 But is there no quick recreation granted ?

King. Ay, that there is : our court, you know, is
 haunted

With a refined traveller of Spain ;
 A man in all the world's new fashion planted,
 That hath a mint of phrases in his brain :
 One who the music of his own vain tongue
 Doth ravish, like enchanting harmony ;
 A man of complements,^b whom right and wrong
 Have chose as umpire of their mutiny ;
 This child of fancy, that Armado hight,
 For interim to our studies, shall relate,
 In high-born words, the worth of many a knight
 From tawny Spain, lost in the world's debate.
 How you delight, my lords, I know not, I ;
 But, I protest, I love to hear him lie,
 And I will use him for my minstrelsy.

Biron. Armado is a most illustrious wight,
 A man of fire-new^c words, fashion's own knight.

^a *Suggestions*—temptations.

^b *Complements*—a man versed in ceremonial distinctions, in punctilios—a man who brings *forms* to decide the mutiny between right and wrong.

^c *Fire-new* and bran-new—that is, brand-new—new off the iron—have each the same origin.

Long. Costard the swain, and he, shall be our sport;
And, so to study, three years is but short.

Enter DULL, with a letter, and COSTARD.

Dull. Which is the duke's own person?

Biron. This, fellow. What wouldst?

Dull. I myself reprehend his own person, for I am his
grace's tharborough:^a but I would see his own person in
flesh and blood.

Biron. This is he.

Dull. Signior Arme—Arme—commends you. There's
villainy abroad: this letter will tell you more.

Cost. Sir, the contempts thereof are as touching me.

King. A letter from the magnificent Armado.

Biron. How low soever the matter, I hope in God for
high words.

Long. A high hope for a low heaven:^b God grant us
patience!

Biron. To hear? or forbear hearing?

Long. To hear meekly, sir, and to laugh moderately;
or to forbear both.

Biron. Well, sir, be it as the style shall give us
cause to climb in the merriness.

Cost. The matter is to me, sir, as concerning Jaque-
netta. The manner of it is, I was taken with the manner.^c

Biron. In what manner?

Cost. In manner and form following, sir; all those
three: I was seen with her in the manor-house, sitting
with her upon the form, and taken following her into
the park; which, put together, is in manner and form

^a *Tharborough*—thirdborough, a peace-officer.

^b *Heaven*. The *heaven* here mentioned is the *heaven* of the
ancient stage—the covering, or internal roof. The "high
words" expected in Armado's letter were associated with "a
low heaven," as the ranting heroes of the early tragedy mouthed
their lofty language beneath a very humble roof.

^c *Manner*. A thief was taken with the *mainour* when he was
taken with the thing stolen—*hand-habend*, having in the hand.

following. Now, sir, for the manner,—it is the manner of a man to speak to a woman : for the form,—in some form.

Biron. For the following, sir ?

Cost. As it shall follow in my correction : And God defend the right !

King. Will you hear this letter with attention ?

Biron. As we would hear an oracle.

Cost. Such is the simplicity of man to hearken after the flesh.

King. [*Reads.*]

“ Great deputy, the welkin's vicegerent, and sole dominator of Navarre, my soul's earth's God, and body's fostering patron,—

Cost. Not a word of Costard yet.

King.

“ So it is,—

Cost. It may be so : but if he say it is so, he is, in telling true, but so.

King. Peace !

Cost. —be to me, and every man that dares not fight !

King. No words !

Cost. —of other men's secrets, I beseech you.

King.

“ So it is, besieged with sable-coloured melancholy, I did commend the black-oppressing humour to the most wholesome physick of thy health-giving air ; and, as I am a gentleman, betook myself to walk. The time when ? About the sixth hour ; when beasts most graze, birds best peck, and men sit down to that nourishment which is called supper. So much for the time when : Now for the ground which ; which, I mean, I walked upon : it is yeilded thy park. Then for the place where ; where, I mean, I did encounter that obscene and most preposterous event, that draweth from my snow-white pen the black-coloured ink, which here thou viewest, beholdest, surveyest, or seest : But to the place where,—It standeth north-north-east and by east from the west corner of thy curious-knotted garden. There did I see that low-spirited swain, that base minnow of thy mirth,

Cost. Me ?

King.

—" that unletter'd small-knowing soul,

Cost. Me ?

King.

—" that shallow vassal,

Cost. Still me ?

King.

—" which, as I remember, hight Costard,

Cost. O me !

King.

—" sorted, and consorted, contrary to thy established proclaimed edict and continent canon, with—with,—O with—but with this I passion to say wherewith,

Cost. With a wench.

King.

—" with a child of our grandmother Eve, a female; or, for thy more sweet understanding, a woman. Him I (as my ever-esteemed duty pricks me on) have sent to thee, to receive the meed of punishment, by thy sweet grace's officer, Antony Dull; a man of good repute, carriage, bearing, and estimation.

Dull. Me, an 't shall please you; I am Antony Dull.

King.

" For Jaquenetta, (so is the weaker vessel called, which I apprehended with the aforesaid swain,) I keep her as a vessel of thy law's fury; and shall, at the least of thy sweet notice, bring her to trial. Thine, in all compliments of devoted and heart-burning heat of duty,

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO."

Biron. This is not so well as I looked for, but the best that ever I heard.

King. Ay, the best for the worst. But, sirrah, what say you to this ?

Cost. Sir, I confess the wench.

King. Did you hear the proclamation ?

Cost. I do confess much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it.

King. It was proclaimed a year's imprisonment, to be taken with a wench.

Cost. I was taken with none, sir ; I was taken with a damosel.

King. Well, it was proclaimed damosel.

Cost. This was no damosel neither, sir ; she was a virgin.

King. It is so varied too ; for it was proclaimed virgin.

Cost. If it were, I deny her virginity ; I was taken with a maid.

King. This maid will not serve your turn, sir.

Cost. This maid will serve my turn, sir.

King. Sir, I will pronounce your sentence : You shall fast a week with bran and water.

Cost. I had rather pray a month with mutton and porridge.

King. And don Armado shall be your keeper.—

My lord Biron, see him deliver'd o'er.—

And go we, lords, to put in practice that

Which each to other hath so strongly sworn.—

[*Exeunt KING, LONGAVILLE, and DUMAIN.*]

Biron. I'll lay my head to any good man's hat,

These oaths and laws will prove an idle scorn.—

Sirrah, come on.

Cost. I suffer for the truth, sir : for true it is, I was taken with Jaquenetta, and Jaquenetta is a true girl ; and therefore, Welcome the sour cup of prosperity ! Affliction may one day smile again, and until then, Sit thee down, sorrow !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Another part of the same.*

Armado's House.

Enter ARMADO and MOTH.

Arm. Boy, what sign is it, when a man of great spirit grows melancholy ?

Moth. A great sign, sir, that he will look sad.

Arm. Why, sadness is one and the self-same thing, dear imp.*

* *Imp*, in our old language, is a graft, a shoot ;—and thence applied to a child.

Moth. No, no ; O Lord, sir, no.

Arm. How canst thou part sadness and melancholy, my tender juvenal ?

Moth. By a familiar demonstration of the working, my tough senior.

Arm. Why tough senior ? why tough senior ?

Moth. Why tender juvenal ? why tender juvenal ?

Arm. I spoke it, tender juvenal, as a congruent epitheton, appertaining to thy young days, which we may nominate tender.

Moth. And I, tough senior, as an appertinent title to your old time, which we may name tough.

Arm. Pretty, and apt.

Moth. How mean you, sir ; I pretty, and my saying apt ? or I apt, and my saying pretty ?

Arm. Thou pretty, because little.

Moth. Little pretty, because little : Wherefore apt ?

Arm. And therefore apt, because quick.

Moth. Speak you this in my praise, master ?

Arm. In thy condign praise.

Moth. I will praise an eel with the same praise.

Arm. What ? that an eel is ingenious ?

Moth. That an eel is quick.

Arm. I do say, thou art quick in answers : Thou heat'st my blood.

Moth. I am answered, sir.

Arm. I love not to be crossed.

Moth. He speaks the mere contrary, crosses^a love not him.

[*Aside.*

Arm. I have promised to study three years with the duke.

Moth. You may do it in an hour, sir.

Arm. Impossible.

Moth. How many is one thrice told ?

Arm. I am ill at reckoning ; it fits the spirit of a tapster.

^a *Crosses.* A cross is a coin.

Moth. You are a gentleman, and a gamester, sir.

Arm. I confess both; they are both the varnish of a complete man.

Moth. Then, I am sure, you know how much the gross sum of deuce-ace amounts to.

Arm. It doth amount to one more than two.

Moth. Which the base vulgar call, three.

Arm. True.

Moth. Why, sir, is this such a piece of study? Now here's three studied, ere you'll thrice wink: and how easy it is to put years to the word, three, and study three years in two words, the dancing horse will tell you.

Arm. A most fine figure!

Moth. To prove you a cipher. [Aside.]

Arm. I will hereupon confess, I am in love: and, as it is base for a soldier to love, so am I in love with a base wench. If drawing my sword against the humour of affection would deliver me from the reprobate thought of it, I would take Desire prisoner, and ransom him to any French courtier for a new devised courtesy. I think scorn to sigh; methinks, I should outswear Cupid. Comfort me, boy: What great men have been in love?

Moth. Hercules, master.

Arm. Most sweet Hercules!—More authority, dear boy, name more; and, sweet my child, let them be men of good repute and carriage.

Moth. Sampson, master; he was a man of good carriage, great carriage; for he carried the town-gates on his back, like a porter: and he was in love.

Arm. O well-knit Sampson! strong-jointed Sampson! I do excel thee in my rapier, as much as thou didst me in carrying gates. I am in love too,—Who was Sampson's love, my dear Moth?

Moth. A woman, master.

Arm. Of what complexion?

Moth. Of all the four, or the three, or the two; or one of the four.

Arm. Tell me precisely of what complexion?

Moth. Of the sea-water green, sir.

Arm. Is that one of the four complexions?

Moth. As I have read, sir: and the best of them too.

Arm. Green, indeed, is the colour of lovers; but to have a love of that colour, methinks, Sampson had small reason for it. He, surely, affected her for her wit.

Moth. It was so, sir; for she had a green wit.

Arm. My love is most immaculate white and red.

Moth. Most maculate^a thoughts, master, are masked under such colours.

Arm. Define, define, well-educated infant.

Moth. My father's wit, and my mother's tongue, assist me.

Arm. Sweet invocation of a child; most pretty, and pathetical!

Moth. If she be made of white and red,

Her faults will ne'er be known;

For blushing cheeks by faults are bred,

And fears by pale-white shown:

Then, if she fear, or be to blame,

By this you shall not know;

For still her cheeks possess the same,

Which native she doth owe.^b

A dangerous rhyme, master, against the reason of white and red.

Arm. Is there not a ballad, boy, of the King and the Beggar?

Moth. The world was very guilty of such a ballad some three ages since: but, I think, now 't is not to be found; or, if it were, it would neither serve for the writing, nor the tune.

Arm. I will have that subject newly writ o'er, that I may example my digression by some mighty precedent. Boy, I do love that country girl that I took in the park with the rational hind Costard; she deserves well.

^a Maculate thoughts are impure thoughts. ^b Owe—possess.

Moth. To be whipped ; and yet a better love than my master. [*Aside.*]

Arm. Sing, boy ; my spirit grows heavy in love.

Moth. And that's great marvel, loving a light wench.

Arm. I say, sing.

Moth. Forbear till this company be past

Enter DULL, COSTARD, and JAQUENETTA.

Dull. Sir, the duke's pleasure is that you keep Costard safe : and you must let him take no delight, nor no penance ; but a' must fast three days a-week. For this damsel, I must keep her at the park ; she is allowed for the day-woman.^a Fare you well.

Arm. I do betray myself with blushing.—Maid.

Jaq. Man.

Arm. I will visit thee at the lodge.

Jaq. That 's hereby.^b

Arm. I know where it is situate.

Jaq. Lord, how wise you are !

Arm. I will tell thee wonders.

Jaq. With that face ?^c

Arm. I love thee.

Jaq. So I heard you say.

Arm. And so farewell.

Jaq. Fair weather after you !

Dull. Come, Jaquenetta, away. [*Ex. DULL and JAQ.*]

Arm. Villain, thou shalt fast for thy offences ere thou be pardoned.

Cost. Well, sir, I hope, when I do it, I shall do it on a full stomach.

Arm. Thou shalt be heavily punished.

^a *Day-woman* most probably means dairy-woman.

^b *Hereby*—a provincial expression for *as it may happen*. *Armado* takes it as *hard by*.

^c "With that face" was a vulgar idiomatic expression even in the time of Fielding, who says he took it, "verbatim, from very polite conversation"

Cost. I am more bound to you than your fellows, for they are but lightly rewarded.

Arm. Take away this villain ; shut him up.

Moth. Come, you transgressing slave ; away.

Cost. Let me not be pent up, sir ; I will fast, being loose.

Moth. No, sir ; that were fast and loose : thou shalt to prison.

Cost. Well, if ever I do see the merry days of desolation that I have seen, some shall see—

Moth. What shall some see ?

Cost. Nay, nothing, master Moth, but what they look upon. It is not for prisoners to be silent in their words ; and, therefore, I will say nothing : I thank God, I have as little patience as another man ; and, therefore, I can be quiet.

[*Exeunt* MOTH and COSTARD.]

Arm. I do affect^a the very ground, which is base, where her shoe, which is baser, guided by her foot, which is basest, doth tread. I shall be forsworn (which is a great argument of falsehood) if I love : And how can that be true love, which is falsely attempted ? Love is a familiar ; love is a devil : there is no evil angel but love. Yet Sampson was so tempted ; and he had an excellent strength : yet was Solomon so seduced ; and he had a very good wit. Cupid's buttshaft is too hard for Hercules' club, and therefore too much odds for a Spaniard's rapier. The first and second cause will not serve my turn ; the passado he respects not, the duello he regards not : his disgrace is to be called boy ; but his glory is to subdue men. Adieu, valour ! rust, rapier ! be still, drum ! for your manager is in love ; yea, he loveth. Assist me some extemporal god of rhyme, for, I am sure, I shall turn sonnet. Devise, wit ; write, pen ; for I am for whole volumes in folio. [*Exit.*

^a *To affect* is to incline towards, and thence, metaphorically, to love.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Another part of the Park. A Pavilion and Tents at a distance.*

Enter the PRINCESS OF FRANCE, ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE, BOYET, Lords, and other Attendants.

Boyet. Now, madam, summon up your dearest^a spirits ;

Consider who the king your father sends ;
To whom he sends ; and what 's his embassy :
Yourself, held precious in the world's esteem,
To parley with the sole inheritor
Of all perfections that a man may owe,
Matchless Navarre : the plea of no less weight
Than Aquitain ; a dowry for a queen.
Be now as prodigal of all dear grace,
As Nature was in making graces dear,
When she did starve the general world beside,
And prodigally gave them all to you.

Prin. Good lord Boyet, my beauty, though but mean,

Needs not the painted flourish of your praise ;
Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,
Not utter'd^b by base sale of chapmen's^c tongues :
I am less proud to hear you tell my worth,
Than you much willing to be counted wise
In spending your wit in the praise of mine.

^a *Dearest*—best.

^b *To utter* is to put forth—as we say, “to utter base coin.”

^c *Chapman* was formerly a seller—a *cheapman*, from *cheap*, a market. But it was also used indifferently for seller and buyer ; the bargainer on either side was a *cheapman*, *chapman*, or *copeman*.

But now to task the tasker,—Good Boyet,
You are not ignorant, all-telling fame
Doth noise abroad, Navarre hath made a vow,
Till painful study shall out-wear three years,
No woman may approach his silent court :
Therefore to us seemeth it a needful course,
Before we enter his forbidden gates,
To know his pleasure ; and in that behalf,
Bold of your worthiness, we single you
As our best-moving fair solicitor :
Tell him, the daughter of the king of France,
On serious business, craving quick despatch,
Importunes personal conference with his grace.
Haste, signify so much ; while we attend,
Like humble-visag'd suitors, his high will.

Boyet. Proud of employment, willingly I go. [*Exit.*]

Prin. All pride is willing pride, and yours is so.
Who are the votaries, my loving lords,
That are vow-fellows with this virtuous duke ?

1 *Lord.* Longaville is one.

Prin.

Know you the man ?

Mar. I know him, madam ; at a marriage feast,
Between lord Perigort and the beauteous heir
Of Jaques Falconbridge, solemniz'd
In Normandy, saw I this Longaville :
A man of sovereign parts he is esteem'd ;
Well fitted in the arts, glorious in arms :
Nothing becomes him ill, that he would well.
The only soil of his fair virtue's gloss
(If virtue's gloss will stain with any soil)
Is a sharp wit match'd with too blunt a will ;
Whose edge hath power to cut, whose will still wills
It should none spare that come within his power.

Prin. Some merry mocking lord, belike ; is 't so ?

Mar. They say so most, that most his humours know.

Prin. Such short-liv'd wits do wither as they grow.
Who are the rest ?

Kath. The young Dumain, a well-accomplish'd youth,

Of all that virtue love for virtue lov'd :
Most power to do most harm, least knowing ill ;
For he hath wit to make an ill shape good,
And shape to win grace though he had no wit.
I saw him at the duke Alençon's once ;
And much too little of that good I saw,
Is my report,* to his great worthiness.

Ros. Another of these students at that time
Was there with him : As I have heard a truth,
Biron they call him ; but a merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal :
His eye begets occasion for his wit :
For every object that the one doth catch,
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest ;
Which his fair tongue (conceit's expositor)
Delivers in such apt and gracious words,
That aged ears play truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite ravished ;
So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

Prin. God bless my ladies ! are they all in love ;
That every one her own hath garnished
With such bedecking ornaments of praise ?

Mar. Here comes Boyet.

Re-enter BOYET.

Prin. Now, what admittance, lord ?

Boyet. Navarre had notice of your fair approach ;
And he and his competitors in oath
Were all address'd to meet you, gentle lady,
Before I came. Marry, thus much I have learnt,
He rather means to lodge you in the field,
(Like one that comes here to besiege his court,)
Than seek a dispensation for his oath,

* Compared to his great worthiness.

To let you enter his unpeopled house.

Here comes Navarre.

[*The Ladies mask.*]

Enter KING, LONGAVILLE, DUMAIN, BIRON, and
Attendants.

King. Fair princess, welcome to the court of Navarre.

Prin. Fair I give you back again; and welcome I have not yet: the roof of this court is too high to be yours; and welcome to the wide fields too base to be mine.

King. You shall be welcome, madam, to my court.

Prin. I will be welcome then; conduct me thither.

King. Hear me, dear lady, I have sworn an oath.

Prin. Our Lady help my lord! he 'll be forsworn.

King. Not for the world, fair madam, by my will.

Prin. Why, will shall break it; will, and nothing else.

King. Your ladyship is ignorant what it is.

Prin. Were my lord so, his ignorance were wise,
Where now his knowledge must prove ignorance.

I hear, your grace hath sworn-out housekeeping:

'T is deadly sin to keep that oath, my lord,

And sin to break it:

But pardon me, I am too sudden bold;

To teach a teacher ill beseemeth me.

Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my coming,

And suddenly resolve me in my suit. [*Gives a paper.*]

King. Madam, I will, if suddenly I may.

Prin. You will the sooner, that I were away;

For you 'll prove perjurd, if you make me stay.

Biron. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?

Ros. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?

Biron. I know you did.

Ros. How needless was it then to ask the question!

Biron. You must not be so quick.

Ros. 'T is long^a of you that spur me with such questions.

Biron. Your wit 's too hot, it speeds too fast, 't will tire.

Ros. Not till it leave the rider in the mire.

Biron. What time o' day ?

Ros. The hour that fools should ask.

Biron. Now fair befall your mask !

Ros. Fair fall the face it covers !

Biron. And send you many lovers !

Ros. Amen, so you be none.

Biron. Nay, then will I be gone.

King. Madam, your father here doth intimate
The payment of a hundred thousand crowns ;
Being but the one half of an entire sum,
Disbursed by my father in his wars.
But say, that he, or we, (as neither have,)
Receiv'd that sum ; yet there remains unpaid
A hundred thousand more ; in surety of the which,
One part of Aquitain is bound to us,
Although not valued to the money's worth.
If then the king your father will restore
But that one half which is unsatisfied,
We will give up our right in Aquitain,
And hold fair friendship with his majesty.
But that, it seems, he little purposeth,
For here he doth demand to have repaid
An hundred thousand crowns ; and not demands,
On payment of a hundred thousand crowns,
To have his title live in Aquitain ;
Which we much rather had depart withal,
And have the money by our father lent,
Than Aquitain so gelded as it is.
Dear princess, were not his requests so far
From reason's yielding, your fair self should make
A yielding, 'gainst some reason, in my breast,
And go well satisfied to France again.

^a *Long of you*—along of you, through you.

Prin. You do the king my father too much wrong,
And wrong the reputation of your name,
In so unseemingly to confess receipt
Of that which hath so faithfully been paid.

King. I do protest, I never heard of it ;
And, if you prove it, I'll repay it back,
Or yield up Aquitaine.

Prin. We arrest your word :—
Boyet, you can produce acquittances,
For such a sum, from special officers
Of Charles his father.

King. Satisfy me so.

Boyet. So please your grace, the packet is not come,
Where that and other specialties are bound ;
To-morrow you shall have a sight of them.

King. It shall suffice me : at which interview,
All liberal reason I will yield unto.

Meantime, receive such welcome at my hand
As honour, without breach of honour, may
Make tender of to thy true worthiness :

You may not come, fair princess, in my gates ;
But here without you shall be so receiv'd,
As you shall deem yourself lodg'd in my heart,
Though so denied farther^a harbour in my house.
Your own good thoughts excuse me, and farewell :
To-morrow we shall visit you again.

Prin. Sweet health and fair desires consort your
grace !

King. Thy own wish wish I thee in every place !
[*Exeunt KING and his Train.*]

Biron. Lady, I will commend you to my own heart.

Ros. 'Pray you, do my commendations ; I would
be glad to see it.

Biron. I would you heard it groan.

^a The Princess is to be lodged, according to her rank, without the gates, although denied a farther advance—lodgment—in the King's house.

Ros. Is the fool sick?

Biron. Sick at the heart.

Ros. Alack, let it blood.

Biron. Would that do it good?

Ros. My physic says, ay.

Biron. Will you prick 't with your eye?

Ros. No poynt,* with my knife.

Biron. Now, God save thy life!

Ros. And yours from long living!

Biron. I cannot stay thanksgiving. [Retiring.]

Dum. Sir, I pray you a word: What lady is that same?

Boyet. The heir of Alençon, Rosaline her name.

Dum. A gallant lady! Monsieur, fare you well.

[Exit.]

Long. I beseech you a word: What is she in the white?

Boyet. A woman sometimes, if you saw her in the light.

Long. Perchance, light in the light: I desire her name.

Boyet. She hath but one for herself; to desire that were a shame.

Long. Pray you, sir, whose daughter?

Boyet. Her mother's, I have heard.

Long. God's blessing on your beard!

Boyet. Good sir, be not offended:

She is an heir of Falconbridge.

Long. Nay, my choler is ended.

She is a most sweet lady.

Boyet. Not unlike, sir; that may be. [Exit LONG.]

Biron. What's her name, in the cap?

Boyet. Katharine, by good hap.

Biron. Is she wedded, or no?

Boyet. To her will, sir, or so.

Biron. You are welcome, sir; adieu!

Boyet. Farewell to me, sir, and welcome to you.

[Exit BIRON.—Ladies unmask.]

* No poynt—the double negative of the French, non point.

Mar. That last is Biron, the merry madcap lord ;
Not a word with him but a jest.

Boyet. And every jest but a word.

Prin. It was well done of you to take him at his word.

Boyet. I was as willing to grapple, as he was to board.

Mar. Two hot sheeps, marry !

Boyet. And wherefore not ships ?
No sheep, sweet lamb, unless we feed on your lips.

Mar. You sheep, and I pasture : Shall that finish the jest ?

Boyet. So you grant pasture for me.

Offering to kiss her.

Mar. Not so, gentle beast ;

My lips are no common, though several they be.

Boyet. Belonging to whom ?

Mar. To my fortunes and me.

Prin. Good wits will be jangling ; but, gentles, agree :
This civil war of wits were much better us'd

On Navarre and his book-men ; for here 't is abus'd.

Boyet. If my observation, (which very seldom lies,)
By the heart's still rhetoric, disclosed with eyes,
Deceive me not now, Navarre is infected.

Prin. With what ?

Boyet. With that which we lovers entitle, affected.

Prin. Your reason.

Boyet. Why, all his behaviours do make their retire
To the court of his eye, peeping thorough desire :
His heart, like an agate, with your print impressed,
Proud with his form, in his eye pride expressed :
His tongue, all impatient to speak and not see,
Did stumble with haste in his eye-sight to be ;
All senses to that sense did make their repair,
To feel only looking on fairest of fair :
Methought all his senses were lock'd in his eye,
As jewels in crystal for some prince to buy ;

Who, tend'ring their own worth, from whence they were
glass'd,

Did point out to buy them, along as you pass'd.

His face's own margent did quote such amazes,

That all eyes saw his eyes enchanted with gazes :

I'll give you Aquitain, and all that is his,

An you give him for my sake but one loving kiss.

Prin. Come, to our pavilion : Boyet is dispos'd—

Boyet. But to speak that in words, which his eye hath
disclos'd :

I only have made a mouth of his eye,

By adding a tongue which I know will not lie.

Ros. Thou art an old love-monger, and speakest skil-
fully.

Mar. He is Cupid's grandfather, and learns news of
him.

Ros. Then was Venus like her mother ; for her father
is but grim.

Boyet. Do you hear, my mad wenches ?

Mar.

No.

Boyet.

What, then, do you see ?

Ros. Ay, our way to be gone.

Boyet. You are too hard for me. [*Exeunt.*



ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Another part of the Park.*

Enter ARMADO and MOTH.

Arm. Warble, child ; make passionate my sense of hearing.

Moth. *Concolinel* — [Singing.

Arm. Sweet air ! Go, tenderness of years ! take this key, give enlargement to the swain, bring him festinately hither ; I must employ him in a letter to my love.

Moth. Will you win your love with a French brawl ?

Arm. How meanest thou ? brawling in French ?

Moth. No, my complete master : but to jig off a tune at the tongue's end, canary to it with your feet, humour it with turning up your eyelids ; sigh a note, and sing a note ; sometime through the throat, as if you swallowed love with singing love ; sometime through the nose, as if you snuffed up love by smelling love ; with your hat, penthouse-like, o'er the shop of your eyes ; with your arms crossed on your thin belly-doublet, like a rabbit on a spit ; or your hands in your pocket, like a man after the old painting ; and keep not too long in one tune, but a snip and away : These are complements, these are humours ; these betray nice wenches, that would be betrayed without these ; and make them men of note, (do you note, men ?) that most are affected to these.

Arm. How hast thou purchased this experience ?

Moth. By my penny of observation.

Arm. But O,—but O—

Moth. —the hobby-horse is forgot.

Arm. Callest thou my love, hobby-horse ?

Moth. No, master ; the hobby-horse is but a colt, and your love, perhaps, a hackney. But have you forgot your love ?

Arm. Almost I had.

Moth. Negligent student ! learn her by heart.

Arm. By heart, and in heart, boy.

Moth. And out of heart, master : all those three I will prove.

Arm. What wilt thou prove ?

Moth. A man, if I live ; and this, by, in, and without, upon the instant : By heart you love her, because your heart cannot come by her : in heart you love her, because your heart is in love with her : and out of heart you love her, being out of heart that you cannot enjoy her.

Arm. I am all these three.

Moth. And three times as much more, and yet nothing at all.

Arm. Fetch hither the swain ; he must carry me a letter.

Moth. A message well sympathized ; a horse to be ambassador for an ass !

Arm. Ha, ha ! what sayest thou ?

Moth. Marry, sir, you must send the ass upon the horse, for he is very slow-gaited : But I go.

Arm. The way is but short ; away.

Moth. As swift as lead, sir.

Arm. Thy meaning, pretty ingenious ?
Is not lead a metal heavy, dull, and slow ?

Moth. *Minimè*, honest master ; or rather, master, no.

Arm. I say, lead is slow.

Moth. You are too swift, sir, to say so ;
Is that lead slow which is fired from a gun ?

Arm. Sweet smoke of rhetoric !
He reputes me a cannon ; and the bullet, that 's he :—
I shoot thee at the swain.

Moth. Thump, then, and I flee. [*Exit.*

Arm. A most acute juvenal ; voluble and free of grace !

By thy favour, sweet welkin, I must sigh in thy face :
Most rude melancholy, valour gives thee place.
My herald is return'd.

Re-enter MOTH and COSTARD

Moth. A wonder, master; here 's a Costard broken in a shin.

Arm. Some enigma, some riddle: come,—thy *l'envoy*;—begin.

Cost. No egma, no riddle, no *l'envoy*; no salve in them all, sir: O sir, plantain, a plain plantain; no *l'envoy*, no *l'envoy*, no salve, sir, but a plantain!

Arm. By virtue, thou enforcest laughter; thy silly thought, my spleen; the heaving of my lungs provokes me to ridiculous smiling: O, pardon me, my stars! Doth the inconsiderate take salve for *l'envoy*, and the word *l'envoy* for a salve?

Moth. Do the wise think them other? is not *l'envoy* a salve?

Arm. No, page: it is an epilogue or discourse, to make plain
Some obscure precedence that hath tofore been sain.
I will example it:

The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three.

There 's the moral: Now the *l'envoy*.

Moth. I will add the *l'envoy*; say the moral again.

Arm. The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three.

Moth. Until the goose came out of door,
And stay'd the odds by adding four.

Now will I begin your moral; and do you follow with my *l'envoy*.

The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three:

Arm. Until the goose came out of door,
Staying the odds by adding four.

Moth. A good *l'envoy*, ending in the goose; would you desire more?

Cost. The boy hath sold him a bargain, a goose,
that 's flat :—

Sir, your pennyworth is good, an your goose be fat.—
To sell a bargain well is as cunning as fast and
loose :

Let me see a fat *l'envoy* ; ay, that 's a fat goose.

Arm. Come hither, come hither : How did this
argument begin ?

Moth. By saying that a Costard was broken in a shin.
Then call'd you for the *l'envoy*.

Cost. True, and I for a plantain : Thus came your
argument in ;

Then the boy's fat *l'envoy*, the goose that you bought.
And he ended the market.

Arm. But tell me ; how was there a Costard broken
in a shin ?

Moth. I will tell you sensibly.

Cost. Thou hast no feeling of it, *Moth* ; I will speak
that *l'envoy*.

I, Costard, running out, that was safely within,
Fell over the threshold, and broke my shin.

Arm. We will talk no more of this matter.

Cost. Till there be more matter in the shin.

Arm. Sirrah Costard, I will enfranchise thee.

Cost. O, marry me to one Frances ;—I smell some
l'envoy, some goose in this.

Arm. By my sweet soul, I mean, setting thee at
liberty, enfreedoming thy person ; thou wert immured,
restrained, captivated, bound.

Cost. True, true ; and now you will be my purga-
tion, and let me loose.

Arm. I give thee thy liberty, set thee from durance ;
and, in lieu thereof, impose on thee nothing but this :
Bear this significant to the country maid Jaquenetta :
there is remuneration ; [*giving him money*] for the
best ward of mine honour is rewarding my dependents.
Moth, follow.

[*Exit.*]

Moth. Like the sequel, I.—Signor Costard, adieu.

Cost. My sweet ounce of man's flesh! my incony Jew!^a [Exit *MOTH.*

Now will I look to his remuneration. Remuneration! O, that's the Latin word for three farthings: three farthings—remuneration.—What's the price of this inkle? a penny:—No, I'll give you a remuneration: why, it carries it.—Remuneration!—why, it is a fairer name than French crown. I will never buy and sell out of this word.

Enter BIRON.

Biron. O, my good knave Costard! exceedingly well met.

Cost. Pray you, sir, how much carnation ribbon may a man buy for a remuneration?

Biron. What is a remuneration?

Cost. Marry, sir, halfpenny farthing.

Biron. O, why then, three-farthings-worth of silk.

Cost. I thank your worship: God be with you!

Biron. O, stay, slave; I must employ thee:

As thou wilt win my favour, good my knave,
Do one thing for me that I shall entreat.

Cost. When would you have it done, sir?

Biron. O, this afternoon.

Cost. Well, I will do it, sir: Fare you well.

Biron. O, thou knowest not what it is.

Cost. I shall know, sir, when I have done it.

Biron. Why, villain, thou must know first.

Cost. I will come to your worship to-morrow morning.

Biron. It must be done this afternoon. Hark, slave,
it is but this;—

The princess comes to hunt here in the park,
And in her train there is a gentle lady;

^a *Incony Jew.* *Incony* is thought to be the same as the Scotch *canny*, which is our *knowing*—*cunning*. *Jew* is perhaps, Costard's superlative notion of a clever fellow.

When tongues speak sweetly, then they name her name,
 And Rosaline they call her: ask for her;
 And to her white hand see thou do commend
 This seal'd-up counsel. There 's thy guerdon; go.

[Gives him money.]

Cost. Gardon, — O sweet gardon! better than remuneration; eleven-pence farthing better: Most sweet gardon! — I will do it, sir, in print. — Gardon — remuneration. [Exit.]

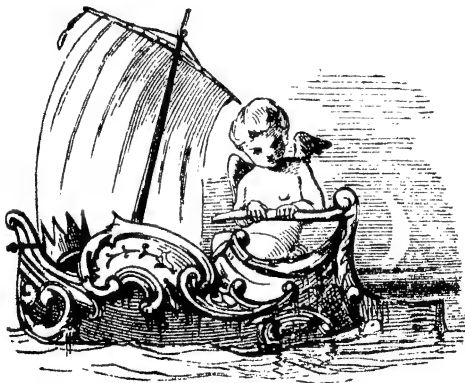
Biron. O! — And I, forsooth, in love! I, that have
 been love's whip;
 A very beadle to a humorous sigh;
 A critic; nay, a night-watch constable;
 A domineering pedant o'er the boy,
 Than whom no mortal so magnificent!
 This wimpled,^a whining, purblind, wayward boy;
 This senior-junior, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid:
 Regent of love-rhymes, lord of folded arms,
 The anointed sovereign of sighs and groans,
 Liege of all loiterers and malcontents,
 Dread prince of plackets, king of codpieces,
 Sole emperor, and great general
 Of trotting paritors.^b O my little heart! —
 And I to be a corporal of his field,^c
 And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop!
 What! I love! I sue! I seek a wife!
 A woman, that is like a German clock,
 Still a repairing; ever out of frame;
 And never going aright, being a watch,
 But being watch'd that it may still go right?
 Nay, to be perjur'd, which is worst of all;
 And, among three, to love the worst of all;

^a *Wimpled* — veiled.

^b *Trotting paritors.* The paritor, apparitor, is the officer of the ecclesiastical court who carries out citations.

^c *A corporal of the field* was an officer in some degree following our aid-de-camp.

A whitely wanton with a velvet brow,
With two pitch-balls stuck in her face for eyes,
Ay, and, by Heaven, one that will do the deed,
Though Argus were her eunuch and her guard!
And I to sigh for her! to watch for her!
To pray for her? Go to; it is a plague
That Cupid will impose for my neglect
Of his almighty dreadful little might.
Well, I will love, write, sigh, pray, sue, groan;
Some men must love my lady, and some Joan. [*Exit.*



ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Another part of the Park.*

Enter the PRINCESS, ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE, BOYET, Lords, Attendants, and a Forester.

Prin. Was that the king, that spurr'd his horse so hard
Against the steep uprising of the hill?

Boyet. I know not; but, I think, it was not he.

Prin. Whoe'er he was, he show'd a mounting mind.
Well, lords, to-day we shall have our despatch;
On Saturday we will return to France.—

Then, forester, my friend, where is the bush
That we must stand and play the murtherer in?

For. Hereby, upon the edge of yonder coppice;
A stand where you may make the fairest shoot.

Prin. I thank my beauty, I am fair that shoot,
And thereupon thou speak'st, the fairest shoot.

For. Pardon me, madam, for I meant not so.

Prin. What, what! first praise me, and then again
say no?

O short-liv'd pride! Not fair? alack for woe!

For. Yes, madam, fair.

Prin. Nay, never paint me now;
Where fair is not, praise cannot mend the brow.
Here, good my glass,^b take this for telling true;

[*Giving him money*

Fair payment for foul words is more than due.

For. Nothing but fair is that which you inherit.

Prin. See, see, my beauty will be sav'd by merit.

* Royal and noble ladies, in the days of Elizabeth, delighted in the somewhat unrefined sport of shooting deer with a cross-bow.

^b *Good my glass.* The Forester is the metaphorical glass of the Princess.

O heresy in fair, fit for these days!
 A giving hand, though foul, shall have fair praise.—
 But come, the bow :—Now mercy goes to kill,
 And shooting well is then accounted ill.
 Thus will I save my credit in the shoot :
 Not wounding, pity would not let me do 't ;
 If wounding, then it was to show my skill,
 That more for praise, than purpose, meant to kill.
 And, out of question, so it is sometimes ;
 Glory grows guilty of detested crimes ;
 When, for fame's sake, for praise, an outward part,
 We bend to that the working of the heart :
 As I, for praise alone, now seek to spill
 The poor deer's blood, that my heart means no ill.

Boyet. Do not curst^a wives hold that self-sovereignty^b
 Only for praise' sake, when they strive to be
 Lords o'er their lords ?

Prin. Only for praise : and praise we may afford
 To any lady that subdues a lord.

Enter COSTARD.

Boyet. Here comes a member of the commonwealth.

Cost. God dig-you-den^c all ! Pray you, which is the
 head lady ?

Prin. Thou shalt know her, fellow, by the rest that
 have no heads.

Cost. Which is the greatest lady, the highest ?

Prin. The thickest, and the tallest.

Cost. The thickest, and the tallest ! it is so ; truth is
 truth.

An your waist, mistress, were as slender as my wit,
 One o' these maids' girdles for your waist should be fit.
 Are not you the chief woman ? you are the thickest here.

Prin. What 's your will, sir ? what 's your will ?

^a *Curst*—shrewish.

^b *Self-sovereignty*—used in the same way as self-sufficiency ;—
 not a sovereignty over themselves, but in themselves.

^c *Dig-you-den.* The popular corruption of *give you good e'en.*

Cost. I have a letter from monsieur Biron, to one lady Rosaline.

Prin. O, thy letter, thy letter; he's a good friend of mine:

Stand aside, good bearer.—Boyet, you can carve;
Break up this capon.

Boyet. I am bound to serve.—

This letter is mistook, it importeth none here;
It is writ to Jaquenetta.

Prin. We will read it, I swear:

Break the neck of the wax, and every one give ear.

Boyet. [*Reads.*]

"By Heaven, that thou art fair is most infallible; true, that thou art beauteous; truth itself, that thou art lovely: More fairer than fair, beautiful than beauteous, truer than truth itself, have commiseration on thy heroical vassal! The magnanimous and most illustrious king *Cophetua* set eye upon the pernicious and indubitate beggar *Zenelophon*; and he it was that might rightly say, *veni, vidi, vici*; which to annotanize* in the vulgar, (O base and obscure vulgar!) *videlicet*, he came, saw, and overcame: he came, one; saw, two; overcame, three. Who came? the king; Why did he come? to see; Why did he see? to overcome: To whom came he? to the beggar; What saw he? the beggar; Who overcame he? the beggar: The conclusion is victory; On whose side? the king's: the captive is enrich'd; On whose side? the beggar's: The catastrophe is a nuptial; on whose side? the king's?—no, on both in one, or one in both. I am the king; for so stands the comparison; thou the beggar; for so witnesseth thy lowliness. Shall I command thy love? I may: Shall I enforce thy love? I could: Shall I entreat thy love? I will: What shalt thou exchange for rags? robes; For titles, titles; For thyself, me. Thus, expecting thy reply, I profane my lips on thy foot, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy every part.

Thine, in the dearest design of industry,

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO."

Thus dost thou hear the Nemean lion roar

'Gainst thee, thou lamb, that standest as his prey;

Submissive fall his princely feet before,

And he from forage will incline to play:

* *Annotanize* is evidently a pedantic form of *annotate*; and we willingly restore the coined word, which has been modernized into *anatomize*.

But if thou strive, poor soul, what art thou then?
Food for his rage, repasture for his den.

Prin. What plume of feathers is he that indited this letter?

What vane? what weather-cock? did you ever hear better?

Boyet. I am much deceived, but I remember the style.

Prin. Else your memory is bad, going o'er it erewhile.

Boyet. This Armado is a Spaniard, that keeps here in court;

A phantasm, a Monarcho,* and one that makes sport
To the prince, and his book-mates.

Prin. Thou, fellow, a word:
Who gave thee this letter?

Cost. I told you; my lord.

Prin. To whom shouldst thou give it?

Cost. From my lord to my lady.

Prin. From which lord, to which lady?

Cost. From my lord Biron, a good master of mine,
To a lady of France, that he call'd Rosaline.

Prin. Thou hast mistaken his letter. Come, lords,
away.

Here, sweet, put up this; 't will be thine another day.

[*Exeunt PRINCESS and Train.*]

Boyet. Who is the shooter? who is the shooter?

Ros. Shall I teach you to know?

Boyet. Ay, my continent of beauty.

Ros. Why, she that bears the bow.

Finely put off!

Boyet. My lady goes to kill horns; but, if thou marry,
Hang me by the neck, if horns that year miscarry.

Finely put on!

Ros. Well, then, I am the shooter

* This allusion is to a mid Italian, commonly called the *monarch*, whose epitaph, or description, was written by Churchyard, in 1580. He believed that he was sovereign of the world.

Boyet.

And who is your deer?

Ros. If we choose by the horns, yourself: come not near.

Finely put on, indeed!—

Mar. You still wrangle with her, Boyet, and she strikes at the brow.

Boyet. But she herself is hit lower: Have I hit her now?

Ros. Shall I come upon thee with an old saying, that was a man when king Pepin of France was a little boy, as touching the hit it?

Boyet. So I may answer thee with one as old, that was a woman when queen Guinever of Britain was a little wench, as touching the hit it.

Ros. [*Singing.*]—

Thou canst not hit it, hit it, hit it,

Thou canst not hit it, my good man.

Boyet.

An I cannot, cannot, cannot,

An I cannot, another can.

[*Exeunt Ros. and KATH.*]

Cost. By my troth, most pleasant! how both did fit it!

Mar. A mark marvellous well shot; for they both did hit it.

Boyet. A mark! O, mark but that mark! A mark, says my lady!

Let the mark have a prick in 't to mete at, if it may be.

Mar. Wide o' the bow hand! I' faith your hand is out.

Cost. Indeed, a' must shoot nearer, or he 'll ne'er hit the clout.

Boyet. An if my hand be out, then, belike your hand is in.

Cost. Then will she get the upshot by cleaving the pin.

Mar. Come, come, you talk greasily, your lips grow foul.

Cost. She's too hard for you at pricks, sir; challenge her to bowl.

Boyet. I fear too much rubbing. Good night, my good owl. [*Exeunt BOYET and MARIA.*]

Cost. By my soul, a swain! a most simple clown! Lord, Lord! how the ladies and I have put him down! O' my troth, most sweet jests! most incoyn vulgar wit! When it comes so smoothly off, so obscenely, as it were, so fit.

Armatho o' the one side,—O, a most dainty man!
To see him walk before a lady, and to bear her fari!
To see him kiss his hand! and how most sweetly a' will swear!—

And his page o' t' other side, that handful of wit!

Ah, Heavens, it is a most pathological nit!

Sola, sola! [*Shouting within. Exit COST., running.*]

SCENE II.—*The same.*

Enter HOLOFERNES, SIR NATHANIEL, and DULL.

Nath. Very reverent sport, truly; and done in the testimony of a good conscience.

Hol. The deer was, as you know, *sanguis*,—in blood; ripe as a pomewater,^a who now hangeth like a jewel in the ear of *caelo*,—the sky, the welkin, the heaven; and anon falleth like a crab, on the face of *terra*,—the soil, the land, the earth.

Nath. Truly, master Holofernes, the epithets are sweetly varied, like a scholar at the least: But, sir, I assure ye, it was a buck of the first head.

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, *hand credo*.

Dull. 'T was not a *hand credo*; 't was a pricket.^b

Hol. Most barbarous intimation! yet a kind of in-

^a *Pomewater*—a species of apple.

^b *Pricket*. The buck acquires a new name every year as he approaches to maturity. The first year he is a fawn; the second, a pricket; the third, a sorrell; the fourth, a soare; the fifth, a buck of the first head; the sixth, a complete buck.

sinuation, as it were *in via*, in way, of explication; *facere*, as it were, replication, or, rather, *oslentare*, to show, as it were, his inclination,—after his undressed, unpolished, uneducated, unpruned, untrained, or rather unlettered, or, ratherest, unconfirmed fashion,—to insert again my *haud credo* for a deer.

Dull. I said, the deer was not a *haud credo*; 't was a pricket.

Hol. Twice sod simplicity, *bis coctus*!—O thou monster Ignorance, how deformed dost thou look!

Nath. Sir, he hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a book; he hath not eat paper, as it were; he hath not drunk ink: his intellect is not replenished; he is only an animal, only sensible in the duller parts; And such barren plants are set before us, that we thankful should be

(Which we of taste and feeling are) for those parts that do fructify in us more than he.

For as it would ill become me to be vain, indiscreet, or a fool,

So, were there a patch set on learning, to see him in a school:

But, *omne bene*, say I; being of an old father's mind, Many can brook the weather, that love not the wind.

Dull. You two are book-men: Can you tell by your wit,

What was a month old at Cain's birth, that 's not five weeks old as yet?

Hol. Dictynna, good man Dull; Dictynna, good man Dull.

Dull. What is Dictynna?

Nath. A title to Phœbe, to Luna, to the moon.

Hol. The moon was a month old, when Adam was no more;

And raught* not to five weeks, when he came to five-score.

The allusion holds in the exchange.

* *Raught*—reached.

Dull. 'T is true indeed; the collusion holds in the exchange.

Hol. God comfort thy capacity! I say, the allusion holds in the exchange.

Dull. And I say the pollution holds in the exchange; for the moon is never but a month old: and I say, beside, that 't was a pricket that the princess killed.

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, will you hear an extemporal epitaph on the death of the deer? and, to humour the ignorant, I have called the deer the princess killed, a pricket.

Nath. *Perge*, good master Holofernes, *perge*; so it shall please you to abrogate scurrility.

Hol. I will something affect the letter;^a for it argues facility.

The praiseful princess pierc'd and prick'd a pretty pleasing pricket;

Some say a sore; but not a sore, till now made sore with shooting.

The dogs did yell; put I to sore, then sorel jumps from thicket;

Or pricket, sore, or else sorel; the people fall a hooting.

If sore be sore, then L to sore makes fifty sores;^b O sore L!

Of one sore I an hundred make, by adding but one more L.

Nath. A rare talent!

Dull. If a talent be a claw,^c look how he claws him with a talent.

Hol. This is a gift that I have, simple, simple; a foolish extravagant spirit, full of forms, figures, shapes, objects, ideas, apprehensions, motions, revolutions: these are begot in the ventricle of memory, nourished in the womb of *pia mater*, and delivered upon the mellowing of occasion: But the gift is good in those in whom it is acute, and I am thankful for it.

^a *Affect the letter*—affect alliteration.

^b The pedant brings in the Roman numeral, L, as the sign of fifty.

^c Talon was formerly written talent.

Nath. Sir, I praise the Lord for you; and so may my parishioners; for their sons are well tutored by you, and their daughters profit very greatly under you: you are a good member of the commonwealth.

Hol. *Mehercle*, if their sons be ingenious, they shall want no instruction: if their daughters be capable, I will put it to them: But, *vir sapit qui pauca loquitur*. A soul feminine saluteth us.

Enter JAQUENETTA and COSTARD.

Jaq. God give you good morrow, master person.*

Hol. Master person,—*quasi pers-on*. And if one should be pierced, which is the one?

Cost. Marry, master schoolmaster, he that is likest to a hogshead.

Hol. Of piercing a hogshead! a good lustre of conceit in a turf of earth; fire enough for a flint, pearl enough for a swine: 't is pretty; it is well.

Jaq. Good master parson, be so good as read me this letter; it was given me by Costard, and sent me from don Armatho; I beseech you, read it.

Hol. *Fauste, precor gelidâ quando pecus omne sub umbrâ Ruminat*,—and so forth. Ah, good old Mantuan!^b I may speak of thee as the traveller doth of Venice:

—*Vinegia, Vinegia,*

Chi non te vede, ei non te pregia.^c

* *Master person.* The derivation of *parson* was, perhaps, commonly understood in Shakspeare's time, and *parson* and *person* were used indifferently. Blackstone has explained the word: "A parson, *persona ecclesiæ*, is one that hath full possession of all the rights of a parochial church. He is called *parson*, *persona*, because, by his *person*, the church, which is an invisible body, is represented."—*Commentaries*, b. i.

^b The good old Mantuan was Joh. Baptist. Mantuanus, a Carmelite, whose Eclogues were translated into English by George Turberville, in 1567. His first Eclogue commences with *Fauste, precor gelidâ*.

^c A proverbial expression applied to Venice.

Old Mantuan! old Mantuan! Who understandeth thee not, loves thee not.—*Ut, re, sol, la, mi, fa.*^a—Under pardon, sir, what are the contents? Or, rather, as Horace says in his—What, my soul, verses?

Nath. Ay, sir, and very learned.

Hol. Let me hear a staff, a stanza, a verse; *Lege, domine.*

Nath.

If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love?

Ah, never faith could hold, if not to beauty row'd!

Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll faithful prove;

Those thoughts to me were oaks, to thee like osiers
bow'd.

Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine eyes,

Where all those pleasures live that art would comprehend:

If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice;

Well learned is that tongue that well can thee commend:

All ignorant that soul that sees thee without wonder;

(Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admire;)

Thy eye Jove's lightning bears, thy voice his dreadful
thunder,

Which, not to anger bent, is music, and sweet fire.

Celestial as thou art, oh pardon, love, this wrong,

That sings heaven's praise with such an earthly tongue!

Hol. You find not the apostrophes, and so miss the accent: let me supervise the canzonet. Here are only numbers ratified; but, for the elegancy, facility, and golden cadence of poesy, *caret*. Ovidius Naso was the man: and why, indeed, Naso; but for smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy, the jerks of invention? *Imitari* is nothing: so doth the hound his master, the ape his keeper, the tired^b horse his rider. But, damosella virgin, was this directed to you?

Jaq. Ay, sir, from one monsieur Biron, one of the strange queen's lords.

Hol. I will overglance the superscript. "To the

^a The pedant *sol-fa*s, to recreate himself, and to show his musical skill.

^b *Tired*—caparisoned; adorned with trappings.

snow-white hand of the most beauteous lady Rosaline." I will look again on the intellect of the letter, for the nomination of the party writing to the person written unto :

" Your ladyship's in all desired employment, BIRON."

Sir Nathaniel, this Biron is one of the votaries with the king ; and here he hath framed a letter to a sequent of the stranger queen's, which, accidentally, or by the way of progression, hath miscarried.—Trip and go, my sweet ; deliver this paper into the royal hand of the king ; it may concern much : Stay not thy compliment ; I forgive thy duty ; adieu !

Jaq. Good Costard, go with me.—Sir, God save your life !

Cost. Have with thee, my girl. [*Ex. Cost. and Jaq.*]

Nath. Sir, you have done this in the fear of God, very religiously ; and, as a certain father saith——

Hol. Sir, tell not me of the father, I do fear colourable colours. But, to return to the verses : Did they please you, sir Nathaniel ?

Nath. Marvellous well for the pen.

Hol. I do dine to-day at the father's of a certain pupil of mine ; where if, before repast, it shall please you to gratify the table with a grace, I will, on my privilege I have with the parents of the foresaid child or pupil, undertake your *ben venuto* ; where I will prove those verses to be very unlearned, neither savouring of poetry, wit, nor invention : I beseech your society.

Nath. And thank you too : for society (saith the text) is the happiness of life.

Hol. And, certes, the text most infallibly concludes it. Sir, I do invite you too ; you shall not say me nay :
pauca verba.

Away ; the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation.^a [*Exeunt.*]

^a These lines are *hexameters*, and all the better for being very bad.

SCENE III.—*Another part of the same.**Enter BIRON with a paper.*

Biron. The king he is hunting the deer; I am coursing myself: they have pitched a toil; I am toiling in a pitch; pitch that defiles; defile! a foul word Well, Set thee down, sorrow! for so they say the fool said, and so say I, and I the fool. Well proved, wit! By the Lord, this love is as mad as Ajax: it kills sheep; it kills me, I a sheep: Well proved again o' my side! I will not love: if I do, hang me; i' faith, I will not. O, but her eye,—by this light, but for her eye, I would not love her; yes, for her two eyes. Well, I do nothing in the world but lie, and lie in my throat. By Heaven, I do love: and it hath taught me to rhyme, and to be melancholy; and here is part of my rhyme, and here my melancholy. Well, she hath one o' my sonnets already: the clown bore it, the fool sent it, and the lady hath it: sweet clown, sweeter fool, sweetest lady! By the world, I would not care a pin if the other three were in: Here comes one with a paper; God give him grace to groan.

*[Gets up into a tree.]**Enter the KING, with a paper.**King.* Ah me!

Biron. *[Aside.]* Shot, by Heaven!—Proceed, sweet Cupid; thou hast thumped him with thy bird-bolt under the left pap:—In faith, secrets.—

King. *[Reads.]*

So sweet a kiss the golden sun gives not
 To those fresh morning drops upon the rose,
 As thy eye-beams, when their fresh rays have smot*
 The night of dew that on my cheeks down flows:
 Nor shines the silver moon one half so bright
 Through the transparent bosom of the deep,
 As doth thy face through tears of mine give light:
 Thou shin'st in every tear that I do weep;

* *Smot*—the old preterite of *smote*.

No drop but as a coach doth carry thee,
 So ridest thou triumphing in my woe:
 Do but behold the tears that swell in me,
 And they thy glory through my grief will show:
 But do not love thyself; then thou wilt keep
 My tears for glames, and still make me weep.
 O queen of queens, how far dost thou excel!
 No thought can think, nor tongue of mortal tell.—

How shall she know my griefs? I'll drop the paper;
 Sweet leaves shade folly. Who is he comes here?

[*Steps aside.*]

Enter LONGAVILLE, with a paper.

What, Longaville! and reading! listen, ear.

Biron. Now, in thy likeness, one more fool appear!

[*Aside.*]

Long. Ah me! I am forsworn.

Biron. Why, he comes in like a perjure, wearing
 papers.^a

[*Aside.*]

King. In love, I hope: Sweet fellowship in shame!

[*Aside.*]

Biron. One drunkard loves another of the name.

[*Aside.*]

Long. Am I the first that have been perjur'd so?

Biron. [*Aside.*] I could put thee in comfort; not by
 two, that I know:

Thou mak'st the triumvir, the corner cap of society,
 The shape of Love's Tyburn that hangs up simplicity.

Long. I fear these stubborn lines lack power to move:
 O sweet Maria, empress of my love!

These numbers will I tear and write in prose.

Biron. [*Aside.*] O, rhymes are guards^b on wanton
 Cupid's hose:

Disfigure not his slop.^c

^a The *perjure*—the perjurer—when exposed on the pillory wore “papers of perjury.”

^b *Guards*—the hems or boundaries of a garment; generally ornamented.

^c *Slop.* A clothesman is still a *slop-seller*.

Long. This same shall go.—[*He reads the sonnet.*

Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye
 ('Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument)
 Persuade my heart to this false perjury?
 Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment.
 A woman I forswore; but, I will prove,
 Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee:
 My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;
 Thy grace being gain'd, cures all disgrace in me.
 Vows are but breath, and breath a vapour is:
 Then thou, fair sun, which on my earth dost shine,
 Exhal'st this vapour vow; in thee it is:
 If broken then, it is no fault of mine,
 If by me broke. What fool is not so wise,
 To lose an oath to win a paradise?

Biron. [*Aside.*] This is the liver vein, which makes
 flesh a deity;

A green goose, a goddess: pure, pure idolatry.
 God amend us, God amend! we are much out o' the way.

Enter DUMAIN, with a paper.

Long. By whom shall I send this?—Company! stay.
 [*Stepping aside.*

Biron. [*Aside.*] All hid, all hid, an old infant play:
 Like a demi-god here sit I in the sky,
 And wretched fools' secrets heedfully o'er-eye.
 More sacks to the mill! O Heavens, I have my
 wish;

Dumain transform'd: four woodcocks in a dish!

Dum. O most divine Kate!

Biron. O most profane coxcomb! [*Aside.*

Dum. By Heaven, the wonder of a mortal eye!

Biron. By earth, she is not, corporal: there you lie.
 [*Aside.*

Dum. Her amber hairs for foul have amber coted.*

Biron. An amber-colour'd raven was well noted.

[*Aside.*

Dum. As upright as the cedar.

* Coted—quoted.

Biron. Stoop, I say ;
Her shoulder is with child. [Aside.

Dum. As fair as day.

Biron. Ay, as some days ; but then no sun must shine. [Aside.

Dum. O that I had my wish !

Long. And I had mine ! [Aside.

King. And I mine too, good lord ! [Aside.

Biron. Amen, so I had mine : Is not that a good word ? [Aside.

Dum. I would forget her ; but a fever she
Reigns in my blood, and will remember'd be.

Biron. A fever in your blood ! why, then incision
Would let her out in saucers : Sweet misprision ! [Aside.

Dum. Once more I'll read the ode that I have writ.

Biron. Once more I'll mark how love can vary wit.
[Aside.

Dum. On a day, (alack the day !)
Love, whose month is ever May,
Spied a blossom, passing fair,
Playing in the wanton air :
Through the velvet leaves the wind,
All unseen, 'gan passage find ;
That the lover, sick to death,
Wish'd himself the heaven's breath.
Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow ;
Air, would I might triumph so !
But, alack, my hand is sworn,
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn :
Vow, alack, for youth unmeet ;
Youth so apt to pluck a sweet.
Do not call it sin in me,
That I am forsworn for thee :
Thou for whom Jove would swear,
Juno but an Ethiop were ;
And deny himself for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love.

This will I send ; and something else more plain,
That shall express my true love's fasting pain.
O, would the King, Biron, and Longaville,
Were lovers too ! Ill, to example ill,

Would from my forehead wipe a perjur'd note
For none offend, where all alike do dote.

Long. Dumain, [*advancing*] thy love is far from
charity,

That in love's grief desir'st society :

You may look pale, but I should blush, I know,

To be o'erheard, and taken napping so.

King. Come, sir, [*advancing*] you blush ; as his your
case is such ;

You chide at him, offending twice as much :

You do not love Maria ; Longaville

Did never sonnet for her sake compile ;

Nor never lay his wreathed arms athwart

His loving bosom, to keep down his heart.

I have been closely shrouded in this bush,

And mark'd you both, and for you both did blush.

I heard your guilty rhymes, observ'd your fashion ;

Saw sighs reek from you, noted well your passion :

Ah me ! says one ; O Jove ! the other cries ;

One, her hairs were gold, crystal the other's eyes :

You would for paradise break faith and troth ; [*To LONG.*

And Jove, for your love, would infringe an oath.

[*To DUMAIN.*

What will Biron say, when that he shall hear

Faith infringed, which such zeal did swear ?

How will he scorn ! how will he spend his wit !

How will he triumph, leap, and laugh at it !

For all the wealth that ever I did see,

I would not have him know so much by me.

Biron. Now step I forth to whip hypocrisy.—

Ah, good my liege, I pray thee pardon me :

[*Descends from the tree.*

Good heart, what grace hast thou, thus to reprove

These worms for loving, that art most in love ?

Your eyes do make no coaches ; in your tears

There is no certain princess that appears :

You 'll not be perjur'd, 't is a hateful thing ;

Tush, none but minstrels like of sonneting.

But are you not ashamed? nay, are you not,
 All three of you, to be thus much o'ershot?
 You found his mote; the king your mote did see;
 But I a beam do find in each of three.
 O, what a scene of foolery have I seen,
 Of sighs, of groans, of sorrow, and of teen!
 O me, with what strict patience have I sat,
 To see a king transformed to a gnat!
 To see great Hercules whipping a gig,
 And profound Solomon tuning a jig,
 And Nestor play at push-pin with the boys,
 And critic Timon laugh at idle toys!
 Where lies thy grief, O tell me, good Dumain?
 And, gentle Longaville, where lies thy pain?
 And where my liege's? all about the breast:—
 A caudle, ho!

King. Too bitter is thy jest.

Are we betray'd thus to thy over-view?

Biron. Not you by me, but I betray'd to you:
 I, that am honest; I that hold it sin
 To break the vow I am engaged in;
 I am betray'd, by keeping company
 With men like men,^a of strange inconstancy.
 When shall you see me write a thing in rhyme?
 Or groan for Joan? or spend a minute's time
 In pruning^b me? When shall you hear that I
 Will praise a hand, a foot, a face, an eye,
 A gait, a state, a brow, a breast, a waist,
 A leg, a limb?—

King. Soft; Whither away so fast?
 A true man, or a thief, that gallops so?

Biron. I post from love; good lover, let me go.

^a *Men like men.* Biron appears to us to say—I keep company with men alike in inconstancy—men like men—men having the general inconstancy of humanity.

^b *Pruning*—preening; trimming himself up as a bird trims its feathers.

Enter JAQUENETTA and COSTARD.

Jaq. God bless the king !

King. What present hast thou there ?

Cost. Some certain treason.

King. What makes treason here ?

Cost. Nay, it makes nothing, sir.

King. If it mar nothing neither,
The treason, and you, go in peace away together.

Jaq. I beseech your grace, let this letter be read ;
Our parson misdoubts it ; it was treason, he said.

King. Biron, read it over. [*Giving him the letter.*]
Where hadst thou it ?

Jaq. Of Costard.

King. Where hadst thou it

Cost. Of dun Adramadio, dun Adramadio.

King. How now ! what is in you ? why dost thou
tear it ?

Biron. A toy, my liege, a toy ; your grace needs not
fear it.

Long. It did move him to passion, and therefore let's
hear it.

Dum. It is Biron's writing, and here is his name.

Biron. Ah, you whoreson loggerhead, [*Picks up the pieces.*]
[*to COSTARD*]
you were born to do me shame.—

Guilty, my lord, guilty ; I confess, I confess.

King. What ?

Biron. That you three fools lack'd me fool to make
up the mess ;

He, he, and you ; and you, my liege, and I,
Are pick-purses in love, and we deserve to die.

O, dismiss this audience, and I shall tell you more.

Dum. Now the number is even.

Biron. True, true ; we are four :—
Will these turtles be gone ?

King. Hence, sirs ; away.

Cost. Walk aside the true folk, and let the traitors stay.

[*Exeunt Cost. and JAQ.*]

Biron. Sweet lords, sweet lovers, O let us embrace !

As true we are, as flesh and blood can be :

The sea will ebb and flow, heaven show his face ;

Young blood doth not obey an old decree :

We cannot cross the cause why we are born ;

Therefore, of all hands must we be forsworn.

King. What, did these rent lines show some love of thine ?

Biron. Did they, quoth you ? Who sees the heavenly Rosaline,

That, like a rude and savage man of Inde,

At the first opening of the gorgeous east,

Bows not his vassal head ; and, stricken blind,

Kisses the base ground with obedient breast ?

What peremptory eagle-sighted eye

Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,

That is not blinded by her majesty ?

King. What zeal, what fury hath inspir'd thee now ?

My love, her mistress, is a gracious moon ;

She, an attending star, scarce seen a light.

Biron. My eyes are then no eyes, nor I Biron :

O, but for my love, day would turn to night !

Of all complexions, the cull'd sovereignty

Do meet, as at a fair, in her fair cheek ;

Where several worthies make one dignity ;

Where nothing wants, that want itself doth seek.

Lend me the flourish of all gentle tongues,—

Fie, painted rhetoric ! O, she needs it not :

To things of sale a seller's praise belongs ;

She passes praise : then praise too short doth blot.

A wither'd hermit, five-score winters worn,

Might shake off fifty, looking in her eye :

Beauty doth varnish age, as if new-born,
And gives the crutch the cradle's infancy.

O, 'tis the sun that maketh all things shine!

King. By Heaven, thy love is black as ebony.

Biron. Is ebony like her? O wood divine!

A wife of such wood were felicity.

O, who can give an oath? where is a book?

That I may swear, beauty doth beauty lack,

If that she learn not of her eye to look:

No face is fair, that is not full so black.

King. O paradox! Black is the badge of hell,

The hue of dungeons, and the scowl of night;

And beauty's crest becomes the heavens well.

Biron. Devils soonest tempt, resembling spirits of light.

O, if in black my lady's brows be deck'd,

It mourns, that painting, and usurping hair,

Should ravish doters with a false aspect;

And therefore is she born to make black fair

Her favour turns the fashion of the days;

For native blood is counted painting now;

And therefore red, that would avoid dispraise,

Paints itself black to imitate her brow.

Dum. To look like her, are chimney-sweepers black.

Long. And, since her time, are colliers counted bright.

King. And Ethiops of their sweet complexion crack.

Dum. Dark needs no candles now, for dark is light.

Biron. Your mistresses dare never come in rain,

For fear their colours should be wash'd away.

King. 'T were good, yours did; for, sir, to tell you

I'll find a fairer face not wash'd to-day.

Biron. I'll prove her fair, or talk till doomsday here.

King. No devil will fright thee then so much as she.

Dum. I never knew man hold vile stuff so dear.

Long. Look, here's thy love: my foot and her face see.

[*Showing his shoe.*]

Biron. O, if the streets were paved with thine eyes,
Her feet were much too dainty for such tread!

Dum. O vile! then as she goes, what upward lies
The street should see as she walk'd over head.

King. But what of this? Are we not all in love?

Biron. O, nothing so sure; and thereby all forsworn.

King. Then leave this chat; and, good Biron, now
prove

Our loving lawful, and our faith not torn.

Dum. Ay, marry, there;—some flattery for this evil.

Long. O, some authority how to proceed;
Some tricks, some quilllets,* how to cheat the devil.

Dum. Some salve for perjury.

Biron. O, 't is more than need!—

Have at you then, affection's men at arms:

Consider, what you first did swear unto;—

To fast,—to study,—and to see no woman;—

Flat treason against the kingly state of youth.

Say, can you fast? your stomachs are too young;

And abstinence engenders maladies.

And where that you have vow'd to study, lords,

In that each of you hath forsworn his book:

Can you still dream, and pore, and thereon look?

For when would you, my lord, or you, or you,

Have found the ground of study's excellence,

Without the beauty of a woman's face?

From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:

They are the ground, the books, the academes,

From whence doth spring the true Promethean fire.

Why, universal plodding prisons up

The nimble spirits in the arteries;

As motion, and long-during action, tires

The sinewy vigour of the traveller.

Now, for not looking on a woman's face,

* *Quillet* and *quodlibet* each signify a fallacious subtilty—what you please—an argument without foundation.

You have in that forsworn the use of eyes ;
And study too, the causer of your vow :
For where is any author in the world,
Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye ?
Learning is but an adjunct to our self,
And where we are, our learning likewise is.
Then, when ourselves we see in ladies' eyes,
With ourselves,—
Do we not likewise see our learning there ?
O, we have made a vow to study, lords ;
And in that vow we have forsworn our books ;
For when would you, my liege, or you, or you,
In leaden contemplation, have found out
Such fiery numbers, as the prompting eyes
Of beauty's tutors have enrich'd you with ?
Other slow arts entirely keep the brain ;
And therefore finding barren practisers,
Scarce show a harvest of their heavy toil :
But love, first learned in a lady's eyes,
Lives not alone immured in the brain ;
But with the motion of all elements,
Courses as swift as thought in every power ;
And gives to every power a double power,
Above their functions and their offices.
It adds a precious seeing to the eye ;
A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind ;
A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound,
When the suspicious head of theft is stopp'd :
Love's feeling is more soft, and sensible,
Than are the tender horns of cockled snails :
Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in taste
For valour, is not Love a Hercules,
Still climbing trees in the Hesperides ?
Subtle as sphynx ; as sweet, and musical,
As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair ;
And, when Love speaks, the voice of all the gods

Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony.*
 Never durst poet touch a pen to write,
 Until his ink were temper'd with Love's sighs.
 O, then his lines would ravish savage ears,
 And plant in tyrants mild humility.
 From women's eyes this doctrine I derive :
 They sparkle still the right Promethean fire ;
 They are the books, the arts, the academes,
 That show, contain, and nourish all the world ;
 Else, none at all in aught proves excellent :
 Then fools you were these women to forswear ;
 Or, keeping what is sworn, you will prove fools
 For wisdom's sake, a word that all men love ;
 Or for love's sake, a word that loves all men ;
 Or for men's sake, the authors of these women ;
 Or women's sake, by whom we men are men ;
 Let us once lose our oaths, to find ourselves,
 Or else we lose ourselves to keep our oaths :
 It is religion to be thus forsworn :
 For charity itself fulfils the law ;
 And who can sever love from charity ?

King. Saint Cupid, then ! and, soldiers, to the field !

Biron. Advance your standards, and upon them,
 lords ;

Pell-mell, down with them ! but be first advis'd,
 In conflict that you get the sun of them.

Long. Now to plain-dealing ; lay these gloses by ;
 Shall we resolve to woo these girls of France ?

King. And win them too : therefore let us devise
 Some entertainment for them in their tents.

Biron. First, from the park let us conduct them
 thither ;

Then, homeward, every man attach the hand
 Of his fair mistress : in the afternoon

* When Love speaks, the responsive harmony of the voice of
 all the gods makes heaven drowsy

We will with some strange pastime solace them,
Such as the shortness of the time can shape ;
For revels, dances, masks, and merry hours,
Forerun fair Love, strewing her way with flowers.

King. Away, away ! no time shall be omitted,
That will be time, and may by us be fitted.

Biron. *Allons ! Allons !*—Sow'd cockle reap'd no
corn ;

And justice always whirls in equal measure :
Light wenches may prove plagues to men forsworn ;
If so, our copper buys no better treasure. [*Exeunt.*



ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Another part of the same.*

Enter HOLOFERNES, SIR NATHANIEL, and DULL.

Hol. Satis quod sufficit.

Nath. I praise God for you, sir: your reasons at dinner have been sharp and sententious; pleasant without scurrility, witty without affection,^a audacious without impudency, learned without opinion, and strange without heresy. I did converse this *quondam* day with a companion of the king's, who is intituled, nominated, or called, don Adriano de Armado.

Hol. Novi hominem tanquam te: His humour is lofty, his discourse peremptory, his tongue filed,^b his eye ambitious, his gait majestical, and his general behaviour vain, ridiculous, and thrasonical.^c He is too picked,^d too spruce, too affected, too odd, as it were, too peregrinate, as I may call it.

Nath. A most singular and choice epithet.

[*Takes out his table-book.*]

Hol. He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument. I abhor such fanatical phantasms, such insociable and point-devise^e companions; such rackers of orthography, as to speak, doubt, fine, when he should say, doubt; det, when he should pronounce debt;—d, e, b, t; not d, e, t:—he clepeth a calf, cauf; half, hauf; neighbour, *vocatur*, nebour; neigh, abbreviated, ne: This is abominable, (which he would call abominable,) it insinuateth me of insanie; *Ne intelligis domine?* to make frantic, lunatic.

^a *Affection*—affection.

^b *Filed*—polished.

^c *Thrasonical*—from Thraso, the boasting soldier of Terence.

^d *Picked*—trimmed.

^e *Point-devise*—nice to excess, and sometimes, adverbially, for exactly, with the utmost nicety.

Nath. Laus Deo bone intelligo.

Hol. Bone?—bone, for benè: Priscian a little scratch'd; 't will serve.

Enter ARMADO, MOTH, and COSTARD.

Nath. Videsne quis venit?

Hol. Video et gaudeo.

Arm. Chirra!

[*To MOTH*

Hol. Quare Chirra, not sirrah?

Arm. Men of peace, well encountered.

Hol. Most military sir, salutation.

Moth. They have been at a great feast of languages, and stolen the scraps. [*To COSTARD aside.*

*Cost. O, they have lived long on the alms-basket of words! I marvel, thy master hath not eaten thee for a word; for thou art not so long by the head as *honorificabilitudinitatibus*:^a thou art easier swallowed than a flap-dragon.*

Moth. Peace! the peal begins.

*Arm. Monsieur [*to HOL.*], are you not lettered?*

Moth. Yes, yes; he teaches boys the horn-book;—What is a, b, spelt backward, with a horn on his head?

Hol. Ba, pueritia, with a horn added.

Moth. Ba, most silly sheep, with a horn.—You hear his learning.

Hol. Quis, quis, thou consonant?

Moth. The third of the five vowels, if you repeat them; or the fifth, if I.

Hol. I will repeat them, a, e, i.—

Moth. The sheep: the other two concludes it; o, u.^b

^a Taylor, the water-poet, has given us a syllable more of this delight of schoolboys—*honorificabilitudinitatibus*. But he has not equalled Rabelais, who has thus furnished the title of a book that might puzzle Paternoster Row—*Antipericatametaparlengedamphioribrations*.

^b The pedant asks who is the silly sheep—quis, quis? "The third of the five vowels, if you repeat them," says Moth; and the pedant does repeat them—a, e, i; the other two clinches it, says Moth, o, u (O you).

Arm. Now, by the salt wave of the Medierraneum, a sweet touch, a quick venew of wit: * snip, snap, quick, and home; it rejoiceth my intellect: true wit.

Moth. Offer'd by a child to an old man; which is wit-old.

Hol. What is the figure? what is the figure?

Moth. Horns.

Hol. Thou disputest like an infant: go, whip thy gig.

Moth. Lend me your horn to make one, and I will whip about your infamy *circum circa*: A gig of a cuckold's horn!

Cost. An I had but one penny in the world, thou shouldst have it to buy gingerbread: hold, there is the very remuneration I had of thy master, thou halfpenny purse of wit, thou pigeon-egg of discretion. O, an the Heavens were so pleased that thou wert but my bastard! what a joyful father wouldst thou make me! Go to; thou hast it *ad dunghill*, at the fingers' ends, as they say.

Hol. O, I smell false Latin; dunghill for *unguem*.

Arm. Arts-man, *præambula*; we will be singled from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the charge-house on the top of the mountain?

Hol. Or, *mons*, the hill.

Arm. At your sweet pleasure, for the mountain.

Hol. I do, sans question.

Arm. Sir, it is the king's most sweet pleasure and affection, to congratulate the princess at her pavilion, in the posteriors of this day; which the rude multitude call the afternoon.

Hol. The posterior of the day, most generous sir, is liable, congruent, and measurable for the afternoon: the word is well culled, chose; sweet and apt, I do assure you, sir; I do assure.

Arm. Sir, the king is a noble gentleman; and my familiar. I do assure you, very good friend:—For what

* *Venew* and *bost* equally denote a hit in fencing.

is inward between us, let it pass :—I do beseech thee, remember thy courtesy :—I beseech thee, apparel thy head :—And among other importunate and most serious designs,—and of great import indeed, too ;—but let that pass :—for I must tell thee, it will please his grace (by the world) sometime to lean upon my poor shoulder ; and with his royal finger, thus, dally with my excrement, with my mustachio : but, sweet heart, let that pass. By the world, I recount no fable ; some certain special honours it pleaseth his greatness to impart to Armado, a soldier, a man of travel, that hath seen the world : but let that pass.—The very all of all is,—but, sweet heart, I do implore secrecy,—that the king would have me present the princess, sweet chuck, with some delightful ostentation, or show, or pageant, or antic, or fire-work. Now, understanding that the curate and your sweet self are good at such eruptions, and sudden breaking out of mirth, as it were, I have acquainted you withal, to the end to crave your assistance.

Hol. Sir, you shall present before her the nine worthies.—Sir Nathaniel, as concerning some entertainment of time, some show in the posterior of this day, to be rendered by our assistance,—the king's command, and this most gallant, illustrate, and learned gentleman,—before the princess ; I say, none so fit as to present the nine worthies.

Nath. Where will you find men worthy enough to present them ?

Hol. Joshua, yourself ; myself, or this gallant gentleman, Judas Maccabæus ; this swain, because of his great limb or joint, shall pass Pompey the great ; the page, Hercules.

Arm. Pardon, sir, error : he is not quantity enough for that worthy's thumb : he is not so big as the end of his club.

Hol. Shall I have audience ? he shall present Hercules in minority : his *enter* and *exit* shall be stran-

gling a snake; and I will have an apology for that purpose.

Moth. An excellent device! so, if any of the audience hiss, you may cry, Well done, Hercules! now thou crushest the snake! that is the way to make an offence gracious; though few have the grace to do it.

Arm. For the rest of the worthies?—

Hol. I will play three myself.

Moth. Thrice-worthy gentleman!

Arm. Shall I tell you a thing?

Hol. We attend.

Arm. We will have, if this fudge^a not, an antic. I beseech you, follow.

Hol. *Via*, goodman Dull! thou hast spoken no word all this while.

Dull. Nor understood none neither, sir.

Hol. *Allons!* we will employ thee.

Dull. I'll make one in a dance, or so; or I will play on the tabor to the worthies, and let them dance the hay.

Hol. Most dull, honest Dull, to our sport, away!

SCENE II.—*Another part of the same. Before the Princess's Pavilion.*

Enter the PRINCESS, KATHARINE, ROSALINE, and MARIA.

Prin. Sweet hearts, we shall be rich ere we depart,
If fairings come thus plentifully in:
A lady wall'd about with diamonds!
Look you, what I have from the loving king.

Ros. Madam, came nothing else along with that?

Prin. Nothing but this? yes, as much love in rhyme,
As would be cramm'd up in a sheet of paper,

^a *Fudge.* This word is from the Anglo-Saxon *feg-an*—to join together, and thence to fit, to agree.

Writ on both sides of the leaf, margent and all ;
That he was fain to seal on Cupid's name.

Ros. That was the way to make his godhead wax ;^a
For he hath been five thousand years a boy.

Kath. Ay, and a shrewd unhappy gallows too.

Ros. You 'll ne'er be friends with him ; he kill'd
your sister.

Kath. He made her melancholy, sad, and heavy ;
And so she died : had she been light, like you,
Of such a merry, nimble, stirring spirit,
She might have been a grandam ere she died :
And so may you ; for a light heart lives long

Ros. What's your dark meaning, mouse, of this light
word ?

Kath. A light condition in a beauty dark.

Ros. We need more light to find your meaning out.

Kath. You 'll mar the light, by taking it in snuff ;
Therefore, I 'll darkly end the argument.

Ros. Look, what you do ; you do it still i' the dark.

Kath. So do not you ; for you are a light wench.

Ros. Indeed, I weigh not you ; and therefore light.

Kath. You weigh me not,—O, that's you care not
for me.

Ros. Great reason ; for, Past care is still past cure.

Prin. Well bandied both ; a set of wit^b well play'd.
But, Rosaline, you have a favour too :
Who sent it ? and what is it ?

Ros. I would you knew :

An if my face were but as fair as yours,
My favour were as great ; be witness this.
Nay, I have verses too, I thank Biron :
The numbers true ; and, were the numb'ring too,
I were the fairest goddess on the ground :
I am compar'd to twenty thousand fairs.
O, he hath drawn my picture in his letter !

^a To wax—to grow ; as we say, the moon waxeth.

^b Set of wit. Set is a term used at tennis.

Prin. Anything like?

Ros. Much in the letters; nothing in the praise.

Prin. Beauteous as ink; a good conclusion.

Kath. Fair as a text B in a copy-book.

Ros. 'Ware pencils! How? let me not die your debtor,
My red dominical, my golden letter :^a

O that your face were not so full of O's!

Kath. A pox of that jest! and I beshrew all shrows!

Prin. But, Katharine, what was sent to you from fair
Dumain?

Kath. Madam, this glove.

Prin. Did he not send you twain?

Kath. Yes, madam; and moreover,
Some thousand verses of a faithful lover;
A huge translation of hypocrisy,
Vilely compil'd, profound simplicity.

Mar. This, and these pearls, to me sent Longaville;
The letter is too long by half a mile.

Prin. I think no less: Dost thou not wish in heart,
The chain were longer, and the letter short?

Mar. Ay, or I would these hands might never part.

Prin. We are wise girls to mock our lovers so.

Ros. They are worse fools to purchase mocking so.
That same Biron I'll torture ere I go.

O, that I knew he were but in by the week!

How I would make him fawn, and beg, and seek;

And wait the season, and observe the times,

And spend his prodigal wits in bootless rhymes;

And shape his service wholly to my behests;

And make him proud to make me proud that jests!

So portent-like would I o'ersway his state,

That he should be my fool, and I his fate.

^a Rosaline, it appears, was a brunette; Katharine fair, perhaps red-haired, marked with small-pox. In the early alphabets for children, A was printed in red, B, as well as the remainder of the alphabet, in black; and thus the ladies jest upon their complexions.

Prin. None are so surely caught, when they are catch'd,
As wit turn'd fool : folly, in wisdom hatch'd,
Hath wisdom's warrant, and the help of school ;
And wit's own grace to grace a learned fool.

Ros. The blood of youth burns not with such excess,
As gravity's revolt to wantonness.

Mar. Folly in fools bears not so strong a note,
As foolery in the wise, when wit doth dote ;
Since all the power thereof it doth apply,
To prove, by wit, worth in simplicity.

Enter BOYET.

Prin. Here comes Boyet, and mirth is in his face

Boyet. O, I am stabb'd with laughter ! Where's her grace ?

Prin. Thy news, Boyet ?

Boyet. Prepare, madam, prepare !—
Arm, wench, arm ! encounters mounted are
Against your peace : Love doth approach disguis'd,
Armed in arguments ; you 'll be surpris'd :
Muster your wits ; stand in your own defence ;
Ohide your heads like cowards, and fly hence.

Prin. Saint Dennis to saint Cupid ! What are they,
That charge their breath against us ? say, scout, say.

Boyet. Under the cool shade of a sycamore,
I thought to close mine eyes some half an hour ;
When, lo ! to interrupt my purpos'd rest,
Toward that shade I might behold address'd
The king and his companions : warily
I stole into a neighbour thicket by,
And overheard what you shall overhear ;
That, by and by, disguis'd they will be here.
Their herald is a pretty knavish page,
That well by heart hath conn'd his embassy :
Action, and accent, did they teach him there ;
" Thus must thou speak, and thus thy body bear :"

And ever and anon they made a doubt,
Presence majestical would put him out;
"For," quoth the king, "an angel shalt thou see;
Yet fear not thou, but speak audaciously."
The boy replied, "An angel is not evil;
I should have fear'd her had she been a devil."
With that all laugh'd, and clapp'd him on the
shoulder;

Making the bold wag by their praises bolder.
One rubb'd his elbow, thus; and fleer'd, and swore,
A better speech was never spoke before:
Another with his finger and his thumb,
Cried, "Via! we will do't, come what will come:"
The third he caper'd, and cried, "All goes well;"
The fourth turn'd on the toe, and down he fell.
With that, they all did tumble on the ground,
With such a zealous laughter, so profound,
That in this spleen ridiculous appears,
To check their folly, passion's solemn tears.

Prin. But what, but what, come they to visit us?

Boyet. They do, they do; and are apparel'd thus,—
Like Muscovites, or Russians, as I guess.
Their purpose is, to parle, to court, and dance:
And every one his love-feat will advance
Unto his several mistress; which they'll know
By favours several, which they did bestow.

Prin. And will they so? the gallants shall be task'd:—

For, ladies, we will every one be mask'd;
And not a man of them shall have the grace,
Despite of suit, to see a lady's face.
Hold, Rosaline, this favour thou shalt wear,
And then the king will court thee for his dear;
Hold, take thou this, my sweet, and give me thine;
So shall Biron take me for Rosaline.—
And change your favours too; so shall your loves
Woo contrary, deceiv'd by these removes.

Ros. Come on then ; wear the favours most in sight.

Kath. But, in this changing, what is your intent ?

Prin. The effect of my intent is, to cross theirs :
They do it but in mocking merriment ;
And mock for mock is only my intent.

Their several counsels they unbosom shall
To loves mistook ; and so be mock'd withal,
Upon the next occasion that we meet,
With visages display'd, to talk and greet.

Ros. But shall we dance, if they desire us to 't ?

Prin. No ; to the death we will not move a foot :
Nor to their penn'd speech render we no grace :
But, while 't is spoke, each turn away her face.

Boyet. Why, that contempt will kill the speaker's
heart,
And quite divorce his memory from his part.

Prin. Therefore I do it ; and, I make no doubt,
The rest will ne'er come in, if he be out.
There 's no such sport as sport by sport o'erthrown ;
To make theirs ours, and ours none but our own :
So shall we stay, mocking intended game ;
And they, well mock'd, depart away with shame.

[*Trumpets sound within.*

Boyet. The trumpet sounds ; be mask'd, the maskers
come. [*The ladies mask.*

Enter the KING, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, and DUMAIN,
in Russian habits and masked ; MOTH, Musicians,
and Attendants.

Moth. " All hail the richest beauties on the earth !"

Biron. Beauties no richer than rich taffata. [*Aside.*

Moth. " A holy parcel of the fairest dames,

[*The ladies turn their backs to him.*
That ever turn'd their "—backs—"to mortal views !"

Biron. " Their eyes," villain, " their eyes !"

Moth. " That ever turn'd their eyes to mortal views !
Out"—

Boyet. True; out, indeed.

Moth. "Out of your favours, heavenly spirits, vouchsafe

Not to behold"—

Biron. "Once to behold," rogue.

Moth. "Once to behold with your sun-beamed eyes,"—

"With your sun-beamed eyes"—

Boyet. They will not answer to that epithet,
You were best call it, daughter-beamed eyes.

Moth. They do not mark me, and that brings me out.

Biron. Is this your perfectness? begone, you rogue!

Ros. What would these strangers? know their minds,

Boyet:

If they do speak our language, 't is our will

That some plain man recount their purposes:

Know what they would.

Boyet. What would you with the princess?

Biron. Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation.

Ros. What would they, say they?

Boyet. Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation.

Ros. Why, that they have; and bid them so be gone.

Boyet. She says, you have it, and you may be gone.

King. Say to her, we have measur'd many miles,
To tread a measure^a with her on the grass.

Boyet. They say that they have measur'd many a
mile,

To tread a measure with you on this grass.

Ros. It is not so: ask them how many inches
Is in one mile: if they have measur'd many,
The measure then of one is easily told.

Boyet. If, to come hither, you have measur'd miles,
And many miles, the princess bids you tell,
How many inches do fill up one mile.

Biron. Tell her, we measure them by weary steps.

^a *Tread a measure.* The measure was a grave courtly dance, of which the steps were slow and measured, like those of a modern minuet.

Boyet. She hears herself.

Ros. How many weary steps,
Of many weary miles you have o'ergone,
Are number'd in the travel of one mile?

Biron. We number nothing that we spend for you;
Our duty is so rich, so infinite,
That we may do it still without accompt.
Vouchsafe to show the sunshine of your face,
That we, like savages, may worship it.

Ros. My face is but a moon, and clouded too.

King. Blessed are clouds, to do as such clouds do!
Vouchsafe, bright moon, and these thy stars, to shine
(Those clouds remov'd) upon our watery eyne.

Ros. O vain petitioner! beg a greater matter;
Thou now request'st but moonshine in the water.

King. Then, in our measure, vouchsafe but one
change:

Thou bidd'st me beg; this begging is not strange.

Ros. Play, music, then: nay, you must do it soon.

[*Music plays.*]

Not yet;—no dance:—thus change I like the moon.

King. Will you not dance? How come you thus
estranged?

Ros. You took the moon at full; but now she's
changed.

King. Yet still she is the moon, and I the man.
The music plays; vouchsafe some motion to it.

Ros. Our ears vouchsafe it.

King. But your legs should do it.

Ros. Since you are strangers, and come here by
chance,

We'll not be nice: take hands;—we will not dance.

King. Why take we hands then?

Ros. Only to part friends:—

Court'sy, sweet hearts; and so the measure ends.

King. More measure of this measure; be not nice.

Ros. We can afford no more at such a price.

King. Prize you yourselves: What buys your company?

Ros. Your absence only.

King. That can never be.

Ros. Then cannot we be bought: and so adieu;
Twice to your visor, and half once to you!

King. If you deny to dance, let's hold more chat.

Ros. In private then.

King. I am best pleas'd with that.

[*They converse apart.*]

Biron White-handed mistress, one sweet word with thee.

Prin. Honey, and milk, and sugar; there is three.

Biron. Nay then, two treys (an if you grow so nice),

Metheglin, wort, and malmsey.—Well run, dice!

There's half a dozen sweets.

Prin. Seventh sweet, adieu!

Since you can cog,* I'll play no more with you.

Biron. One word in secret.

Prin. Let it not be sweet.

Biron. Thou griev'st my gall.

Prin. Gall? bitter.

Biron. Therefore meet.

[*They converse apart.*]

Dum. Will you vouchsafe with me to change a word?

Mar. Name it.

Dum. Fair lady,—

Mar. Say you so? Fair lord,—

Take you that for your fair lady.

Dum. Please it you,

As much in private, and I'll bid adieu.

[*They converse apart.*]

* *Biron* says, "Well run, dice!" The Princess says he can cog. To cog the dice is to load them—and thence, generally, to defraud.

Kath. What, was your visor made without a tongue?

Long. I know the reason, lady, why you ask.

Kath. O for your reason! quickly, sir; I long.

Long. You have a double tongue within your mask,
And would afford my speechless visor half.

Kath. Veal, quoth the Dutchman:—Is not veal a calf?

Long. A calf, fair lady?

Kath. No, a fair lord calf.

Long. Let 's part the word.

Kath. No, I 'll not be your half:

Take all, and wean it; it may prove an ox.

Long. Look, how you butt yourself in these sharp
mocks!

Will you give horns, chaste lady? do not so.

Kath. Then die a calf, before your horns do grow.

Long. One word in private with you, ere I die.

Kath. Bleat softly then, the butcher hears you cry.

[*They converse apart.*]

Boyet. The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen
As is the razor's edge invisible,

Cutting a smaller hair than may be seen;

Above the sense of sense: so sensible

Seemeth their conference; their conceits have wings,

Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind, thought, swifter things.

Ros. Not one word more, my maids; break off,
break off.

Biron. By Heaven, all dry-beaten with pure scoff!

King. Farewell, mad wenches; you have simple wits.

[*Exeunt KING, LORDS, MOTH, Music, and Attendants.*]

Prin. Twenty adieus, my frozen Muscovites.—

Are these the breed of wits so wonder'd at?

Boyet. Tapers they are, with your sweet breaths puff'd
out.

Ros. Well-liking wits^a they have; gross, gross; fat, fat.

Prin. O poverty in wit, kingly-poor flout!

^a *Well-liking* is used in the same sense in which the young of the wild goats in Job are said to be in *good-liking*.

Will they not, think you, hang themselves to-night ?

Or ever, but in visors, show their faces ?

This pert Biron was out of countenance quite.

Ros. O ! they were all in lamentable cases !

The king was weeping-ripe for a good word.

Prin. Biron did swear himself out of all suit.

Mar. Dumain was at my service, and his sword :

No point, quoth I ; my servant straight was mute.

Kath. Lord Longaville said, I came o'er his heart ;
And trow you what he call'd me ?

Prin.

Qualm, perhaps.

Kath. Yes, in good faith.

Prin.

Go, sickness as thou art !

Ros. Well, better wits have worn plain statute-caps.^a

But will you hear ? the king is my love sworn.

Prin. And quick Biron hath plighted faith to me

Kath. And Longaville was for my service born.

Mar. Dumain is mine, as sure as bark on tree.

Boyet. Madam, and pretty mistresses, give ear :

Immediately they will again be here

In their own shapes ; for it can never be,

They will digest this harsh indignity.

Prin. Will they return ?

Boyet.

They will, they will, God knows,

And leap for joy, though they are lame with blows :

Therefore, change favours ; and, when they repair,

Blow like sweet roses in this summer air.

Prin. How blow ? how blow ? speak to be understood.

Boyet. Fair ladies, mask'd, are roses in their bud :

Dismask'd, their damask sweet commixture shown,

Are angels vailing clouds,^b or roses blown.

^a By an act of parliament of 1571 it was provided that all above the age of six years, except the nobility and other persons of degree, should, on sabbath-days and holidays, wear caps of wool, manufactured in England.

^b To *vail*—to a vale, to cause to fall down ; the clouds open as the angels descend.

Prin. Avaunt, perplexity! What shall we do,
If they return in their own shapes to woo?

Ros. Good madam, if by me you 'll be advis'd,
Let's mock them still, as well known, as disguis'd:
Let us complain to them what fools were here,
Disguis'd like Muscovites, in shapeless gear;
And wonder what they were; and to what end
Their shallow shows, and prologue vilely penn'd,
And their rough carriage so ridiculous,
Should be presented at our tent to us.

Boyet. Ladies, withdraw: the gallants are at hand.

Prin. Whip to our tents, as roes run over land.

[*Exeunt* PRINCESS, ROS., KATH., and MARIA.]

Enter the KING, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, and DUMAIN,
in their proper habits.

King. Fair sir, God save you! Where is the princess?

Boyet. Gone to her tent: Please it your majesty,
Command me any service to her thither?

King. That she vouchsafe me audience for one word.

Boyet. I will; and so will she, I know, my lord. [*Exit.*]

Biron. This fellow pecks up wit, as pigeons peas,
And utters it again when Jove doth please:
He is wit's peddler; and retails his wares
At wakes, and wassels, meetings, markets, fairs;
And we that sell by gross, the Lord doth know,
Have not the grace to grace it with such show.
This gallant pins the wenches on his sleeve;
Had he been Adam, he had tempted Eve:
He can carve too, and lisp: Why, this is he,
That kiss'd away his hand in courtesy;
This is the ape of form, monsieur the nice,
That, when he plays at tables, chides the dice
In honourable terms; nay, he can sing
A mean most meanly; * and, in ushering,

* *A mean most meanly.* The mean, in vocal music, is an intermediate part; a part—whether tenor, or second soprano, or contra-tenor—between the two extremes of highest and lowest.

Mend him who can : the ladies call him, sweet ;
 The stairs, as he treads on them, kiss his feet :
 This is the flower that smiles on every one,
 To show his teeth as white as whales' bone : *
 And consciences, that will not die in debt,
 Pay him the due of honey-tongued Boyet.

King. A blister on his sweet tongue, with my heart,
 That put Armado's page out of his part !

*Enter the PRINCESS, ushered by BOYET ; ROSALINE,
 MARIA, KATHARINE, and Attendants.*

Biron. See where it comes !—Behaviour, what wert thou,

Till this man show'd thee ? and what art thou now ?

King. All hail, sweet madam, and fair time of day !

Prin. Fair, in all hail, is foul, as I conceive.

King. Construe my speeches better, if you may.

Prin. Then wish me better, I will give you leave.

King. We came to visit you ; and purpose now

To lead you to our court : vouchsafe it then.

Prin. This field shall hold me ; and so hold your
 vow :

Nor God, nor I, delights in perjur'd men.

King. Rebuke me not for that which you provoke ;

The virtue of your eye must break my oath.

Prin. You nick-name virtue : vice you should have
 spoke ;

For virtue's office never breaks men's troth.

Now, by my maiden honour, yet as pure

As the unsullied lily, I protest,

A world of torments though I should endure,

I would not yield to be your house's guest :

So much I hate a breaking-cause to be

Of heavenly oaths, vow'd with integrity.

King. O, you have liv'd in desolation here,

Unseen, unvisited, much to our shame.

* *Whales' bone.* The tooth of the walrus.

Prin. Not so, my lord, it is not so, I swear;

We have had pastimes here, and pleasant game;
A mess of Russians left us but of late.

King. How, madam? Russians?

Prin. Ay, in truth, my lord;
Trim gallants, full of courtship, and of state.

Ros. Madam, speak true:—It is not so, my lord;
My lady, (to the manner of the days,)
In courtesy, gives undeserving praise.

We four, indeed, confronted were with four
In Russian habit; here they stay'd an hour,
And talk'd apace; and in that hour, my lord,
They did not bless us with one happy word.
I dare not call them fools; but this I think,
When they are thirsty, fools would fain have drink.

Biron. This jest is dry to me. Gentle sweet,
Your wit makes wise things foolish; when we greet
With eyes best seeing heaven's fiery eye,
By light we lose light: Your capacity
Is of that nature, that to your huge store
Wise things seem foolish, and rich things but poor.

Ros. This proves you wise and rich, for in my
eye,—

Biron. I am a fool, and full of poverty.

Ros. But that you take what doth to you belong,
It were a fault to snatch words from my tongue.

Biron. O, I am yours, and all that I possess.

Ros. All the fool mine?

Biron. I cannot give you less.

Ros. Which of the visors was it that you wore?

Biron. Where? when? what visor? why demand
you this?

Ros. There, then, that visor; that superfluous case,
That hid the worse, and show'd the better face.

King. We are descried: they 'll mock us now down-
right.

Dum. Let us confess, and turn it to a jest.

Prin. Amaz'd, my lord? Why looks your highness sad?

Ros. Help, hold his brows! he 'll swoon! Why look you pale?—

Sea-sick, I think, coming from Muscovy.

Biron. Thus pour the stars down plagues for perjury.

Can any face of brass hold longer out?—

Here stand I, lady; dart thy skill at me;

Bruise me with scorn, confound me with a flout;

Thrust thy sharp wit quite through my ignorance;

Cut me to pieces with thy keen conceit;

And I will wish thee never more to dance,

Nor never more in Russian habit wait.

O! never will I trust to speeches penn'd,

Nor to the motion of a schoolboy's tongue;

Nor never come in visor to my friend;

Nor woo in rhyme, like a blind harper's song:

Taffata phrases, silken terms precise,

Three-pil'd hyperboles, spruce affectation,

Figures pedantical; these summer-flies

Have blown me full of maggot ostentation:

I do forswear them: and I here protest,

By this white glove, (how white the hand, God knows!)

Henceforth my wooing mind shall be express'd

In russet yeas, and honest kersey noes:

And, to begin, wench,—so God help me, la!—

My love to thee is sound, sans crack or flaw.

Ros. Sans sans, I pray you.

Biron.

Yet I have a trick

Of the old rage:—bear with me, I am sick;

I 'll leave it by degrees. Soft, let us see;—

Write "Lord have mercy on us,"* on those three;

They are infected, in their hearts it lies;

They have the plague, and caught it of your eyes:

* *Lord have mercy on us*—the fearful inscription on houses visited with the plague.

These lords are visited ; you are not free,
For the Lord's tokens on you do I see.

Prin. No, they are free that gave these tokens to us.

Biron. Our states are forfeit, seek not to undo us.

Ros. It is not so. For how can this be true,
That you stand forfeit, being those that sue ?

Biron. Peace ; for I will not have to do with you.

Ros. Nor shall not, if I do as I intend.

Biron. Speak for yourselves, my wit is at an end.

King. Teach us, sweet madam, for our rude trans-
gression

Some fair excuse.

Prin. The fairest is confession.

Were you not here, but even now, disguis'd ?

King. Madam, I was.

Prin. And were you well advis'd ?

King. I was, fair madam.

Prin. When you then were here,
What did you whisper in your lady's ear ?

King. That more than all the world I did respect her.

Prin. When she shall challenge this, you will reject
her.

King. Upon mine honour, no.

Prin. Peace, peace, forbear ;
Your oath once broke, you force not to forswear.

King. Despise me, when I break this oath of mine.

Prin. I will : and therefore keep it :—*Rosaline*,
What did the Russian whisper in your ear ?

Ros. Madam, he swore that he did hold me dear
As precious eye-sight : and did value me
Above this world : adding thereto, moreover,
That he would wed me, or else die my lover.

Prin. God give thee joy of him ! the noble lord
Most honourably doth uphold his word.

King. What mean you, madam ? by my life, my
troth,
I never swore this lady such an oath.

Ros. By Heaven, you did; and to confirm it plain,
You gave me this: but take it, sir, again.

King. My faith, and this, the princess I did give;
I knew her by this jewel on her sleeve.

Prin. Pardon me, sir, this jewel did she wear;
And lord Biron, I thank him, is my dear:—

What; will you have me, or your pearl again?

Biron. Neither of either; I remit both twain.

I see the trick on't:—Here was a consent,

(Knowing aforehand of our merriment,)

To dash it like a Christmas comedy:

Some carry-tale, some please-man, some slight zany,

Some mumble-news, some trencher-knight, some Dick,—

That smiles his cheek in years; and knows the trick

To make my lady laugh, when she's dispos'd—

Told our intents before: which once disclos'd,

The ladies did change favours; and then we,

Following the signs, woo'd but the sign of she.

Now, to our perjury to add more terror,

We are again forsworn: in will, and error.

Much upon this it is:—And might not you,

[To Boyet.]

Forestal our sport, to make us thus untrue?

Do not you know my lady's foot by the squire,^a

And laugh upon the apple of her eye?

And stand between her back, sir, and the fire,

Holding a trencher, jesting merrily?

You put our page out: Go, you are allow'd;^b

Die when you will, a smock shall be your shroud.

You leer upon me, do you? there's an eye,

Wounds like a leaden sword.

Boyet.

Full merrily

Hath this brave manage, this career, been run.

Biron. Lo, he is tilting straight! Peace; I have
done.

^a The square—*esquierre*, a rule, or square.

^b *Allow'd*—you are an allowed fool.

Enter COSTARD.

Welcome, pure wit! thou partest a fair fray.

Cost. O Lord, sir, they would know,
Whether the three worthies shall come in, or no.

Biron. What, are there but three?

Cost. No, sir, but it is vara fine,
For every one pursents three.

Biron. And three times thrice is nine.

Cost. Not so, sir; under correction, sir; I hope, it is
not so:

You cannot beg us,* sir, I can assure you, sir; we know
what we know;

I hope, sir, three times thrice, sir,—

Biron. Is not nine.

Cost. Under correction, sir, we know whereuntil it
doth amount.

Biron. By Jove, I always took three threes for nine.

Cost. O Lord, sir, it were a pity you should get your
living by reckoning, sir.

Biron. How much is it?

Cost. O Lord, sir, the parties themselves, the actors,
sir, will show whereuntil it doth amount: for mine own
part, I am, as they say, but to perfect one man, in one
poor man; Pompion the great, sir.

Biron. Art thou one of the worthies?

Cost. It pleased them to think me worthy of Pompion
the great: for mine own part, I know not the degree of
the worthy; but I am to stand for him.

Biron. Go bid them prepare.

Cost. We will turn it finely off, sir; we will take
some care. [Exit COSTARD.

* Costard means to say we are not idiots. One of the most abominable corruptions of the feudal system of government was for the sovereign, who was the legal guardian of idiots, to grant the wardship of such an unhappy person to some favourite who begged him, granting with the idiot the right of using his property.

King. Biron, they will shame us, let them not approach.

Biron. We are shame-proof, my lord : and 't is some policy

To have one show worse than the king's and his company.

King. I say, they shall not come.

Prin. Nay, my good lord, let me o'er-rule you now :

That sport best pleases that doth least know how :

Where zeal strives to content, and the contents

Die in the zeal, of that which it presents

The form confounded makes most form in mirth ;*

When great things labouring perish in their birth.

Biron. A right description of our sport, my lord.

Enter ARMADO.

Arm. Anointed, I implore so much expense of thy royal sweet breath, as will utter a brace of words.

[*ARMADO converses with the KING, and delivers him a paper.*]

Prin. Doth this man serve God ?

Biron. Why ask you ?

Prin. He speaks not like a man of God's making.

Arm. That's all one, my fair, sweet, honey monarch : for, I protest the schoolmaster is exceeding fantastical ; too, too vain ; too, too vain ; But we will put it, as they say, to *fortuna della guerra*. I wish you the peace of mind, most royal complement ! [*Exit ARMADO.*]

King. Here is like to be a good presence of worthies : He presents Hector of Troy ; the swain, Pompey the great ; the parish curate, Alexander ; Armado's page, Hercules ; the pedant, Judas Machabæus.

* We understand the reading thus :—Where zeal strives to give content, and the contents (things contained) die in the zeal, the form of that which zeal presents, being confounded, makes most form in mirth.

And if these four worthies in their first show thrive,
These four will change habits, and present the other five.

Biron. There is five in the first show.

King. You are deceiv'd, 't is not so.

Biron. The pedant, the braggart, the hedge-priest, the fool, and the boy :—

Abate a throw at novum ; * and the whole world again
Cannot prick out five such, take each one in his vein.

King. The ship is under sail, and here she comes
amain.

[*Seats brought for the KING, PRINCESS, &c.*

Pageant of the Nine Worthies.

Enter COSTARD, armed, for Pompey.

Cost. " I Pompey am,"—

Boyet. You lie, you are not he.

Cost. " I Pompey am,"—

Boyet. With libbard's ^b head on knee.

Biron. Well said, old mocker ; I must needs be
friends with thee.

Cost. " I Pompey am, Pompey surnam'd the big,"—

Dum. The great.

Cost. It is great, sir ;—"Pompey surnam'd the great ;
That oft in field, with targe and shield, did make my
foe to sweat :

And travelling along this coast, I here am come by
chance ;

And lay my arms before the legs of this sweet lass of
France."

If your ladyship would say, " Thanks, Pompey," I had
done.

Prin. Great thanks, great Pompey.

* *Abate a throw.* *Novum*, or *quinquenove*, was a game at dice,
of which nine and five were the principal throws. *Biron* there-
fore says, *Abate a throw*—that is, leave out the nine—and the
world cannot prick out five such.

^b *Libbard*—leopard.

Cost. "T is not so much worth; but, I hope, I was perfect: I made a little fault in "great."

Biron. My hat to a halfpenny, Pompey proves the best worthy.

Enter NATHANIEL, armed, for Alexander.

Nath. "When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's commander;

By east, west, north, and south, I spread my conquering might;

My 'scutcheon plain declares that I am Alisander."

Boyet. Your nose says, no, you are not; for it stands too right.

Biron. Your nose smells, no, in this, most tender-smelling knight.

Prin. The conqueror is dismay'd: Proceed, good Alexander.

Nath. "When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's commander;"—

Boyet. Most true, 't is right; you were so, Alisander.

Biron. Pompey the great,—

Cost. Your servant, and Costard.

Biron. Take away the conqueror, take away Alisander

Cost. O, sir, [to NATH.] you have overthrown Alisander the conqueror! You will be scraped out of the painted cloth for this: your lion, that holds his poll-ax sitting on a close stool, will be given to A-jax: he will be the ninth worthy. A conqueror, and afraid to speak! run away for shame, Alisander. [NATH. retires.] There, an 't shall please you; a foolish mild man; an honest man, look you, and soon dashed! He is a marvellous good neighbour, in sooth; and a very good bowler: but, for Alisander, alas, you see how 't is;—a little o'erparted: *—But there are worthies a coming will speak their mind in some other sort.

Prin. Stand aside, good Pompey.

* *O'erparted*—overparted, not quite equal to his part.

Enter HOLOFERNES for Judas, and MOTH for Hercules.

Hol. "Great Hercules is presented by this imp,
Whose club kill'd Cerberus, that three-headed
canus;

And, when he was a babe, a child, a shrimp,

Thus did he strangle serpents in his *manus* :

Quoniam, he seemeth in minority ;

Ergo, I come with this apology."—

Keep some state in thy *exit*, and vanish. [*Exit* MOTH.]

Hol. "Judas, I am,"—

Dum. A Judas !

Hol. Not, Iscariot, sir,—

"Judas, I am, ycleped Machabæus."

Dum. Judas Machabæus clipt, is plain Judas.

Biron. A kissing traitor :—How art thou prov'd
Judas ?

Hol. "Judas, I am,"—

Dum. The more shame for you, Judas.

Hol. What mean you, sir ?

Boyet. To make Judas hang himself.

Hol. Begin, sir ; you are my elder.

Biron. Well follow'd : Judas was hang'd on an elder.*

Hol. I will not be put out of countenance.

Biron. Because thou hast no face.

Hol. What is this ?

Boyet. A cittern-head.^b

Dum. The head of a bodkin.

Biron. A death's face in a ring.

Long. The face of an old Roman coin, scarce seen.

Boyet. The pummel of Cæsar's falchion.

Dum. The carv'd-bone face on a flask.^c

Biron. St. George's half-cheek in a brooch.

* The common tradition was that Judas hanged himself on an elder-tree.

^b A *cittern-head*. The head of a cittern, gittern, or guitar, was terminated with a face.

^c *Flask*. A soldier's powder-horn, which was often elaborately carved.

Dum. Ay, and in a brooch of lead.

Biron. Ay, and worn in the cap of a tooth-drawer.
And now, forward ; for we have put thee in countenance.

Hol. You have put me out of countenance.

Biron. False : we have given thee faces.

Hol. But you have out-fac'd them all.

Biron. An thou wert a lion, we would do so.

Boyet. Therefore, as he is an ass, let him go.
And so adieu, sweet Jude ! nay, why dost thou stay ?

Dum. For the latter end of his name.

Biron. For the ass to the Jude ; give it him :—Jud-as,
away !

Hol. This is not generous ; not gentle ; not humble.

Boyet. A light for monsieur Judas : it grows dark,
he may stumble.

Prin. Alas, poor Machabæus, how hath he been baited !

Enter ARMADO, armed, for Hector.

Biron. Hide thy head, Achilles ; here comes Hector
in arms.

Dum. Though my mocks come home by me, I will
now be merry.

King. Hector was but a Trojan in respect of this.

Boyet. But is this Hector ?

Dum. I think Hector was not so clean-timbered.

Long. His leg is too big for Hector.

Dum. More calf, certain.

Boyet. No ; he is best indued in the small.

Biron. This cannot be Hector.

Dum. He 's a god or a painter ; for he makes faces.

Arm. "The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,
Gave Hector a gift,"—

Dum. A gilt nutmeg.

Biron. A lemon.

Long. Stuck with cloves.

Dum. No, cloven.

Arm. Peace !

"The omnipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,
Gave Hector a gift, the heir of Ilion :
A man so breath'd, that certain he would fight, yea,
From morn till night, out of his pavilion.
I am that flower,"—

Dum. That mint.

Long. That columbine.

Arm. Sweet lord Longaville, rein thy tongue.

Long. I must rather give it the rein, for it runs
against Hector.

Dum. Ay, and Hector 's a greyhound.

Arm. The sweet war-man is dead and rotten ; sweet
chucks, beat not the bones of the buried : when he
breath'd, he was a man—but I will forward with my
device : Sweet royalty, [*to the PRINCESS*] bestow on
me the sense of hearing. [*BIRON whispers COSTARD.*]

Prin. Speak, brave Hector : we are much delighted.

Arm. I do adore thy sweet grace's slipper.

Boyet. Loves her by the foot.

Dum. He may not by the yard.

Arm. "This Hector far surmounted Hannibal,"—

Cost. The party is gone, fellow Hector, she is gone ;
she is two months on her way.

Arm. What meanest thou ?

Cost. Faith, unless you play the honest Trojan, the
poor wench is cast away : she 's quick ; the child brags
in her belly already ; 't is yours.

Arm. Dost thou infamonize me among potentates ?
thou shalt die.

Cost. Then shall Hector be whipped, for Jaquenetta
that is quick by him ; and hanged, for Pompey that is
dead by him.

Dum. Most rare Pompey !

Boyet. Renowned Pompey !

Biron. Greater than great, great, great, great Pompey !
Pompey the huge !

Dum. Hector trembles.

Biron. Pompey is moved :—More Ates, more Ates ; stir them on ! stir them on !

Dum. Hector will challenge him.

Biron. Ay, if he have no more man's blood in 's belly than will sup a flea.

Arm. By the north pole, I do challenge thee.

Cost. I will not fight with a pole, like a northern man ; I'll slash ; I'll do it by the sword :—I pray you, let me borrow my arms again.

Dum. Room for the incensed worthies.

Cost. I'll do it in my shirt.

Dum. Most resolute Pompey !

Moth. Master, let me take you a button-hole lower. Do you not see, Pompey is uncasing for the combat ? What mean you ? you will lose your reputation.

Arm. Gentlemen, and soldiers, pardon me ; I will not combat in my shirt.

Dum. You may not deny it ; Pompey hath made the challenge.

Arm. Sweet bloods, I both may and will.

Biron. What reason have you for 't ?

Arm. The naked truth of it is, I have no shirt ; I go woolward for penance.*

Boyet. True, and it was enjoined him in Rome for want of linen : since when, I'll be sworn, he wore none but a dishclout of Jaquenetta's ; and that 's wears next his heart, for a favour.

Enter MERCADÉ.

Mer. God save you, madam !

Prin. Welcome, Mercadé ;

But that thou interrupt'st our merriment.

Mer. I am sorry, madam ; for the news I bring is heavy in my tongue. The king, your father—

Prin. Dead, for my life.

* *Woolward*, wanting the shirt, so as to leave the woollen cloth of the outer coat next the skin.

Mer. Even so ; my tale is told.

Biron. Worthies, away ; the scene begins to cloud.

Arm. For mine own part, I breathe free breath : I have seen the day of wrong through the little hole of discretion, and I will right myself like a soldier. [*Ex. Worthies.*]

King. How fares your majesty ?

Prin. Boyet, prepare ; I will away to-night.

King. Madam, not so ; I do beseech you stay

Prin. Prepare, I say.—I thank you, gracious lords,
For all your fair endeavours ; and entreat,
Out of a new-sad soul, that you vouchsafe
In your rich wisdom, to excuse, or hide,
The liberal opposition of our spirits :
If over-boldly we have borne ourselves
In the converse of breath, your gentleness
Was guilty of it.—Farewell, worthy lord !
A heavy heart bears not a humble tongue :
Excuse me so, coming so short of thanks
For my great suit so easily obtain'd.

King. The extreme parts of time extremely form
All causes to the purpose of his speed ;
And often, at his very loose, decides
That which long process could not arbitrate :
And though the mourning brow of progeny
Forbid the smiling courtesy of love,
The holy suit which fain it would convince ;
Yet, since love's argument was first on foot,
Let not the cloud of sorrow jostle it
From what it purpos'd ; since, to wail friends lost,
Is not by much so wholesome, profitable,
As to rejoice at friends but newly found.

Prin. I understand you not ; my griefs are double.

Biron. Honest plain words best pierce the ears of
grief ;—

And by these badges understand the king.
For your fair sakes have we neglected time ;
Play'd foul play with our oaths. Your beauty, ladies,

Hath much deform'd us, fashioning our humours
 Even to the oppos'd end of our intents :
 And what in us hath seem'd ridiculous,—
 As love is full of unbecfitting strains ;
 All wanton as a child, skipping, and vain ;
 Form'd by the eye, and, therefore, like the eye,
 Full of stray shapes, of habits, and of forms,
 Varying in subjects as the eye doth roll
 To every varied object in his glance :
 Which party-coated presence of loose love
 Put on by us, if, in your heavenly eyes,
 Have misbecom'd our oaths and gravities,
 Those heavenly eyes, that look into these faults,
 Suggested us to make : Therefore, ladies,
 Our love being yours, the error that love makes
 Is likewise yours : we to ourselves prove false,
 By being once false for ever to be true
 To those that make us both,—fair ladies, you :
 And even that falsehood, in itself a sin,
 Thus purifies itself, and turns to grace.

Prin. We have receiv'd your letters, full of love ;
 Your favours, the ambassadors of love ;
 And, in our maiden council, rated them
 At courtship, pleasant jest, and courtesy,
 As bombast,* and as lining to the time :
 But more devout than this, in our respects,
 Have we not been ; and therefore met your loves
 In their own fashion, like a merriment.

Dum. Our letters, madam, show'd much more than jest.

Long. So did our looks.

Ros. We did not quote them so.

King. Now, at the latest minute of the hour,
 Grant us your loves.

Prin. A time, methinks, too short
 To make a world-without-end bargain in :
 No, no, my lord, your grace is perjur'd much,

* *Bombast*, from *bombagia*, cotton wool used as stuffing.

Full of dear guiltiness ; and, therefore this,—
If for my love (as there is no such cause)
You will do aught, this shall you do for me :
Your oath I will not trust ; but go with speed
To some forlorn and naked hermitage,
Remote from all the pleasures of the world ;
There stay, until the twelve celestial signs
Have brought about their annual reckoning :
If this austere insociable life
Change not your offer made in heat of blood ;
If frosts, and fasts, hard lodging, and thin weeds,
Nip not the gaudy blossoms of your love,
But that it bear this trial, and last love ;
Then, at the expiration of the year,
Come challenge, challenge me by these deserts,
And, by this virgin palm, now kissing thine,
I will be thine ; and, till that instant, shut
My woeful self up in a mourning house ;
Raining the tears of lamentation
For the remembrance of my father's death.
If this thou do deny, let our hands part ;
Neither intitled in the other's heart.

King. If this, or more than this, I would deny
To flatter up these powers of mine with rest,
The sudden hand of death close up mine eye !

Hence ever then my heart is in thy breast.

Biron. And what to me, my love ? and what to me ?

Dum. But what to me, my love ? but what to me ?

Kath. A wife !—A beard, fair health, and honesty ;
With three-fold love I wish you all these three.

Dum. O, shall I say, I thank you, gentle wife ?

Kath. Not so, my lord ;—a twelvemonth and a day
I 'll mark no words that smooth-fac'd wooers say :

Come when the king doth to my lady come,
Then, if I have much love, I 'll give you some.

Dum. I 'll serve thee true and faithfully till then.

Kath. Yet swear not, lest you be forsworn again.

Long. What says Maria?

Mar. At the twelvemonth's end,
I'll change my black gown for a faithful friend.

Long. I'll stay with patience; but the time is
long.

Mar. The liker you; few taller are so young.

Biron. Studies my lady? mistress, look on me,
Behold the window of my heart, mine eye,
What humble suit attends thy answer there;
Impose some service on me for thy love.

Ros. Oft have I heard of you, my lord Biron,
Before I saw you: and the world's large tongue
Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks;
Full of comparisons and wounding flouts;
Which you on all estates will execute,
That lie within the mercy of your wit:
To weed this wormwood from your fruitful brain,
And, therewithal, to win me, if you please,
(Without the which I am not to be won,)
You shall this twelvemonth term from day to day
Visit the speechless sick, and still converse
With groaning wretches; and your task shall be,
With all the fierce endeavour of your wit,
To enforce the pained impotent to smile.

Biron. To move wild laughter in the throat of death?
It cannot be; it is impossible:
Mirth cannot move a soul in agony.

Ros. Why, that's the way to choke a gibing spirit,
Whose influence is begot of that loose grace
Which shallow laughing hearers give to fools:
A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it: then, if sickly ears,
Deaf'd with the clamours of their own dear groans,
Will hear your idle scorns, continue then,
And I will have you, and that fault withal;
But, if they will not, throw away that spirit,

And I shall find you empty of that fault,
Right joyful of your reformation.

Biron. A twelvemonth? well, befall what will befall,
I'll jest a twelvemonth in an hospital.

Prin. Ay, sweet my lord; and so I take my leave.
[To the KING.]

King. No, madam, we will bring you on your way.

Biron. Our wooing doth not end like an old play;
Jack hath not Jill: these ladies' courtesy
Might well have made our sport a comedy.

King. Come, sir, it wants a twelvemonth and a day,
And then 't will end.

Biron. That 's too long for a play

Enter ARMADO.

Arm. Sweet majesty, vouchsafe me,—

Prin. Was not that Hector?

Dum. The worthy knight of Troy.

Arm. I will kiss thy royal finger, and take leave: I
am a votary; I have vowed to Jaquenetta to hold the
plough for her sweet love three years. But, most
esteemed greatness, will you hear the dialogue that
the two learned men have compiled, in praise of the
owl and the cuckoo? it should have followed in the
end of our show.

King. Call them forth quickly, we will do so.

Arm. Holla! approach.

*Enter HOLOFERNES, NATHANIEL, MOTH, COSTARD,
and others.*

This side is Hiems, winter: This Ver, the spring: the
one maintained by the owl, the other by the cuckoo.
Ver, begin.

SONG.

I.

SPRING. When daisies pied, and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver white,
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight,

The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men, for thus sings he,

Cuckoo;

Cuckoo, cuckoo,—O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

II.

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks,
When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,
And maidens bleach their summer-smocks,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men, for thus sings he,

Cuckoo;

Cuckoo, cuckoo,—O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

III.

WINTER. When icicles hang by the wall,
And *Dick* the shepherd blows his nail,
And *Tom* bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipp'd, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
To-who;

Tu-whit, to-who, a merry note,
While greasy *Joan* doth keel* the pot.

IV.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And *Marian's* nose looks red and raw,
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,

To-who;

Tu-whit, to-who, a merry note,
While greasy *Joan* doth keel the pot.

Arm. The words of Mercury are harsh after the songs
of Apollo. You, that way; we, this way. [Exeunt.]

* *Keel*—skim.

End of
Love's Labour's Lost.



ALLS WELL THAT ENDS WELL







THIS comedy was first printed in the folio collection of 1623. In the original copy the play is divided into acts, but not into scenes. There are several examples of corruption in the text; but, upon the whole, it is very accurately printed, both with regard to the metrical arrangement and to punctuation.

In an early number of the 'Pictorial Edition' of Shakspeare we expressed an opinion as to the date of this comedy:—"Meres has also mentioned, amongst the instances of Shakspeare's excellence for comedy, 'Love's Labour Won.' This is generally believed to be 'All's Well that Ends Well;' and probably, in some form or other, this was an early play." Malone, in the *first* edition of his 'Chronological Order of Shakspeare's Plays,' assigns the date of this comedy to 1598, upon the authority of the passage in Meres. He lays, "No other of our author's plays could have borne that title ('Love's Labour Won') with so much propriety as that before us." This is the real argument in the matter; and Coleridge, therefore, describes this play as "originally intended as the *counterpart* of 'Love's Labour's Lost.'" Shakspeare's titles, in the judgment of that philosophical critic, always exhibit "great sig-

nificancy." The Labour of Love which is *Lost* is not a very earnest labour. The king and his courtiers are fantastical lovers. They would win their mistresses by "bootless rhymes" and "speeches penn'd," and their most sincere declarations are thus only received as "mocking merriment." What would naturally be the counterpart of such a story? One of passionate, enduring, all-pervading love,—of a love that shrinks from no difficulty, resents no unkindness, fears no disgrace, but perseveres, under the most adverse circumstances, to vindicate its own claims by its own energy, and to achieve success by the strength of its own will. This is the Labour of Love which is *Won*. Is not this the story of 'All's Well that Ends Well'?

Of the characters we may say a few words.

Mrs. Jameson quotes a passage from Foster's 'Essays' to explain the general idea of the character of Helena: "To be tremblingly alive to gentle impressions, and yet be able to preserve, when the prosecution of a design requires it, an immoveable heart amidst even the most imperious causes of subduing emotion, is perhaps not an impossible constitution of mind, but it is the utmost and rarest endowment of humanity." This "constitution of mind" has been created by Shakspeare in his Helena, and who can doubt the truth and nature of the conception?

Bertram, like all mixed characters, whether in the drama or in real life, is a great puzzle to those who look without tolerance on human motives and actions. In a one-sided view he has no redeeming qualities. Johnson says, "I cannot reconcile my heart to Bertram; a

man noble without generosity, and young without truth; who marries Helena as a coward, and leaves her as a profligate: when she is dead by his unkindness sneaks home to a second marriage: is accused by a woman whom he has wronged, defends himself by falsehood, and is dismissed to happiness." We have no desire to reconcile our hearts to Bertram; all that we demand is, that he should not move our indignation beyond the point in which his qualities shall consist with our sympathy for Helena in her love for him. And in this view the poet, as it appears to us, has drawn Bertram's character most skilfully. Without his defects the dramatic action could not have proceeded; without his merits the dramatic sentiment could not have been maintained.

"In this piece," says Schlegel, "age is exhibited to singular advantage: the plain honesty of the King, the good-natured impetuosity of old Lafeu, the maternal indulgence of the Countess to Helena's love of her son, seem all, as it were, to vie with each other in endeavours to conquer the arrogance of the young Count." The general benevolence of these characters, and their particular kindness towards Helena, are the counterpoises to Bertram's pride of birth, and his disdain of virtue unaccompanied by adventitious distinctions. The love of the Countess towards Helena is habit,—that of the King is gratitude: in Lafeu, the admiration which he perseveringly holds towards her is the result of his honest sagacity. He admires what is direct and unpretending, and he therefore loves Helena: he hates

what is evasive and boastful, and he therefore despises Parolles.

"Parolles has many of the lineaments of Falstaff." We think that this opinion of Johnson exhibits a singular want of discrimination in one who relished Falstaff so highly. Parolles is literally what he is described by Helena :—

"I know him a notorious liar,

Think him a great way fool, solely a coward."

Is this crawling, empty, vapouring, cowardly representative of the off-scourings of social life, to be compared for a moment with the unimitable Falstaff? The comparison will not bear examining with patience, and much less with painstaking. But Parolles in his own way is infinitely comic. "The scene of the drum," according to a French critic, "is worthy of Molière." This is the highest praise which a French writer could bestow; and here it is just. The character belongs to the school of which Molière is the head, rather than to the school of Shakspeare. And what shall we say of the Clown? He is the "artificial fool;" and we do not like him, therefore, quite so much as dear Launce and dearer Touchstone. To the Fool in 'Lear' he can no more be compared than Parolles to Falstaff. But he is, nevertheless, great—something that no other artist but Shakspeare could have produced. Our poet has used him as a vehicle for some biting satire. There can be no doubt that he is "a witty fool," "a shrewd knave, and an unhappy."

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING OF FRANCE.

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 3.

DUKE OF FLORENCE.

Appears, Act III. sc. 1; sc. 3.

BERTRAM, *Count of Rousillon.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 5. Act III. sc. 3; sc. 5; sc. 6. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 3.

LAFEU, *an old Lord.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 5.
Act IV. sc. 5. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 3.

PAROLLES, *a follower of Bertram.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 4; sc. 5.
Act III. sc. 5; sc. 6. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 3.

*Several young French Lords that serve with Bertram in
the Florentine war.*

Appear, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 6.
Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 3.

Steward, servant to the Countess of Rousillon.

Appears, Act I. sc. 3. Act III. sc. 4.

Clown, servant to the Countess of Rousillon.

Appears, Act I. sc. 3. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act III. sc. 2.
Act IV. sc. 5. Act V. sc. 2.

A Page.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1.

COUNTESS OF ROUSILLON, *mother to Bertram.*

*Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 4.
Act IV. sc. 5. Act V. sc. 3.*

HELENA, *a gentlewoman, protected by the Countess.*

*Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 4; sc. 5.
Act III. sc. 2; sc. 5; sc. 7. Act IV. sc. 4. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3.*

An old Widow of Florence.

Appears, Act III. sc. 5; sc. 7. Act IV. sc. 4. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3.

DIANA, *daughter to the Widow.*

Appears, Act III. sc. 5. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3.

VIOLENTA, *neighbour and friend to the Widow.*

Appears, Act III. sc. 5.

MARIANA, *neighbour and friend to the Widow.*

Appears, Act III. sc. 5.

*Lords attending on the King; Officers, Soldiers, &c.
French and Florentine.*

SCENE—IN FRANCE AND IN TUSCANY.



ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Rousillon. *A Room in the Countess's Palace.*

Enter BERTRAM, the COUNTESS OF ROUSILLON, HELENA, and LAFEU, in mourning.

Count. In delivering my son from me, I bury a second husband.

Ber. And I, in going, madam, weep o'er my father's death anew : but I must attend his majesty's command, to whom I am now in ward, evermore in subjection.

Laf. You shall find of the king a husband, madam ; —you, sir, a father : He that so generally is at all times good, must of necessity hold his virtue to you ; whose worthiness would stir it up where it wanted, rather than lack it where there is such abundance.

Count. What hope is there of his majesty's amendment ?

Laf. He hath abandoned his physicians, madam ; under whose practices he hath persecuted time with hope, and finds no other advantage in the process but only the losing of hope by time.

Count. This young gentlewoman had a father, (O, that *had!* how sad a passage^a 't is!) whose skill was almost as great as his honesty ; had it stretched so far, would^b have made nature immortal, and death should

^a *Passage*—what passes.

^b *Would*—it would.

have play for lack of work. 'Would, for the king's sake, he were living! I think it would be the death of the king's disease.

Laf. How called you the man you speak of, madam?

Count. He was famous, sir, in his profession, and it was his great right to be so: Gerard de Narbon.

Laf. He was excellent, indeed, madam; the king very lately spoke of him admiringly and mourningly: he was skilful enough to have lived still, if knowledge could be set up against mortality.

Ber. What is it, my good lord, the king languishes of?

Laf. A fistula, my lord.

Ber. I heard not of it before.

Laf. I would it were not notorious.—Was this gentlewoman the daughter of Gerard de Narbon?

Count. His sole child, my lord; and bequeathed to my overlooking. I have those hopes of her good that her education promises: her dispositions she inherits, which make fair gifts fairer; for where an unclean mind carries virtuous qualities, there commendations go with pity,—they are virtues and traitors too: in her they are the better for their simpleness; she derives her honesty, and achieves her goodness.

Laf. Your commendations, madam, get from her tears.

Count. 'T is the best brine a maiden can season her praise in. The remembrance of her father never approaches her heart but the tyranny of her sorrows takes all livelihood from her cheek. No more of this, Helena—go to, no more; lest it be rather thought you affect a sorrow, than to have.

Hel. I do affect a sorrow, indeed, but I have it too.

Laf. Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead; excessive grief the enemy to the living.

Hel. If the living be enemy to the grief, the excess makes it soon mortal.

Ber. Madam, I desire your holy wishes.

Laf. How understand we that?

Count. Be thou bless'd, Bertram! and succeed thy father

In manners, as in shape! thy blood, and virtue,
Contend for empire in thee; and thy goodness
Share with thy birthright! Love all, trust a few,
Do wrong to none: be able for thine enemy
Rather in power than use; and keep thy friend
Under thy own life's key: be check'd for silence,
But never tax'd for speech. What Heaven more will,
That thee may furnish, and my prayers pluck down,
Fall on thy head! Farewell.—My lord,
'T is an unseason'd courtier; good my lord,
Advise him.

Laf. He cannot want the best
That shall attend his love.

Count. Heaven bless him!—Farewell, Bertram. [*Exit*

Ber. The best wishes that can be forged in your thoughts [*to HELENA*] be servants to you! Be comfortable to my mother, your mistress, and make much of her.

Laf. Farewell, pretty lady: You must hold the credit of your father. [*Exeunt BERTRAM and LAFEU.*

Hel. O, were that all!—I think not on my father;
And these great tears grace his remembrance more
Than those I shed for him.* What was he like?
I have forgot him: my imagination
Carries no favour in 't but Bertram's.
I am undone; there is no living, none,
If Bertram be away. It were all one
That I should love a bright particular star,
And think to wed it, he is so above me:
In his bright radiance and collateral light
Must I be comforted, not in his sphere.
The ambition in my love thus plagues itself:
The hind that would be mated by the lion

* The "great tears" which the departure of Bertram causes her to shed, being imputed to her grief for her father, grace his remembrance more than those which she really shed for him.

Must die for love. 'T was pretty, though a plague,
To see him every hour; to sit and draw
His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,
In our heart's table;^a heart too capable
Of every line and trick^b of his sweet favour:^c
But now he 's gone, and my idolatrous fancy
Must sanctify his relics. Who comes here?

Enter PAROLLES.

One that goes with him: I love him for his sake;
And yet I know him a notorious liar,
Think him a great way fool, solely a coward;
Yet these fix'd evils sit so fit in him,
That they take place, when virtue's steely bones
Look bleak i' the cold wind: withal, full oft we see
Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly.

Par. Save you, fair queen.

Hel. And you, monarch.^d

Par. No.

Hel. And no.

Par. Are you meditating on virginity?

Hel. Ay. You have some stain^e of soldier in you;
let me ask you a question: Man is enemy to virginity;
how may we barricado it against him?

Par. Keep him out.

Hel. But he assails; and our virginity, though valiant
in the defence, yet is weak: unfold to us some warlike
resistance.

Par. There is none: man, sitting down before you,
will undermine you, and blow you up.

^a *Table*—the tabular surface, tablet, upon which a picture is painted, and thence used for the picture itself.

^b *Trick*—peculiarity.

^c *Favour*—countenance.

^d *Monarch*. A sarcastic allusion to the *Monarcho* already noticed in 'Love's Labour's Lost.'

^e *Stain*—tincture; you have some slight mark of the soldier about you.

Hel. Bless our poor virginity from underminers and blowers up!—Is there no military policy how virgins might blow up men?

Par. Virginity, being blown down, man will quicker be blown up: marry, in blowing him down again, with the breach yourselves made, you lose your city. It is not politic in the commonwealth of nature to preserve virginity. Loss of virginity is rational increase; and there was never virgin got till virginity was first lost. That you were made of is metal to make virgins. Virginity, by being once lost, may be ten times found; by being ever kept, it is ever lost: 't is too cold a companion; away with 't.

Hel. I will stand for 't a little, though therefore I die a virgin.

Par. There 's little can be said in 't; 't is against the rule of nature. To speak on the part of virginity is to accuse your mothers; which is most infallible disobedience. He that hangs himself is a virgin: virginity murders itself; and should be buried in highways, out of all sanctified limit, as a desperate offendress against nature. Virginity breeds mites, much like a cheese; consumes itself to the very paring, and so dies with feeding his own stomach. Besides, virginity is peevish, proud, idle, made of self-love, which is the most inhibited sin in the canon. Keep it not; you cannot choose but lose by 't: Out with 't; within ten year it will make itself two, which is a goodly increase; and the principal itself not much the worse: Away with 't.

Hel. How might one do, sir, to lose it to her own liking?

Par. Let me see: Marry, ill, to like him that ne'er it likes. 'T is a commodity will lose the gloss with lying; the longer kept the less worth: off with 't, while 't is vendible: answer the time of request. Virginity, like an old courtier, wears her cap out of fashion; richly suited, but unsuitable: just like the brooch and

the toothpick, which wear not now : Your date is better in your pie and your porridge than in your cheek : And your virginity, your old virginity, is like one of our French withered pears ; it looks ill, it eats drily ; marry, 't is a withered pear ; it was formerly better ; marry, yet, 't is a withered pear : Will you anything with it ?

Hel. Not my virginity yet.

There, shall your master have a thousand loves,
A mother, and a mistress, and a friend,
A phoenix, captain, and an enemy,
A guide, a goddess, and a sovereign,
A counsellor, a traitress, and a dear ;
His humble ambition, proud humility,
His jarring concord, and his discord dulcet,
His faith, his sweet disaster : with a world
Of pretty, fond, adoptious christendoms,
That blinking Cupid gossips. Now shall he—
I know not what he shall :—God send him well !—
The court 's a learning-place ;—and he is one—

Par. What one, i' faith ?

Hel. That I wish well.—'T is pity—

Par. What 's pity ?

Hel. That wishing well had not a body in 't,
Which might be felt : that we, the poorer born,
Whose baser stars do shut us up in wishes,
Might with effects of them follow our friends,
And show what we alone must think ; which never
Returns us thanks.

Enter a Page.

Page. Monsieur Parolles, my lord calls for you. [*Exit.*

Par. Little Helen, farewell : if I can remember thee,
I will think of thee at court.

Hel. Monsieur Parolles, you were born under a charitable star.

Par. Under Mars, I.

Hel. I especially think, under Mars.

Par. Why under Mars?

Hel. The wars have so kept you under, that you must needs be born under Mars.

Par. When he was predominant.

Hel. When he was retrograde, I think, rather.

Par. Why think you so?

Hel. You go so much backward when you fight.

Par. That 's for advantage.

Hel. So is running away, when fear proposes the safety: But the composition that your valour and fear makes in you is a virtue of a good wing, and I like the wear well.

Par. I am so full of businesses I cannot answer thee acutely: I will return perfect courtier; in the which, my instruction shall serve to naturalise thee, so thou wilt be capable of a courtier's counsel, and understand what advice shall thrust upon thee; else thou diest in thine unthankfulness, and thine ignorance makes thee away: farewell. When thou hast leisure, say thy prayers; when thou hast none, remember thy friends: get thee a good husband, and use him as he uses thee: so farewell.

[*Exit.*]

Hel. Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
Which we ascribe to Heaven: the fated sky
Gives us free scope; only, doth backward pull
Our slow designs, when we ourselves are dull.
What power is it which mounts my love so high
That makes me see, and cannot feed mine eye?
The mightiest space in fortune nature brings
To join like likes, and kiss like native things.
Impossible be strange attempts to those
That weigh their pains in sense; and do suppose
What hath been cannot be: Who ever strove
To show her merit that did miss her love?
The king's disease—my project may deceive me,
But my intents are fix'd, and will not leave me. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—Paris. *A Room in the King's Palace.*

Flourish of cornets. Enter the KING OF FRANCE, with letters ; Lords and others attending.

King. The Florentines and Senoys are by the ears ;
Have fought with equal fortune, and continue
A braving war.

1 Lord. So 't is reported, sir.

King. Nay, 't is most credible ; we here receive it
A certainty, vouch'd from our cousin Austria,
With caution, that the Florentine will move us
For speedy aid ; wherein our dearest friend
Prejudicates the business, and would seem
To have us make denial.

1 Lord. His love and wisdom,
Approv'd so to your majesty, may plead
For amplest credence.

King. He hath arm'd our answer,
And Florence is denied before he comes ;
Yet, for our gentlemen that mean to see
The Tuscan service, freely have they leave
To stand on either part.

2 Lord. It well may serve
A nursery to our gentry, who are sick
For breathing and exploit.

King. What 's he comes here ?

Enter BERTRAM, LAFEU, and PAROLLES.

1 Lord. It is the count Rousillon, my good lord,
Young Bertram.

King. Youth, thou bear'st thy father's face ;
Frank Nature, rather curious than in haste,
Hath well compos'd thee. Thy father's moral parts
Mayst thou inherit too ! Welcome to Paris.

Ber. My thanks and duty are your majesty's.

King. I would I had that corporal soundness now,
As when thy father and myself, in friendship,

First tried our soldiership! He did look far
 Into the service of the time, and was
 Discipled of the bravest: he lasted long;
 But on us both did haggish age steal on,
 And wore us out of act. It much repairs me
 To talk of your good father: In his youth
 He had the wit, which I can well observe
 To-day in our young lords; but they may jest
 Till their own scorn return to them unnoted,
 Ere they can hide their levity in honour.
 So like a courtier, contempt nor bitterness
 Were in his pride or sharpness; if they were,
 His equal had awak'd them; and his honour,
 Clock to itself, knew the true minute when
 Exception bid him speak, and, at this time,
 His tongue obey'd his hand: * who were below him
 He us'd as creatures of another place;
 And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks,
 Making them proud of his humility,
 In their poor praise he humbled: Such a man
 Might be a copy to these younger times;
 Which, follow'd well, would demonstrate them now
 But goers backward.

Ber. His good remembrance, sir,
 Lies richer in your thoughts than on his tomb;
 So in approof lives not his epitaph,
 As in your royal speech.

King. 'Would I were with him! He would always
 say,
 (Methinks I hear him now: his plausible words
 He scatter'd not in ears, but grafted them,
 To grow there, and to bear,)—"Let me not live,"—
 This his good melancholy oft began,
 On the catastrophe and heel of pastime,

* The metaphor of a "clock" is continued; his tongue, in speaking what "exception" bade him, obeyed the hand of honour's clock—his hand being put for its hand.

When it was out,—“Let me not live,” quoth he,
 “After my flame lacks oil, to be the snuff
 Of younger spirits, whose apprehensive senses
 All but new things disdain; whose judgments are
 Mere fathers of their garments; whose constancies
 Expire before their fashions:”—This he wish'd :
 I, after him, do after him wish too,
 Since I nor wax nor honey can bring home,
 I quickly were dissolved from my hive,
 To give some labourers room.

2 Lord. You are lov'd, sir :

They that least lend it you shall lack you first.

King. I fill a place, I know 't.—How long is 't, count,
 Since the physician at your father's died ?
 He was much fam'd.

Ber. Some six months since, my lord.

King. If he were living I would try him yet ;—
 Lend me an arm ;—the rest have worn me out
 With several applications :—nature and sickness
 Debate it at their leisure. Welcome, count ;
 My son 's no dearer.

Ber. Thank your majesty.

[*Exeunt. Flourish.*]

SCENE III.—Rousillon. *A Room in the Countess's Palace.*

Enter COUNTESS, Steward, and Clown.

Count. I will now hear : what say you of this gentlewoman ?

Stew. Madam, the care I have had to even your content, I wish might be found in the calendar of my past endeavours : for then we wound our modesty, and make foul the clearness of our deservings, when of ourselves we publish them.

Count. What does this knave here ? Get you gone, sirrah : The complaints I have heard of you I do not

all believe ; 't is my slowness that I do not : for I know you lack not folly to commit them, and have ability enough to make such knaveries yours.

Clo. 'T is not unknown to you, madam, I am a poor fellow.

Count. Well, sir.

Clo. No, madam, 't is not so well that I am poor ; though many of the rich are damned : But, if I may have your ladyship's good-will to go to the world, Isbel the woman and I will do as we may.

Count. Wilt thou needs be a beggar ?

Clo. I do beg your good-will in this case.

Count. In what case ?

Clo. In Isbel's case and mine own. Service is no heritage : and I think I shall never have the blessing of God, till I have issue o' my body ; for, they say, barnes are blessings.

Count. Tell me thy reason why thou wilt marry.

Clo. My poor body, madam, requires it : I am driven on by the flesh ; and he must needs go that the devil drives.

Count. Is this all your worship's reason ?

Clo. Faith, madam, I have other holy reasons, such as they are.

Count. May the world know them ?

Clo. I have been, madam, a wicked creature, as you and all flesh and blood are ; and, indeed, I do marry that I may repent.

Count. Thy marriage, sooner than thy wickedness.

Clo. I am out o' friends, madam ; and I hope to have friends for my wife's sake.

Count. Such friends are thine enemies, knave.

Clo. You're shallow, madam, in great friends ; for the knaves come to do that for me which I am a-weary of. He that ears my land spares my team, and gives me leave to in the crop : If I be his cuckold, he's my drudge : He that comforts my wife is the cherisher of

my flesh and blood ; he that cherishes my flesh and blood loves my flesh and blood ; he that loves my flesh and blood is my friend ; *ergo*, he that kisses my wife is my friend. If men could be contented to be what they are, there were no fear in marriage : for young Charbon the puritan, and old Poysam the papist, howsome'er their hearts are severed in religion, their heads are both one,—they may jowl horns together, like any deer i' the herd.

Count. Wilt thou ever be a foul-mouth'd and calumnious knave ?

Clo. A prophet I, madam ; and I speak the truth the next way :^a

For I the ballad will repeat,
Which men full true shall find ;
Your marriage comes by destiny,
Your cuckoo sings by kind.

Count. Get you gone, sir ; I'll talk with you more anon.

Stew. May it please you, madam, that he bid Helen come to you ; of her I am to speak.

Count. Sirrah, tell my gentlewoman I would speak with her ; Helen I mean.

Clo. Was this fair face the cause, quoth she. [*Singing.*
Why the Grecians sacked Troy ?^b
Fond done, done fond,
Was this king Priam's joy ?
With that she sighed as she stood,
With that she sighed as she stood,
And gave this sentence then ;
Among nine bad if one be good,
Among nine bad if one be good,
There's yet one good in ten.

Count. What, one good in ten ? you corrupt the song, sirrah.

Clo. One good woman in ten, madam, which is a

^a *The next way*—the nearest way.

^b The mention of Helen is associated in the mind of the Clown with some popular ballad on the war of Troy.

purifying o' the song: 'Would God would serve the world so all the year! we 'd find no fault with the tithe woman, if I were the parson: One in ten, quoth a'! an we might have a good woman born but for every blazing star, or at an earthquake, 't would mend the lottery well; a man may draw his heart out, ere a pluck one.

Count. You 'll be gone, sir knave, and do as I command you!

Clo. That man should be at woman's command, and yet no hurt done!—Though honesty be no puritan, yet it will do no hurt; it will wear the surplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart.—I am going, forsooth; the business is for Helen to come hither. [*Exit.*]

Count. Well, now.

Stew. I know, madam, you love your gentlewoman entirely.

Count. Faith, I do: her father bequeathed her to me; and she herself, without other advantage, may lawfully make title to as much love as she finds: there is more owing her than is paid; and more shall be paid her than she 'll demand.

Stew. Madam, I was very late more near her than, I think, she wished me: alone she was, and did communicate to herself her own words to her own ears; she thought, I dare vow for her, they touched not any stranger sense. Her matter was, she loved your son: Fortune, she said, was no goddess, that had put such difference betwixt their two estates; Love, no god, that would not extend his might only where qualities were level; Diana, no queen of virgins, that would suffer her poor knight to be surprised, without rescue in the first assault, or ransom afterward: This she delivered in the most bitter touch of sorrow that e'er I heard virgin exclaim in: which I held my duty, speedily to acquaint you withal; sithence, in the loss that may happen, it concerns you something to know it.

Count. You have discharged this honestly; keep it

to yourself: many likelihoods informed me of this before, which hung so tottering in the balance, that I could neither believe nor misdoubt: Pray you, leave me: stall this in your bosom, and I thank you for your honest care: I will speak with you further anon.

[Exit Steward.

Enter HELENA.

Count. Even so it was with me when I was young:

If ever we are nature's, these are ours; this thorn
Doth to our rose of youth rightly belong:

Our blood to us, this to our blood is born;
It is the show and seal of nature's truth,
Where love's strong passion is impress'd in youth:
By our remembrances of days foregone,
Such were our faults;—or then we thought them
none.

Her eye is sick on 't; I observe her now.

Hel. What is your pleasure, madam?

Count. You know, Helen, I am a mother to you.

Hel. Mine honourable mistress.

Count. Nay, a mother;

Why not a mother? When I said, a mother,
Methought you saw a serpent: What 's in mother
That you start at it? I say, I am your mother;
And put you in the catalogue of those
That were enwombed mine: 'T is often seen,
Adoption strives with nature; and choice breeds
A native slip to us from foreign seeds:
You ne'er oppress'd me with a mother's groan,
Yet I express to you a mother's care:—
God's mercy, maiden! does it curd thy blood
To say, I am thy mother? What 's the matter,
That this distemper'd messenger of wet,
The many-colour'd Iris, rounds thine eye?
Why?—that you are my daughter?

Hel.

That I am not.

Count. I say, I am your mother.

Hel. Pardon, madam ;

The count Rousillon cannot be my brother :

I am from humble, he from honour'd name ;

No note upon my parents, his all noble :

My master, my dear lord he is : and I

His servant live, and will his vassal die :

He must not be my brother.

Count. Nor I your mother ?

Hel. You are my mother, madam. (Would you
were,

So that my lord, your son, were not my brother.)

Indeed, my mother !—(Or were you both our mothers,

I care no more for than I do for heaven,

So I were not his sister.) Can 't be other

But, I your daughter, he must be my brother ?

Count. Yes, Helen, you might be my daughter-in-
law :

God shield, you mean it not ! daughter, and mother,

So strive upon your pulse : What, pale again ?

My fear hath catch'd your fondness : Now I see

The mystery of your loneliness, and find

Your salt tears' head. Now to all sense 't is gross.

You love my son ; invention is asham'd,

Against the proclamation of thy passion,

To say thou dost not : therefore tell me true ;

But tell me then, 't is so :—for, look, thy cheeks

Confess it, th' one to th' other ; and thine eyes

See it so grossly shown in thy behaviours,

That in their kind they speak it : only sin

And hellish obstinacy tie thy tongue,

That truth should be suspected : Speak, is 't so ?

If it be so, you have wound a goodly olue ;

If it be not, forswear 't : howe'er, I charge thee,

As Heaven shall work in me for thine avail,

To tell me truly.

Hel.

Good madam, pardon me.

Count. Do you love my son ?

Hel. Your pardon, noble mistress !

Count. Love you my son ?

Hel. Do not you love him, madam ?

Count. Go not about ; my love hath in 't a bond,
Whereof the world takes note ; come, come, disclose
The state of your affection ; for your passions
Have to the full appeach'd.

Hel. Then, I confess,
Here on my knee, before high Heaven and you,
That before you, and next unto high Heaven,
I love your son :—
My friends were poor but honest ; so 's my love :
Be not offended ; for it hurts not him
That he is lov'd of me : I follow him not
By any token of presumptuous suit ;
Nor would I have him, till I do deserve him ;
Yet never know how that desert should be.
I know I love in vain, strive against hope ;
Yet, in this captious and intenable^a sieve,
I still pour in the waters of my love,
And lack not to lose still : thus, Indian-like,
Religious in mine error, I adore
The sun, that looks upon his worshipper,
But knows of him no more. My dearest madam,
Let not your hate encounter with my love,
For loving where you do : but, if yourself,
Whose aged honour cites a virtuous youth,
Did ever, in so true a flame of liking,
Wish chastely, and love dearly, that your Dian
Was both herself and love ; O then, give pity
To her, whose state is such, that cannot choose
But lend and give, where she is sure to lose ;
That seeks not to find that her search implies,
But, riddle-like, lives sweetly where she dies.

^a *Captious and intenable*—capable of receiving (taking), but not of retaining.

Count. Had you not lately an intent, speak truly,
To go to Paris?

Hel. Madam, I had.

Count. Wherefore? tell true.

Hel. I will tell truth; by grace itself, I swear.
You know my father left me some prescriptions
Of rare and prov'd effects, such as his reading,
And manifest experience, had collected
For general sovereignty; and that he will'd me
In heedfullest reservation to bestow them,
As notes, whose faculties inclusive were,
More than they were in note: amongst the rest,
There is a remedy, approv'd, set down,
To cure the desperate languishings whereof
The king is render'd lost.

Count. This was your motive for Paris, was it?
speak.

Hel. My lord your son made me to think of this
Else Paris, and the medicine, and the king,
Had, from the conversation of my thoughts,
Haply, been absent then.

Count. But think you, Helen,
If you should tender your supposed aid,
He would receive it? He and his physicians
Are of a mind; he, that they cannot help him,
They, that they cannot help: How shall they credit
A poor unlearned virgin, when the schools,
Embowell'd of their doctrine, have left off
The danger to itself?

Hel. There 's something hints,
More than my father's skill, which was the greatest
Of his profession, that his good receipt
Shall, for my legacy, be sanctified
By the luckiest stars in heaven: and, would your honour
But give me leave to try success, I'd venture
The well-lost life of mine on his grace's cure,
By such a day and hour.

Count. Dost thou believe 't?

Hel. Ay, madam, knowingly.

Count. Why, Helen, thou shalt have my leave and love,

Means, and attendants, and my loving greetings

To those of mine in court; I'll stay at home,

And pray God's blessing into thy attempt:

Be gone to-morrow; and be sure of this,

What I can help thee to thou shalt not miss. [*Exeunt.*]



ACT II.

SCENE I.—Paris. *A Room in the King's Palace.*

Flourish. Enter KING, with young Lords, taking leave for the Florentine war ; BERTRAM, PAROLLES, and Attendants.

King. Farewell, young lord, these warlike principles
Do not throw from you :—and you, my lord, fare-
well :—

Share the advice betwixt you ; if both gain all,
The gift doth stretch itself as 't is receiv'd,
And is enough for both.

1 *Lord.* It is our hope, sir,
After well enter'd soldiers, to return
And find your grace in health.

King. No, no, it cannot be ; and yet my heart
Will not confess he owes the malady
That doth my life besiege. Farewell, young lords ;
Whether I live or die, be you the sons
Of worthy Frenchmen : let higher Italy
(Those 'bated, that inherit but the fall
Of the last monarchy) see, that you come
Not to woo honour, but to wed it ; when
The bravest questant shrinks, find what you seek,
That fame may cry you loud : I say, farewell.

2 *Lord.* Health, at your bidding, serve your
majesty !

King. Those girls of Italy, take heed of them ;
They say our French lack language to deny,
If they demand ; beware of being captives,
Before you serve.

Both. Our hearts receive your warnings.

King. Farewell.—Come hither to me.

[*The KING retires to a couch.*]

1 Lord. O my sweet lord, that you will stay behind us!

Par. 'T is not his fault; the spark—

2 Lord. O, 't is brave wars!

Par. Most admirable; I have seen those wars.

Ber. I am commanded here, and kept a coil with, "Too young," and "the next year," and "'t is too early."

Par. An thy mind stand to 't, boy, steal away bravely.

*Ber. I shall stay here the forehorse to a smock, Creaking my shoes on the plain masonry, Till honour be bought up, and no sword worn But one to dance with! By Heaven, I 'll steal away.

1 Lord. There 's honour in the theft.

Par. Commit it, count.

2 Lord. I am your accessory; and so farewell.

Ber. I grow to you, and our parting is a tortured body.

1 Lord. Farewell, captain.

2 Lord. Sweet monsieur Parolles!

Par. Noble heroes, my sword and yours are kin. Good sparks and lustrous, a word, good metals:—You shall find in the regiment of the Spinii one captain Spurio, with his cicatrice, an emblem of war, here on his sinister cheek; it was this very sword entrenched it: say to him, I live; and observe his reports for me.

2 Lord. We shall, noble captain.

Par. Mars dote on you for his novices! [Exeunt Lords.] What will you do?

Ber. Stay; the king— [Seeing him rise.

Par. Use a more spacious ceremony to the noble lords; you have restrained yourself within the list of too cold an adieu; be more expressive to them: for they wear themselves in the cap of the time; there, do muster true gait, eat, speak, and move under the influence of the most received star; and though the devil

* The sword of fashion—the dress-sword as we still call it.

lead the measure, such are to be followed : after them, and take a more dilated farewell.

Ber. And I will do so.

Par. Worthy fellows; and like to prove most sinewy swordmen. [*Exeunt BERTRAM and PAROLLES.*]

Enter LAFEU.

Laf. Pardon, my lord, [*kneeling*] for me and for my tidings.

King. I'll see thee to stand up.

Laf. Then here 's a man stands that has brought his pardon.

I would you had kneel'd, my lord, to ask me mercy, And that, at my bidding, you could so stand up.

King. I would I had; so I had broke thy pate, And ask'd thee mercy for 't.

Laf. Good faith, across : But, my good lord, 't is thus; Will you be cur'd of your infirmity?

King. No.

Laf. O, will you eat no grapes, my royal fox? Yes, but you will my noble grapes, an if My royal fox could reach them : I have seen a medicine,

That 's able to breathe life into a stone ;
Quicken a rock, and make you dance canary,
With sprightly fire and motion ; whose simple touch
Is powerful to araise king Pepin, nay,
To give great Charlemain a pen in 's hand
And write to her a love-line.

King. What her is this?

Laf. Why, doctor she ; My lord, there 's one arriv'd,
If you will see her :—Now, by my faith and honour,
If seriously I may convey my thoughts
In this my light deliverance, I have spoke
With one, that, in her sex, her years, profession,*
Wisdom, and constancy, hath amaz'd me more

* *Profession*—declaration of purpose.

Than I dare blame my weakness : Will you see her
(For that is her demand) and know her business ?
That done, laugh well at me.

King. Now, good Lafeu,
Bring in the admiration ; that we with thee
May spend our wonder too, or take off thine,
By wondering how thou took'st it.

Laf. Nay, I'll fit you,
And not be all day neither. [*Exit.*]

King. Thus he his special nothing ever prologues.

Re-enter LAFEU, with HELENA.

Laf. Nay, come your ways.

King. This haste hath wings indeed.

Laf. Nay, come your ways ;

This is his majesty, say your mind to him :
A traitor you do look like ; but such traitors
His majesty seldom fears : I am Cressid's uncle,
That dare leave two together : fare you well. [*Exit.*]

King. Now, fair one, does your business follow us ?

Hel. Ay, my good lord.

Gerard de Narbon was my father,
In what he did profess well found.

King. I knew him.

Hel. The rather will I spare my praises towards him ;
Knowing him is enough. On his bed of death
Many receipts he gave me ; chiefly one,
Which, as the dearest issue of his practice,
And of his old experience the only darling,
He bad me store up, as a triple eye,
Safer than mine own two, more dear ; I have so :
And, hearing your high majesty is touch'd
With that malignant cause wherein the honour
Of my dear father's gift stands chief in power,
I come to tender it, and my appliance,
With all bound humbleness.

King. We thank you, maiden ;

But may not be so credulous of cure,
When our most learned doctors leave us ; and
The congregated college have concluded
That labouring art can never ransom Nature
From her inaidable estate,—I say we must not
So stain our judgment, or corrupt our hope,
To prostitute our past-cure malady
To empirics ; or to dissever so
Our great self and our credit, to esteem
A senseless help, when help past sense we deem.

Hel. My duty then shall pay me for my pains :
I will no more enforce mine office on you ;
Humbly entreating from your royal thoughts
A modest one, to bear me back again.

King. I cannot give thee less to be call'd grateful :
Thou thought'st to help me ; and such thanks I give,
As one near death to those that wish him live :
But what at full I know thou know'st no part ;
I knowing all my peril, thou no art.

Hel. What I can do can do no hurt to try,
Since you set up your rest 'gainst remedy :
He that of greatest works is finisher
Oft does them by the weakest minister :
So holy writ in babes hath judgment shown,
When judges have been babes. Great floods have flown
From simple sources ; and great seas have dried,
When miracles have by the greatest been denied.
Oft expectation fails, and most oft there
Where most it promises ; and oft it hits,
Where hope is coldest, and despair most shifts.

King. I must not hear thee ; fare thee well, kind
maid ;

Thy pains, not us'd, must by thyself be paid :
Proffers not took reap thanks for their reward.

Hel. Inspired merit so by breath is barr'd :
It is not so with Him that all things knows,
As 't is with us that square our guess by shows :

But most it is presumption in us, when
The help of Heaven we count the act of men.
Dear sir, to my endeavours give consent :
Of Heaven, not me, make an experiment.
I am not an impostor, that proclaim
Myself against the level of mine aim ;
But know I think, and think I know most sure,
My art is not past power, nor you past cure.

King. Art thou so confident ? Within what space
Hop'st thou my cure ?

Hel. The greatest grace lending grace,
Ere twice the horses of the sun shall bring
Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring ;
Ere twice in murk and occidental damp
Moist Hesperus hath quench'd his sleepy lamp ;
Or four-and-twenty times the pilot's glass
Hath told the thievish minutes how they pass ;
What is infirm from your sound parts shall fly,
Health shall live free, and sickness freely die.

King. Upon thy certainty and confidence,
What dar'st thou venture ?

Hel. Tax of impudence,—
A strumpet's boldness, a divulged shame,—
Traduc'd by odious ballads ; my maiden's name
Sear'd otherwise ; no worse of worst extended,
With vilest torture let my life be ended.

King. Methinks, in thee some blessed spirit doth
speak ;
His powerful sound within an organ weak :
And what impossibility would slay
In common sense, sense saves another way.
Thy life is dear ; for all that life can rate
Worth name of life in thee hath estimate ;
Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, all
That happiness and prime can happy call :
Thou this to hazard, needs must intimate
Skill infinite, or monstrous desperate.

Sweet practiser, thy physic I will try,
That ministers thine own death, if I die.

Hel. If I break time, or flinch in property
Of what I spoke, unpitied let me die;
And well deserv'd: Not helping, death 's my fee;
But, if I help, what do you promise me?

King. Make thy demand.

Hel. But will you make it even?

King. Ay, by my sceptre, and my hopes of heaven.

Hel. Then shalt thou give me, with thy kingly hand,
What husband in thy power I will command:
Exempted be from me the arrogance
To choose from forth the royal blood of France
My low and humble name to propagate
With any branch or image of thy state:
But such a one, thy vassal, whom I know
Is free for me to ask, thee to bestow.

King. Here is my hand; the premises observ'd,
Thy will by my performance shall be serv'd;
So make the choice of thy own time, for I,
Thy resolv'd patient, on thee still rely.
More should I question thee, and more I must,
Though more to know could not be more to trust;
From whence thou cam'st, how tended on,—But rest
Unquestion'd welcome, and undoubted bless'd.—
Give me some help here, ho!—If thou proceed
As high as word, my deed shall match thy deed.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Rousillon. *A Room in the Countess's
Palace.*

Enter COUNTESS and Clown.

Count. Come on, sir; I shall now put you to the
height of your breeding.

Clo. I will show myself highly fed, and lowly taught:
I know my business is but to the court

Count. To the court? why, what place make you special, when you put off that with such contempt—But to the court?

Clo. Truly, madam, if God have lent a man any manners, he may easily put it off at court: he that cannot make a leg, put off's cap, kiss his hand, and say nothing, has neither leg, hands, lip, nor cap; and, indeed, such a fellow, to say precisely, were not for the court: but for me, I have an answer will serve all men.

Count. Marry, that's a bountiful answer that fits all questions.

Clo. It is like a barber's chair, that fits all buttocks; the pin-buttock, the quatch-buttock, the brawn-buttock, or any buttock.

Count. Will your answer serve fit to all questions?

Clo. As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an attorney, as your French crown for your taffata punk, as Tib's rush for Tom's forefinger, as a pancake for Shrove-Tuesday, a morris for May-day, as the nail to his hole, the cuckold to his horn, as a scolding quean to a wrangling knave, as the nun's lip to the friar's mouth; nay, as the pudding to his skin.

Count. Have you, I say, an answer of such fitness for all questions?

Clo. From below your duke to beneath your constable, it will fit any question.

Count. It must be an answer of most monstrous size that must fit all demands.

Clo. But a trifle neither, in good faith, if the learned should speak truth of it: here it is, and all that belongs to't: ask me if I am a courtier: it shall do you no harm to learn.

Count. To be young again, if we could, I will be a fool in question, hoping to be the wiser by your answer—I pray you, sir, are you a courtier?

Clo. O Lord, sir,—There's a simple putting off;—more, more, a hundred of them.

Count. Sir, I am a poor friend of yours, that loves you.

Clo. O Lord, sir,—Thick, thick, spare not me.

Count. I think, sir, you can eat none of this homely meat.

Clo. O Lord, sir,—Nay, put me to 't, I warrant you.

Count. You were lately whipped, sir, as I think.

Clo. O Lord, sir,—Spare not me.

Count. Do you cry, "O Lord, sir," at your whipping, and "spare not me"? Indeed, your "O Lord, sir," is very sequent to your whipping; you would answer very well to a whipping, if you were but bound to 't.*

Clo. I ne'er had worse luck in my life in my—"O Lord, sir:" I see things may serve long, but not serve ever.

Count. I play the noble housewife with the time,
To entertain it so merrily with a fool.

Clo. O Lord, sir,—Why, there 't serves well again.

Count. An end, sir: To your business: Give Helen this,

And urge her to a present answer back:

Commend me to my kinsmen, and my son;

This is not much.

Clo. Not much commendation to them.

Count. Not much employment for you: You understand me?

Clo. Most fruitfully; I am there before my legs.

Count. Haste you again. [Exeunt severally.]

SCENE III.—Paris. . A Room in the King's Palace.

Enter BERTRAM, LAFEU, and PAROLLES.

Laf. They say, miracles are past; and we have our philosophical persons, to make modern and familiar

* The now vulgar expression, "O Lord, sir," was for a long time the fashionable phrase, and has been ridiculed by other writers. The whipping of a domestic fool was not an uncommon occurrence.

things supernatural and causeless. Hence is it that we make trifles of terrors; ensconcing ourselves into seeming knowledge, when we should submit ourselves to an unknown fear.

Par. Why, 't is the rarest argument of wonder that hath shot out in our latter times.

Ber. And so 't is.

Laf. To be relinquish'd of the artists,—

Par. So I say; both of Galen and Paracelsus.

Laf. Of all the learned and authentic fellows,—

Par. Right, so I say.

Laf. That gave him out incurable,—

Par. Why, there 't is; so say I too.

Laf. Not to be helped,—

Par. Right: as 't were a man assured of a—

Laf. Uncertain life, and sure death.

Par. Just, you say well; so would I have said.

Laf. I may truly say, it is a novelty to the world.

Par. It is indeed: if you will have it in showing, you shall read it in,—What do you call there?^a

Laf. A showing of a heavenly effect in an earthly actor.

Par. That 's it: I would have said the very same.

Laf. Why, your dolphin is not lustier: 'fore me I speak in respect—

Par. Nay, 't is strange, 't is very strange, that is the brief and the tedious of it; and he 's of a most facinorous spirit that will not acknowledge it to be the—

Laf. Very hand of Heaven.

Par. Ay, so I say.

Laf. In a most weak—

Par. And debile minister, great power, great transcendence: which should, indeed, give us a further use to be made, than alone the recovery of the king, as to be—

Laf. Generally thankful.

^a *What do you call there?*—equivalent to "What d'ye call it?"

Enter KING, HELENA, and Attendants.

Par. I would have said it; you say well. Here comes the king.

Laf. Lustick,^a as the Dutchman says: I'll like a maid the better whilst I have a tooth in my head: Why, he's able to lead her a coranto.

Par. *Mort du Vinaigre!* Is not this Helen?

Laf. 'Fore God, I think so.

King. Go, call before me all the lords in court.—

[Exit an Attendant.

Sit, my preserver, by thy patient's side;
And with this healthful hand, whose banish'd sense
Thou hast repeal'd, a second time receive
The confirmation of my promis'd gift,
Which but attends thy naming.

Enter several Lords.

Fair maid, send forth thine eye: this youthful parcel
Of noble bachelors stand at my bestowing,
O'er whom both sovereign power and father's voice
I have to use: thy frank election make;
Thou hast power to choose, and they none to forsake.

Hel. To each of you one fair and virtuous mistress
Fall, when love please—marry to each—but one.^b

Laf. I'd give bay Curtal, and his furniture,
My mouth no more were broken than these boys',
And writ as little beard.

King. Peruse them well:
Not one of those but had a noble father.

Hel. Gentlemen,
Heaven hath, through me, restor'd the king to health.

All. We understand it, and thank Heaven for you.

Hel. I am a simple maid; and therein wealthiest,
That, I protest, I simply am a maid:—

^a *Lustick* is, properly, gamesome. *Lafau* uses it to express the King's renewed vigour.

^b *But one*—except one.

Please it your majesty, I have done already :
 The blushes in my cheeks thus whisper me,—
 "We blush, that thou shouldst choose; but, be refus'd,
 Let the white death^a sit on thy cheek for ever;
 We'll ne'er come there again."

King. Make choice; and, see,
 Who shuns thy love shuns all his love in me.

Hel. Now, Dian, from thy altar do I fly;
 And to imperial Love, that god most high,
 Do my sighs stream.—Sir, will you hear my suit?

1 *Lord.* And grant it.

Hel. Thanks, sir; all the rest is mute.

Laf. I had rather be in this choice than throw ames-
 ace for my life.

Hel. The honour, sir, that flames in your fair eyes,
 Before I speak, too threateningly replies :
 Love make your fortunes twenty times above
 Her that so wishes, and her humble love!

2 *Lord.* No better, if you please.

Hel. My wish receive,
 Which great Love grant! and so I take my leave.

Laf. Do all they deny her? An they were sons of
 mine, I'd have them whipped; or I would send them
 to the Turk, to make eunuchs of.

Hel. Be not afraid [to a Lord] that I your hand
 should take;

I'll never do you wrong for your own sake :
 Blessing upon your vows! and in your bed
 Find fairer fortune, if you ever wed!

Laf. These boys are boys of ice, they'll none have
 her: sure they are bastards to the English; the French
 ne'er got them.

Hel. You are too young, too happy, and too good,
 To make yourself a son out of my blood.

4 *Lord.* Fair one, I think not so.

Laf. There's one grape yet,—I am sure thy father

^a *The white death*—the paleness of death.

drank wine.—But if thou be'st not an ass, I am a youth of fourteen; I have known thee already.

Hel. I dare not say I take you; [to BERTRAM] but I give

Me and my service, ever whilst I live,
Into your guiding power.—This is the man.

King. Why, then, young Bertram, take her, she's thy wife.

Ber. My wife, my liege? I shall beseech your highness,
In such a business give me leave to use
The help of mine own eyes.

King. Know'st thou not, Bertram, what she has done for me?

Ber. Yes, my good lord; but never hope to know why I should marry her.

King. Thou know'st she has rais'd me from my sickly bed.

Ber. But follows it, my lord, to bring me down
Must answer for your raising? I know her well;
She had her breeding at my father's charge :
A poor physician's daughter my wife !—Disdain
Rather corrupt me ever !

King. 'T is only title thou disdain'st in her, the which
I can build up. Strange is it, that our bloods,
Of colour, weight, and heat, pour'd all together,
Would quite confound distinction, yet stand off
In differences so mighty : If she be
All that is virtuous, (save what thou dislik'st,
A poor physician's daughter,) thou dislik'st
Of virtue for the name : but do not so :
From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,
The place is dignified by the doer's deed :
Where great additions swell, and virtue none
It is a dropsied honour : good alone
Is good without a name ; vileness is so :
The property by what it is should go,

Not by the title. She is young, wise, fair;
 In these to nature she 's immediate heir,
 And these breed honour: that is honour's scorn
 Which challenges itself as honour's born,
 And is not like the sire: Honours thrive,
 When rather from our acts we them derive
 Than our fore-goers: the mere word 's a slave,
 Debosh'd on every tomb, on every grave
 A lying trophy; and as oft is dumb,
 Where dust, and damn'd oblivion, is the tomb
 Of honour'd bones indeed. What should be said?
 If thou canst like this creature as a maid,
 I can create the rest: virtue, and she,
 Is her own dower; honour and wealth from me.

Ber. I cannot love her, nor will strive to do 't.

King. Thou wrong'st thyself, if thou shouldst strive
 to choose.

Hel. That you are well restor'd, my lord, I 'm glad;
 Let the rest go.

King. My honour 's at the stake; which to defeat,
 I must produce my power: Here, take her hand,
 Proud scornful boy, unworthy this good gift
 That dost in vile misprision shackle up
 My love, and her desert; that canst not dream,
 We, poizing us in her defective scale,
 Shall weigh thee to the beam; that wilt not know
 It is in us to plant thine honour, where
 We please to have it grow: Check thy contempt:
 Obey our will, which travails in thy good:
 Believe not thy disdain, but presently
 Do thine own fortunes that obedient right
 Which both thy duty owes and our power claims;
 Or I will throw thee from my care for ever,
 Into the staggers,* and the careless lapse
 Of youth and ignorance; both my revenge and hate

* *The staggers*—a metaphorical expression for uncertainty, insecurity.

Looking upon thee, in the name of justice,
Without all terms of pity : Speak ! thine answer.

Ber. Pardon, my gracious lord ; for I submit
My fancy to your eyes : When I consider
What great creation, and what dole of honour,
Flies where you bid it, I find that she, which late
Was in my nobler thoughts most base, is now
The praised of the king ; who, so ennobled,
Is, as 't were, born so.

King. Take her by the hand,
And tell her she is thine : to whom I promise
A counterpoise ; if not to thy estate,
A balance more replete.

Ber. I take her hand.

King. Good fortune, and the favour of the king,
Smile upon this contract ; whose ceremony
Shall seem expedient on the now-born brief,
And be perform'd to-night : the solemn feast
Shall more attend upon the coming space,
Expecting absent friends. As thou lov'st her,
Thy love 's to me religious ; else, does err.

[*Exeunt KING, BER., HEL., Lords, and Attendants.*]

Laf. Do you hear, monsieur ? a word with you.

Par. Your pleasure, sir ?

Laf. Your lord and master did well to make his recantation.

Par. Recantation ?—My lord ? my master ?

Laf. Ay : Is it not a language I speak ?

Par. A most harsh one ; and not to be understood
without bloody succeeding. My master ?

Laf. Are you companion to the count Rousillon ?

Par. To any count ; to all counts ; to what is
man.

Laf. To what is count's man ; count's master is of
another style.

Par. You are too old, sir : let it satisfy you, you are
too old.

Laf. I must tell thee, sirrah, I write man; to which title age cannot bring thee.

Par. What I dare too well do I dare not do.

Laf. I did think thee, for two ordinaries,* to be a pretty wise fellow; thou didst make tolerable vent of thy travel; it might pass: yet the scarfs and the bannerets about thee did manifoldly dissuade me from believing thee a vessel of too great a burthen. I have now found thee; when I lose thee again I care not: yet art thou good for nothing but taking up; and that thou art scarce worth.

Par. Hadst thou not the privilege of antiquity upon thee,—

Laf. Do not plunge thyself too far in anger, lest thou hasten thy trial;—which if—Lord have mercy on thee for a hen! So, my good window of lattice, fare thee well; thy casement I need not open, for I look through thee. Give me thy hand.

Par. My lord, you give me most egregious indignity.

Laf. Ay, with all my heart; and thou art worthy of it.

Par. I have not, my lord, deserved it.

Laf. Yes, good faith, every dram of it: and I will not bate thee a scruple.

Par. Well, I shall be wiser.

Laf. Even as soon as thou canst, for thou hast to pull at a smack o' the contrary. If ever thou be'st bound in thy scarf, and beaten, thou shalt find what it is to be proud of thy bondage. I have a desire to hold my acquaintance with thee, or rather my knowledge, that I may say, in the default, he is a man I know.

Par. My lord, you do me most insupportable vexation.

Laf. I would it were hell-pains for thy sake, and my poor doing eternal: for doing I am past, as I will by thee, in what motion age will give me leave. [*Exit.*

* For two ordinaries—during two ordinaries at the same table.

Par. Well, thou hast a son shall take this disgrace off me, scurvy, old, filthy, scurvy lord!—Well, I must be patient; there is no fettering of authority. I 'll beat him, by my life, if I can meet him with any convenience, an he were double and double a lord. I 'll have no more pity of his age, than I would have of— I 'll beat him, an if I could but meet him again.

Re-enter LAFEU.

Laf. Sirrah, your lord and master's married; there's news for you; you have a new mistress.

Par. I most unfeignedly beseech your lordship to make some reservation of your wrongs: He is my good lord: whom I serve above is my master.

Laf. Who? God?

Par. Ay, sir.

Laf. The devil it is that's thy master. Why dost thou garter up thy arms o' this fashion? dost make hose of thy sleeves? do other servants so? Thou wert best set thy lower part where thy nose stands. By mine honour, if I were but two hours younger, I 'd beat thee: methinks, thou art a general offence, and every man should beat thee. I think thou wast created for men to breathe themselves upon thee.

Par. This is hard and undeserved measure, my lord.

Laf. Go to, sir; you were beaten in Italy for picking a kernel out of a pomegranate; you are a vagabond, and no true traveller: you are more saucy with lords and honourable personages, than the commission of your birth and virtue gives you heraldry. You are not worth another word, else I 'd call you knave. I leave you. [Exit.

Enter BERTRAM.

Par. Good, very good; it is so then.—Good, very good; let it be concealed a while.

Ber. Undone, and forfeited to cares for ever!

Par. What 's the matter, sweet heart?

Ber. Although before the solemn priest I have sworn,
I will not bed her.

Par. What? what, sweet heart?

Ber. O my Parolles, they have married me :—
I 'll to the Tuscan wars, and never bed her.

Par. France is a dog-hole, and it no more merits
The tread of a man's foot : to the wars!

Ber. There's letters from my mother; what the
import is, I know not yet.

Par. Ay, that would be known : To the wars, my
boy, to the wars!

He wears his honour in a box unseen
That hugs his kickie-wickie here at home ;
Spending his manly marrow in her arms,
Which should sustain the bound and high curvet
Of Mars's fiery steed : To other regions !
France is a stable ; we, that dwell in 't, jades ;
Therefore, to the war !

Ber. It shall be so ; I 'll send her to my house ;
Acquaint my mother with my hate to her,
And wherefore I am fled ; write to the king
That which I durst not speak : His present gift
Shall furnish me to those Italian fields,
Where noble fellows strike : War is no strife
To the dark house, and the detested wife.*

Par. Will this capricio hold in thee, art sure?

Ber. Go with me to my chamber, and advise me.
I 'll send her straight away : To-morrow
I 'll to the wars, she to her single sorrow.

Par. Why, these balls bound ; there's noise in it.
'T is hard :

A young man married is a man that's marr'd :

* Bertram would say—the strife of war is nothing, compared to that of the dark house, &c. By the "dark house," we understand the house which is the seat of gloom and discontent.

Therefore away, and leave her bravely ; go :
The king has done you wrong : but, hush ! 't is so.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The same. Another Room in the same.*

Enter HELENA and Clown.

Hel. My mother greets me kindly : Is she well ?

Clo. She is not well ; but yet she has her health :
she 's very merry ; but yet she is not well : but thanks
be given, she 's very well, and wants nothing i' the
world ; but yet she is not well.

Hel. If she be very well, what does she ail that she 's
not very well ?

Clo. Truly, she 's very well, indeed, but for two
things.

Hel. What two things ?

Clo. One, that she 's not in heaven, whither God
send her quickly ! the other, that she 's in earth, from
whence God send her quickly !

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. Bless you, my fortunate lady !

Hel. I hope, sir, I have your good will to have mine
own good fortunes.

Par. You had my prayers to lead them on : and to
keep them on, have them still.—O, my knave ! How
does my old lady ?

Clo. So that you had her wrinkles, and I her money,
I would she did as you say.

Par. Why, I say nothing.

Clo. Marry, you are the wiser man ; for many a
man's tongue shakes out his master's undoing : To say
nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to have
nothing, is to be a great part of your title ; which is
within a very little of nothing.

Par. Away, thou 'rt a knave.

Clo. You should have said, sir, before a knave thou 'rt

a knave; that 's before me thou 'rt a knave: this had been truth, sir.

Par. Go to, thou art a witty fool; I have found thee.

Clo. Did you find me in yourself, sir? or were you taught to find me? The search, sir, was profitable; and much fool may you find in you, even to the world's pleasure, and the increase of laughter.

Par. A good knave, i' faith, and well fed.—

Madam, my lord will go away to-night:

A very serious business calls on him.

The great prerogative and right of love,

Which, as your due, time claims, he does acknowledge;

But puts it off to a compell'd restraint;

Whose want, and whose delay, is strew'd with sweets,

Which they distil now in the curbed time,

To make the coming hour o'erflow with joy,

And pleasure drown the brim.

Hel. What 's his will else?

Par. That you will take your instant leave o' the king,

And make this haste as your own good proceeding,

Strengthen'd with what apology you think

May make it probable need.

Hel. What more commands he?

Par. That, having this obtain'd, you presently attend his further pleasure.

Hel. In everything I wait upon his will.

Par. I shall report it so.

Hel. I pray you.—Come, sirrah.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—Another Room in the same.

Enter LAFEU and BERTRAM.

Laf. But I hope your lordship thinks not him a soldier.

Ber. Yes, my lord, and of very valiant approval.

Laf. You have it from his own deliverance.

Ber. And by other warranted testimony.

Laf. Then my dial goes not true: I took this lark for a bunting.*

Ber. I do assure you, my lord, he is very great in knowledge, and accordingly valiant.

Laf. I have then sinned against his experience, and transgressed against his valour; and my state that way is dangerous, since I cannot yet find in my heart to repent. Here he comes; I pray you, make us friends; I will pursue the amity.

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. These things shall be done, sir. [*To BERTRAM.*

Laf. Pray you, sir, who 's his tailor?

Par. Sir?

Laf. O, I know him well: Ay, sir; he, sir, is a good workman, a very good tailor.

Ber. Is she gone to the king? [*Aside to PAROLLES.*

Par. She is.

Ber. Will she away to-night?

Par. As you 'll have her.

Ber. I have writ my letters, casketed my treasure, Given order for our horses; and to-night, When I should take possession of the bride, End, ere I do begin.

Laf. A good traveller is something at the latter end of a dinner; but one that lies three-thirds, and uses a known truth to pass a thousand nothings with, should be once heard, and thrice beaten.—God save you, captain.

Ber. Is there any unkindness between my lord and you, monsieur?

Par. I know not how I have deserved to run into my lord's displeasure.

* The lark and the common bunting greatly resemble each other, but the bunting has no song.

Laf. You have made shift to run into 't, boots and spurs and all, like him that leaped into the custard;^a and out of it you 'll run again, rather than suffer question for your residence.

Ber. It may be you have mistaken him, my lord.

Laf. And shall do so ever, though I took him at his prayers. Fare you well, my lord; and believe this of me, there can be no kernel in this light nut; the soul of this man is his clothes: trust him not in matter of heavy consequence; I have kept of them tame, and know their natures. — Farewell, monsieur: I have spoken better of you than you have or will to deserve at my hand;^b but we must do good against evil. [*Exit.*]

Par. An idle lord, I swear.

Ber. I think so.

Par. Why, do you not know him?

Ber. Yes, I do know him well; and common speech Gives him a worthy pass. Here comes my clog.

Enter HELENA.

Hel. I have, sir, as I was commanded from you, Spoke with the king, and have procur'd his leave For present parting; only, he desires Some private speech with you.

Ber. I shall obey his will.

You must not marvel, Helen, at my course,
Which holds not colour with the time, nor does
The ministration and required office
On my particular: prepar'd I was not
For such a business; therefore am I found
So much unsettled: This drives me to entreat you,
That presently you take your way for home;
And rather muse, than ask, why I entreat you:
For my respects are better than they seem;

^a The leaper into the custard was the city fool.

^b The meaning must be—than you have deserved, or are willing to deserve.

And my appointments have in them a need
Greater than shows itself, at the first view,
To you that know them not. This to my mother:
[Giving a letter.

'T will be two days ere I shall see you; so
I leave you to your wisdom.

Hel. Sir, I can nothing say,
But that I am your most obedient servant.

Ber. Come, come, no more of that.

Hel. And ever shall
With true observance seek to eke out that,
Wherein toward me my homely stars have fail'd
To equal my great fortune.

Ber. Let that go :
My haste is very great : Farewell ; hie home.

Hel. Pray, sir, your pardon.

Ber. Well, what would you say ?

Hel. I am not worthy of the wealth I owe ;
Nor dare I say 't is mine ; and yet it is ;
But, like a timorous thief, most fain would steal
What law does vouch mine own.

Ber. What would you have ?

Hel. Something ; and scarce so much :—nothing,
indeed.—

I would not tell you what I would : my lord—'faith,
yes ;—

Strangers and foes do sunder, and not kiss.

Ber. I pray you, stay not, but in haste to horse.

Hel. I shall not break your bidding, good my lord.
Where are my other men ? Monsieur, farewell.

[Exit HELENA.

Ber. Go thou toward home ; where I will never
come,

Whilst I can shake my sword or hear the drum :—
Away, and for our flight.

Par. Bravely, coragio ! [Exeunt

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Florence. *A Room in the Duke's Palace.*

Flourish. Enter the DUKE OF FLORENCE, attended ;
two French Lords, and others.

Duke. So that, from point to point, now have you
heard

The fundamental reasons of this war ;
Whose great decision hath much blood let forth,
And more thirsts after.

1 *Lord.* Holy seems the quarrel
Upon your grace's part ; black and fearful
On the opposer.

Duke. Therefore we marvel much, our cousin France
Would, in so just a business, shut his bosom
Against our borrowing prayers.

2 *Lord.* Good my lord,
The reasons of our state I cannot yield
But like a common and an outward man,
That the great figure of a council frames
By self-unable motion : therefore dare not
Say what I think of it ; since I have found
Myself in my uncertain grounds to fail
As often as I guess'd.

Duke. Be it his pleasure.

2 *Lord.* But I am sure, the younger of our nature,
That surfeit on their ease, will, day by day,
Come here for physic.

Duke. Welcome shall they be ;
And all the honours that can fly from us
Shall on them settle. You know your places well ;
When better fall, for your avails they fell :
To-morrow to the field. [*Flourish.* *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Rousillon. *A Room in the Countess's Palace.**Enter COUNTESS and Clown.*

Count. It hath happened all as I would have had it, save that he comes not along with her.

Clo. By my troth, I take my young lord to be a very melancholy man.

Count. By what observance, I pray you?

Clo. Why, he will look upon his boot, and sing; mend the ruff,^a and sing; ask questions, and sing; pick his teeth, and sing: I know a man that had this trick of melancholy hold a goodly manor for a song.

Count. Let me see what he writes, and when he means to come. *[Opening a letter.]*

Clo. I have no mind to Isabel, since I was at court; our old ling and our Isabels o' the country are nothing like your old ling and your Isabels o' the court: the brains of my Cupid's knocked out; and I begin to love, as an old man loves money, with no stomach.

Count. What have we here?

Clo. E'en that you have there.

[Exit.]

Count. *[Reads.]*

"I have sent you a daughter-in-law; she hath recovered the king, and undone me. I have wedded her, not bedded her; and sworn to make the *not* eternal. You shall hear I am run away; know it before the report come. If there be breadth enough in the world, I will hold a long distance. My duty to you.

"Your unfortunate son,

"BERTHAM."

This is not well, rash and unbridled boy,
To fly the favours of so good a king;
To pluck his indignation on thy head,
By the misprizing of a maid too virtuous
For the contempt of empire.

^a The top of the loose boot, which turned over, was called the *ruff*, or *ruffle*.

Re-enter Clown.

Clo. O madam, yonder is heavy news within, between two soldiers and my young lady.

Count. What is the matter?

Clo. Nay, there is some comfort in the news, some comfort; your son will not be killed so soon as I thought he would.

Count. Why should he be killed?

Clo. So say I, madam, if he run away, as I hear he does: the danger is in standing to 't; that's the loss of men, though it be the getting of children. Here they come will tell you more: for my part, I only hear your son was run away. [Exit.]

Enter HELENA and two Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* Save you, good madam.

Hel. Madam, my lord is gone, for ever gone.

2 *Gent.* Do not say so.

Count. Think upon patience.—'Pray you, gentlemen,—

I have felt so many quirks of joy and grief,
That the first face of neither, on the start,
Can woman me unto 't,—Where is my son, I pray you?

2 *Gent.* Madam, he's gone to serve the duke of Florence:

We met him thitherward; for, thence we came,
And, after some despatch in hand at court,
Thither we bend again.

Hel. Look on his letter, madam; here's my passport. [Reads.]

"When thou canst get the ring upon my finger, which never shall come off, and show me a child begotten of thy body that I am father to, then call me husband: but in such a *then* I write a *never*."

This is a dreadful sentence.

Count. Brought you this letter, gentlemen?

1 *Gent.*

Ay, madam

And, for the contents' sake, are sorry for our pains.

Count. I prithee, lady, have a better cheer;

If thou engrossest all the griefs are thine,

Thou robb'st me of a moiety: He was my son;

But I do wash his name out of my blood,

And thou art all my child.—Towards Florence is he?

2 *Gent.* Ay, madam.

Count. And to be a soldier?

2 *Gent.* Such is his noble purpose: and, believe 't,

The duke will lay upon him all the honour

That good convenience claims.

Count.

Return you thither?

1 *Gent.* Ay, madam, with the swiftest wing of speed.

Hel. "Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France."

'T is bitter.

Count. Find you that there?

Hel.

Ay, madam.

1 *Gent.* 'T is but the boldness of his hand, haply, which his heart was not consenting to.

Count. Nothing in France, until he have no wife!

There 's nothing here that is too good for him,

But only she: and she deserves a lord

That twenty such rude boys might tend upon,

And call her hourly, mistress. Who was with him?

1 *Gent.* A servant only, and a gentleman

Which I have some time known.

Count.

Parolles, was 't not?

1 *Gent.* Ay, my good lady, he.

Count. A very tainted fellow, and full of wickedness

My son corrupts a well-derived nature

With his inducement.

1 *Gent.*

Indeed, good lady,

The fellow has a deal of that, too much,

Which holds him much to have.

Count. You are welcome, gentlemen.

I will entreat you, when you see my son,
To tell him that his sword can never win
The honour that he loses : more I 'll entreat you,
Written, to bear along.

2 *Gent.* We serve you, madam,
In that and all your worthiest affairs.

Count. Not so, but as we change our courtesies.
Will you draw near ? [*Exeunt COUNT. and Gentlemen.*]

Hel. "Till I have no wife, I have nothing in
France."

Nothing in France, until he has no wife !
Thou shalt have none, Rousillon, none in France,
Then hast thou all again. Poor lord ! is 't I
That chase thee from thy country, and expose
Those tender limbs of thine to the event
Of the none-sparing war ? and is it I
That drive thee from the sportive court, where thou
Wast shot at with fair eyes, to be the mark
Of smoky muskets ? O, you leaden messengers,
That ride upon the violent speed of fire,
Fly with false aim ; move the still-peering * air,
That sings with piercing ; do not touch my lord !
Whoever shoots at him, I set him there ;
Whoever charges on his forward breast,
I am the caitiff that do hold him to it ;
And, though I kill him not, I am the cause
His death was so effected : better 't were,
I met the ravin lion when he roar'd
With sharp constraint of hunger ; better 't were,
That all the miseries which nature owes
Were mine at once : No, come thou home, Rou-
sillon,
Whence honour but of danger wins a scar,
As oft it loses all ; I will be gone :
My being here it is that holds thee hence :
Shall I stay here to do 't ? no, no, although

* *Still-peering*—appearing still.

The air of paradise did fan the house,
And angels offic'd all : I will be gone ;
That pitiful rumour may report my flight,
To console thine ear. Come, night ; end, day !
For, with the dark, poor thief, I 'll steal away. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—Florence. *Before the Duke's Palace.*

Flourish. Enter the DUKE OF FLORENCE, BERTEAM,
Lords, Officers, Soldiers, and others.

Duke. The general of our horse thou art ; and we,
Great in our hope, lay our best love and credence
Upon thy promising fortune.

Ber. Sir, it is
A charge too heavy for my strength : but yet .
We 'll strive to bear it for your worthy sake,
To the extreme edge of hazard.

Duke. Then, go thou forth ;
And fortune play upon thy prosperous helm,
As thy auspicious mistress !

Ber. This very day,
Great Mars, I put myself into thy file :
Make me but like my thoughts ; and I shall prove
A lover of thy drum, hater of love. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—Rousillon. *A Room in the Countess's
Palace.*

Enter COUNTESS and Steward.

Count. Alas ! and would you take the letter of her ?
Might you not know she would do as she has done,
By sending me a letter ? Read it again.

Stew.

I am St. Jaques' pilgrim, thither gone :
Ambitious love hath so in me offended,
That barefoot plod I the cold ground upon,
With sainted vow my faults to have amended.

Write, write, that, from the bloody course of war,
 My dearest master, your dear son, may live;
 Bless him at home in peace, whilst I from far
 His name with zealous fervour sanctify:
 His taken labours bid him me forgive;
 I, his despitiful Jumo, sent him forth
 From courtly friends, with camping foes to live,
 Where death and danger dog the heels of worth:
 He is too good and fair for death and me;
 Whom I myself embrace, to set him free.

Count. Ah, what sharp stings are in her mildest words!—

Rinaldo, you did never lack advice so much
 As letting her pass so; had I spoke with her,
 I could have well diverted her intents,
 Which thus she hath prevented.

Stow. Pardon me, madam:
 If I had given you this at over-night,
 She might have been o'erta'en; and yet she writes,
 Pursuit would be but vain.

Count. What angel shall
 Bless this unworthy husband? he cannot thrive,
 Unless her prayers, whom Heaven delights to hear,
 And loves to grant, relieve him from the wrath
 Of greatest justice.—Write, write, Rinaldo,
 To this unworthy husband of his wife:
 Let every word weigh heavy of her worth,
 That he does weigh too light: my greatest grief,
 Though little he do feel it, set down sharply.
 Despatch the most convenient messenger:—
 When, haply, he shall hear that she is gone,
 He will return; and hope I may that she,
 Hearing so much, will speed her foot again,
 Led hither by pure love. Which of them both
 Is dearest to me, I have no skill in sense
 To make distinction:—Provide this messenger:—
 My heart is heavy, and mine age is weak;
 Grief would have tears, and sorrow bids me speak.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*Without the Walls of Florence.*

A tucket afar off. Enter an old Widow of Florence, DIANA, VIOLENTA, MARIANA, and other Citizens.

Wid. Nay, come; for if they do approach the city, we shall lose all the sight.

Dia. They say the French count has done most honourable service.

Wid. It is reported that he has taken their greatest commander; and that with his own hand he slew the duke's brother. We have lost our labour: they are gone a contrary way: hark! you may know by their trumpets.

Mar. Come, let's return again, and suffice ourselves with the report of it. Well, Diana, take heed of this French earl: the honour of a maid is her name; and no legacy is so rich as honesty.

Wid. I have told my neighbour how you have been solicited by a gentleman his companion.

Mar. I know that knave; hang him! one Parolles: a filthy officer he is in those suggestions* for the young earl—Beware of them, Diana; their promises, enticements, oaths, tokens, and all these engines of lust, are not the things they go under: many a maid hath been seduced by them; and the misery is, example, that so terrible shows in the wrack of maidenhood, cannot for all that dissuade succession, but that they are limed with the twigs that threaten them. I hope I need not to advise you further; but, I hope your own grace will keep you where you are, though there were no further danger known, but the modesty which is so lost.

Dia. You shall not need to fear me.

Enter HELENA, in the dress of a pilgrim.

Wid. I hope so.—Look, here comes a pilgrim: I know she will lie at my house: thither they send one

* *Suggestions*—temptations.

another : I 'll question her.—God save you, pilgrim !
Whither are you bound ?

Hel. To Saint Jaques le grand.

Where do the palmers lodge, I do beseech you ?

Wid. At the Saint Francis here, beside the port.

Hel. Is this the way ?

Wid. Ay, marry is 't.—Hark you, they come this
way :— [*A march afar off.*]

If you will tarry, holy pilgrim, but till the troops
come by,

I will conduct you where you shall be lodg'd ;

The rather, for I think I know your hostess

As ample as myself.

Hel. Is it yourself ?

Wid. If you shall please so, pilgrim.

Hel. I thank you, and will stay upon your leisure.

Wid. You came, I think, from France ?

Hel. I did so.

Wid. Here you shall see a countryman of yours,
That has done worthy service.

Hel. His name, I pray you.

Dia. The count Rousillon : Know you such a one.

Hel. But by the ear that hears most nobly of him :
His face I know not.

Dia. Whatsoe'er he is,

He 's bravely taken here. He stole from France,

As 't is reported, for^a the king had married him

Against his liking : Think you it is so ?

Hel. Ay, surely, mere the truth ; I know his lady.

Dia. There is a gentleman that serves the count
Reports but coarsely of her.

Hel. What 's his name ?

Dia. Monsieur Parolles.

Hel. O, I believe with him,

In argument of praise, or to the worth

Of the great count himself, she is too mean

^a For—because.

To have her name repeated ; all her deserving
Is a reserved honesty, and that
I have not heard examin'd.

Dia. Alas, poor lady !

'T is a hard bondage, to become the wife
Of a detesting lord.

Wid. Ay, right ; good creature, wheresoe'er she is,
Her heart weighs sadly : this young maid might do her
A shrewd turn, if she pleas'd.

Hel. How do you mean ?

May be, the amorous count solicits her
In the unlawful purpose.

Wid. He does, indeed ;
And brokes with all that can in such a suit
Corrupt the tender honour of a maid :
But she is arm'd for him, and keeps her guard
In honestest defence.

*Enter, with drum and colours, a party of the Florentine
army, BERTRAM, and PAROLLES.*

Mar. The gods forbid else !

Wid. So, now they come :—
That is Antonio, the duke's eldest son ;
That, Escalus.

Hel. Which is the Frenchman ?

Dia. He ;
That with the plume : 't is a most gallant fellow ;
I would he lov'd his wife : if he were honest
He were much goodlier :—Is 't not a handsome gen-
tleman ?

Hel. I like him well.

Dia. 'T is pity he is not honest : Yond 's that same
knave,
That leads him to these places ; were I his lady,
I would poison that vile rascal.

Hel. Which is he ?

Dia. That jack-an-apes with scarfs: Why is he melancholy?

Hel. Perchance he 's hurt i' the battle.

Par. Lose our drum! well.

Mar. He 's shrewdly vexed at something: Look, he has spied us.

Wid. Marry, hang you!

Mar. And your courtesy, for a ring-carrier:

[*Exeunt BER., PAR., Officers, and Soldiers.*]

Wid. The troop is pass'd: Come, pilgrim, I will bring you

Where you shall host: of enjoin'd penitents
There 's four or five, to great saint Jaques bound,
Already at my house.

Hel. I humbly thank you:
Please it this matron, and this gentle maid,
To eat with us to-night, the charge and thanking
Shall be for me; and, to requite you further,
I will bestow some precepts on this virgin,
Worthy the note.

Both. We 'll take your offer kindly. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—*Camp before Florence.*

Enter BERTRAM and the two French Lords.

1 Lord. Nay, good my lord, put him to 't; let him have his way.

2 Lord. If your lordship find him not a hilding, hold me no more in your respect.

1 Lord. On my life, my lord, a bubble.

Ber. Do you think I am so far deceived in him?

1 Lord. Believe it, my lord, in mine own direct knowledge, without any malice, but to speak of him as my kinsman, he 's a most notable coward, an infinite and endless liar, an hourly promise-breaker, the owner of no one good quality worthy your lordship's entertainment.

2 *Lord.* It were fit you knew him; lest, reposing too far in his virtue, which he hath not, he might, at some great and trusty business, in a main danger, fail you.

Ber. I would I knew in what particular action to try him.

2 *Lord.* None better than to let him fetch off his drum, which you hear him so confidently undertake to do.

1 *Lord.* I, with a troop of Florentines, will suddenly surprise him; such I will have whom I am sure he knows not from the enemy: we will bind and hoodwink him, so that he shall suppose no other but that he is carried into the leaguer of the adversaries, when we bring him to our own tents: Be but your lordship present at his examination: if he do not, for the promise of his life, and in the highest compulsion of base fear, offer to betray you, and deliver all the intelligence in his power against you, and that with the divine forfeit of his soul upon oath, never trust my judgment in anything.

2 *Lord.* O, for the love of laughter, let him fetch his drum; he says, he has a stratagem for 't: when your lordship sees the bottom of his success in 't, and to what metal this counterfeit lump of ore will be melted, if you give him not John Drum's entertainment,* your inclining cannot be removed. Here he comes.

Enter PAROLLES.

1 *Lord.* O, for the love of laughter, hinder not the humour of his design: let him fetch off his drum in any hand.

* There is an old interlude, printed in 1601, called 'Jack Drum's Entertainment;' and it appears that this species of hospitality to which Jack Drum, or John Drum, or Tom Drum (for he is called by each name), was subjected, consisted in abuse and beating.

Ber. How now, monsieur? this drum sticks sorely in your disposition.

2 Lord. A pox on 't, let it go; 't is but a drum.

Par. But a drum: Is 't but a drum? A drum so lost!—There was excellent command! to charge in with our horse upon our own wings, and to rend our own soldiers!

2 Lord. That was not to be blamed in the command of the service; it was a disaster of war that Cæsar himself could not have prevented, if he had been there to command.

Ber. Well, we cannot greatly condemn our success: some dishonour we had in the loss of that drum; but it is not to be recovered.

Par. It might have been recovered.

Ber. It might, but it is not now.

Par. It is to be recovered: but that the merit of service is seldom attributed to the true and exact performer, I would have that drum or another, or *hic jacet*.

Ber. Why, if you have a stomach to 't, monsieur, if you think your mystery in stratagem can bring this instrument of honour again into his native quarter, be magnanimous in the enterprise, and go on; I will grace the attempt for a worthy exploit: if you speed well in it, the duke shall both speak of it, and extend to you what further becomes his greatness, even to the utmost syllable of your worthiness.

Par. By the hand of a soldier, I will undertake it.

Ber. But you must not now slumber in it.

Par. I'll about it this evening: and I will presently pen down my dilemmas, encourage myself in my certainty, put myself into my mortal preparation, and, by midnight, look to hear further from me.

Ber. May I be bold to acquaint his grace you are gone about it?

Par. I know not what the success will be, my lord; but the attempt I vow.

Ber. I know thou 'rt valiant;
And to the possibility of thy soldiership
Will subscribe for thee. Farewell.

Par. I love not many words. [Exit.

1 Lord. No more than a fish loves water.—Is not this a strange fellow, my lord, that so confidently seems to undertake this business, which he knows is not to be done; damns himself to do, and dares better be damned than to do 't?

2 Lord. You do not know him, my lord, as we do: certain it is, that he will steal himself into a man's favour, and, for a week, escape a great deal of discoveries; but when you find him out, you have him ever after.

Ber. Why, do you think he will make no deed at all of this, that so seriously he does address himself unto?

1 Lord. None in the world; but return with an invention, and clap upon you two or three probable lies: but we have almost embossed^a him; you shall see his fall to-night: for, indeed, he is not for your lordship's respect.

2 Lord. We 'll make you some sport with the fox, ere we case him. He was first smoked by the old lord Lafew: when his disguise and he is parted, tell me what a sprat you shall find him; which you shall see this very night.

1 Lord. I must go look my twigs; he shall be caught.

Ber. Your brother, he shall go along with me.

1 Lord. As 't please your lordship: I 'll leave you.

[Exit.

Ber. Now will I lead you to the house, and show you The lass I spoke of.

2 Lord. But, you say she 's honest.

^a Embossed. The word is probably here used in the sense of exhausted.

Ber. That's all the fault: I spoke with her but once,

And found her wondrous cold; but I sent to her,
By this same coxcomb that we have i' the wind,
Tokens and letters which she did re-send;
And this is all I have done: She's a fair creature;
Will you go see her?

2 Lord. With all my heart, my lord. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—Florence. *A Room in the Widow's House.*

Enter HELENA and Widow.

Hel. If you misdoubt me that I am not she,
I know not how I shall assure you further,
But I shall lose the grounds I work upon.

Wid. Though my estate be fallen, I was well born.
Nothing acquainted with these businesses;
And would not put my reputation now
In any staining act.

Hel. Nor would I wish you.
First, give me trust, the count he is my husband;
And, what to your sworn counsel I have apoken
Is so, from word to word; and then you cannot,
By the good aid that I of you shall borrow,
Err in bestowing it.

Wid. I should believe you;
For you have show'd me that which well approves
You are great in fortune.

Hel. Take this purse of gold,
And let me buy your friendly help thus far,
Which I will over-pay, and pay again,
When I have found it. The count he woos your
daughter,

Lays down his wanton siege before her beauty,
Resolves to carry her; let her, in fine, consent,
As we'll direct her how 't is best to bear it,

Now his important blood will nought deny
That she 'll demand. A ring the county wears,
That downward hath succeeded in his house,
From son to son, some four or five descents
Since the first father wore it: this ring he holds
In most rich choice; yet, in his idle fire,
To buy his will, it would not seem too dear,
Howe'er repented after.

Wid. Now I see the bottom of your purpose.

Hel. You see it lawful then: It is no more,
But that your daughter, ere she seems as won,
Desires this ring; appoints him an encounter;
In fine, delivers me to fill the time,
Herself most chastely absent; after this,
To marry her, I 'll add three thousand crowns
To what is past already.

Wid. I have yielded:
Instruct my daughter how she shall persevere,
That time and place, with this deceit so lawful,
May prove coherent. Every night he comes
With musics of all sorts, and songs composed
To her unworthiness: It nothing steads us,
To chide him from our eaves; for he persists,
As if his life lay on 't.

Hel. Why, then, to-night
Let us assay our plot; which, if it speed,
Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed,
And lawful meaning in a lawful act;
Where both not sin, and yet a sinful fact:
But let 's about it.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Without the Florentine Camp.*

Enter first Lord, with five or six Soldiers in ambush.

1 *Lord.* He can come no other way but by this hedge-corner: When you sally upon him, speak what terrible language you will; though you understand it not yourselves, no matter; for we must not seem to understand him; unless some one among us, whom we must produce for an interpreter.

1 *Sold.* Good captain, let me be the interpreter.

1 *Lord.* Art not acquainted with him? knows he not thy voice?

1 *Sold.* No, sir, I warrant you.

1 *Lord.* But what linsy-woolsy hast thou to speak to us again?

1 *Sold.* E'en such as you speak to me.

1 *Lord.* He must think us some band of strangers i' the adversary's entertainment. Now he hath a smack of all neighbouring languages; therefore we must every one be a man of his own fancy, not to know what we speak one to another; so we seem to know is to know straight our purpose: chough's language, gabble enough, and good enough. As for you, interpreter, you must seem very politic. But couch, ho! here he comes; to beguile two hours in a sleep, and then to return and swear the lies he forges.

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. Ten o'clock: within these three hours 't will be time enough to go home. What shall I say I have done? It must be a very plausible invention that carries it: They begin to smoke me: and diagraces have of

late knocked too often at my door. I find my tongue is too fool-hardy; but my heart hath the fear of Mars before it, and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue.

1 *Lord*. This is the first truth that e'er thine own tongue was guilty of. [*Aside*.

Par. What the devil should move me to undertake the recovery of this drum; being not ignorant of the impossibility, and knowing I had no such purpose? I must give myself some hurts, and say I got them in exploit: Yet slight ones will not carry it: They will say, Came you off with so little? and great ones I dare not give. Wherefore? what's the instance? Tongue, I must put you into a butter-woman's mouth, and buy myself another of Bajazet's mule, if you prattle me into these perils.

1 *Lord*. Is it possible he should know what he is, and be that he is? [*Aside*.

Par. I would the cutting of my garments would serve the turn; or the breaking of my Spanish sword.

1 *Lord*. We cannot afford you so. [*Aside*.

Par. Or the baring of my beard; and to say it was in stratagem.

1 *Lord*. 'T would not do. [*Aside*.

Par. Or to drown my clothes, and say I was stripped.

1 *Lord*. Hardly serve. [*Aside*.

Par. Though I swore I leaped from the window of the citadel—

1 *Lord*. How deep? [*Aside*.

Par. Thirty fathom.

1 *Lord*. Three great oaths would scarce make that be believed. [*Aside*.

Par. I would I had any drum of the enemy's; I would swear I recovered it.

1 *Lord*. You shall hear one anon. [*Aside*.

Par. A drum now of the enemy's! [*Alarum within*.

1 Lord. *Throca movousus, cargo, cargo, cargo.*

All. *Cargo, cargo, cargo, villianda par corbo, cargo.*

Par. O! ransom, ransom: do not hide mine eyes.

[*They seize him and blindfold him.*]

1 Sold. *Boshos thromuldo boshos.*

Par. I know you are the Muskos' regiment,
And I shall lose my life for want of language:
If there be here German, or Dane, low Dutch,
Italian, or French, let him speak to me,
I will discover that which shall undo
The Florentine.

1 Sold. *Boshos vauvado* :—

I understand thee, and can speak thy tongue :—

Kerelybonto :—Sir,

Betake thee to thy faith, for seventeen poniards
Are at thy bosom.

Par. Oh!

1 Sold.

O, pray, pray, pray.—

Manka revania dulce.

1 Lord.

Oscorbi dulchos volivorco.

1 Sold. The general is content to spare thee yet;
And, hoodwink'd as thou art, will lead thee on
To gather from thee: haply thou mayst inform
Something to save thy life.

Par.

O, let me live,

And all the secrets of our camp I'll show,
Their force, their purposes: nay, I'll speak that
Which you will wonder at.

1 Sold.

But wilt thou faithfully?

Par. If I do not, damn me.

1 Sold.

Acordo linta.—

Come on, thou art granted space.

[*Exit, with PAROLLES guarded.*]

1 Lord. Go, tell the count Rousillon, and my brother,
We have caught the woodcock, and will keep him
muffled,

Till we do hear from them.

2 *Sold.* Captain, I will.

1 *Lord.* He will betray us all unto ourselves;—
Inform on that.*

2 *Sold.* So I will, sir.

1 *Lord.* Till then, I'll keep him dark, and safely
lock'd. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—Florence. *A Room in the Widow's
House.*

Enter BERTRAM and DIANA.

Ber. They told me that your name was Fontibell.

Dia. No, my good lord, Diana.

Ber. Titled goddess;

And worth it, with addition!—But, fair soul,
In your fine frame hath love no quality?

If the quick fire of youth light not your mind,
You are no maiden, but a monument:

When you are dead, you should be such a one
As you are now, for you are cold and stern;
And now you should be as your mother was,
When your sweet self was got.

Dia. She then was honest.

Ber. So should you be.

Dia. No:

My mother did but duty; such, my lord,
As you owe to your wife.

Ber. No more of that!

I prithee do not strive against my vows:
I was compell'd to her; but I love thee
By love's own sweet constraint, and will for ever
Do thee all rights of service.

Dia. Ay, so you serve us,
Till we serve you: but when you have our roses,
You barely leave our thorns to prick ourselves,
And mock us with our bareness.

Ber. How have I sworn!

* "Inform on that" is—give information on that point.

Dia. 'T is not the many oaths that make the truth ;
But the plain single vow, that is vow'd true.
What is not holy, that we swear not by,
But take the Highest to witness : Then, pray you, tell
me,

If I should swear by Jove's great attributes
I lov'd you dearly, would you believe my oaths,
When I did love you ill ? this has no holding,
To swear by him whom I protest to love,
That I will work against him : Therefore, your oaths
Are words, and poor conditions ; but unseal'd ;
At least, in my opinion.

Ber. Change it, change it ;
Be not so holy-cruel : love is holy ;
And my integrity ne'er knew the crafts
That you do charge men with : Stand no more off,
But give thyself unto my sick desires,
Who then recover : say, thou art mine, and ever
My love, as it begins, shall so persevere.

Dia. I see that men make ropes, in such a scarre,
That we 'll forsake, ourselves.* Give me that ring.

Ber. I 'll lend it thee, my dear, but have no power
To give it from me.

Dia. Will you not, my lord ?

Ber. It is an honour 'longing to our house,
Bequeathed down from many ancestors ;
Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world
In me to lose.

Dia. Mine honour 's such a ring :
My chastity 's the jewel of our house,
Bequeathed down from many ancestors ;

* A *scarre* is a rock—a precipitous cliff ; and thus, figuratively, a difficulty to be surmounted. Men, says Diana, pretend to show how we can overpass the obstacle. Such terms as "love is holy"—"my love shall persevere"—are the ropes by the aid of which the steep rock is to be climbed. The ropes "that we 'll forsake, ourselves," are the supports of which we ourselves lose our hold, after we have unwisely trusted to them.

Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world
In me to lose : Thus your own proper wisdom
Brings in the champion honour on my part,
Against your vain assault.

Ber. Here, take my ring :
My house, mine honour, yea, my life, be thine,
And I'll be bid by thee.

Dia. When midnight comes, knock at my chamber
window ;

I'll order take my mother shall not hear.
Now will I charge you in the band of truth,
When you have conquer'd my yet maiden bed,
Remain there but an hour, nor speak to me :
My reasons are most strong ; and you shall know them,
When back again this ring shall be deliver'd :
And on your finger, in the night, I'll put
Another ring ; that what in time proceeds
May token to the future our past deeds.
Adieu, till then ; then, fail not : You have won
A wife of me, though there my hope be done.

Ber. A heaven on earth I have won, by wooing thee.
[*Exit.*

Dia. For which live long to thank both Heaven
and me !

You may so in the end.—

My mother told me just how he would woo,
As if she sat in his heart ; she says, all men
Have the like oaths : he had sworn to marry me,
When his wife's dead ; therefore I'll lie with him
When I am buried. Since Frenchmen are so braid,*
Marry that will, I live and die a maid :
Only, in this disguise, I think 't no sin
To cozen him that would unjustly win. [Exit.

* *Braid*—crafty, according to Steevens. Horne Tooke has a curious notion that the word here means *brayed*—as a fool is said to be in a mortar. Mr. Richardson, in his Dictionary, considers that in this passage it bears the sense of *violent*.

SCENE III.—*The Florentine Camp.*

Enter the two French Lords, and two or three Soldiers.

1 *Lord.* You have not given him his mother's letter?

2 *Lord.* I have delivered it an hour since: there is something in 't that stings his nature; for, on the reading it, he changed almost into another man.

1 *Lord.* He has much worthy blame laid upon him, for shaking off so good a wife, and so sweet a lady.

2 *Lord.* Especially he hath incurred the everlasting displeasure of the king, who had even tuned his bounty to sing happiness to him. I will tell you a thing, but you shall let it dwell darkly with you.

1 *Lord.* When you have spoken it 't is dead, and I am the grave of it.

2 *Lord.* He hath perverted a young gentlewoman here in Florence, of a most chaste renown; and this night he fleshes his will in the spoil of her honour: he hath given her his monumental ring, and thinks himself made in the unchaste composition.

1 *Lord.* Now, God delay our rebellion; as we are ourselves what things are we!

2 *Lord.* Merely our own traitors. And as in the common course of all treasons we still see them reveal themselves, till they attain to their abhorred ends; so he, that in this action contrives against his own nobility, in his proper stream o'erflows himself.

1 *Lord.* Is it not meant damnable in us to be trumpeters of our unlawful intents? We shall not then have his company to-night?

2 *Lord.* Not till after midnight; for he is dieted to his hour.

1 *Lord.* That approaches apace: I would gladly have him see his company* anatomized; that he might take a measure of his own judgments, wherein so curiously he had set this counterfeit.

* *Company*—companion.

2 *Lord.* We will not meddle with him till he come; for his presence must be the whip of the other.

1 *Lord.* In the mean time, what hear you of these wars?

2 *Lord.* I hear there is an overture of peace.

1 *Lord.* Nay, I assure you a peace concluded.

2 *Lord.* What will count Ronsillon do then? will he travel higher, or return again into France?

1 *Lord.* I perceive, by this demand, you are not altogether of his council.

2 *Lord.* Let it be forbid, sir! so should I be a great deal of his act.

1 *Lord.* Sir, his wife, some two months since, fled from his house: her pretence is a pilgrimage to saint Jaques le grand; which holy undertaking, with most austere sanctimony, she accomplished: and, there residing, the tenderness of her nature became as a prey to her grief; in fine, made a groan of her last breath, and now she sings in heaven.

2 *Lord.* How is this justified?

1 *Lord.* The stronger part of it by her own letters; which makes her story true, even to the point of her death: her death itself, which could not be her office to say is come, was faithfully confirmed by the rector of the place.

2 *Lord.* Hath the count all this intelligence?

1 *Lord.* Ay, and the particular confirmations, point from point, to the full arming of the verity.

2 *Lord.* I am heartily sorry that he'll be glad of this.

1 *Lord.* How mightily, sometimes, we make us comforts of our losses!

2 *Lord.* And how mightily, some other times, we drown our gain in tears! The great dignity that his valour hath here acquired for him, shall at home be encountered with a shame as ample.

1 *Lord.* The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be proud if

our faults whipped them not; and our crimes would despair if they were not cherished by our virtues.

Enter a Servant.

How now? where's your master?

Serv. He met the duke in the street, sir, of whom he hath taken a solemn leave; his lordship will next morning for France. The duke hath offered him letters of commendations to the king.

2 *Lord.* They shall be no more than needful there, if they were more than they can commend.

Enter BERTRAM.

1 *Lord.* They cannot be too sweet for the king's tartness. Here's his lordship now. How now, my lord, is 't not after midnight?

Ber. I have to-night despatched sixteen businesses, a month's length a-piece, by an abstract of success: I have conge'd with the duke; done my adieu with his nearest; buried a wife; mourned for her; writ to my lady mother I am returning; entertained my convoy; and, between these main parcels of despatch, effected many nicer needs; the last was the greatest, but that I have not ended yet.

2 *Lord.* If the business be of any difficulty, and this morning your departure hence, it requires haste of your lordship.

Ber. I mean the business is not ended, as fearing to hear of it hereafter: But shall we have this dialogue between the fool and the soldier?—Come, bring forth this counterfeit module; he has deceived me, like a double-meaning prophet.

2 *Lord.* Bring him forth: [*Exeunt Soldiers*] he has sat in the stocks all night, poor gallant knave.

Ber. No matter; his heels have deserved it, in usurping his spurs so long. How does he carry himself?

1 *Lord*. I have told your lordship already ; the stocks carry him. But to answer you as you would be understood,—he weeps like a wench that had shed her milk : he hath confessed himself to Morgan, whom he supposes to be a friar, from the time of his remembrance to this very instant disaster of his setting i' the stocks : And what think you he hath confessed ?

Ber. Nothing of me, has he ?

2 *Lord*. His confession is taken, and it shall be read to his face : if your lordship be in 't, as I believe you are, you must have the patience to hear it.

Re-enter Soldiers, with PAROLLES.

Ber. A plague upon him ! muffled ! he can say nothing of me ; hush ! hush !

1 *Lord*. Hoodman comes !* *Porto tartarossa.*

1 *Sold*. He calls for the tortures : What will you say without 'em ?

Par. I will confess what I know without constraint ; if ye pinch me like a pasty I can say no more.

1 *Sold*. *Bosko chimurcho.*

2 *Lord*. *Boblibindo chicurmureo.*

1 *Sold*. You are a merciful general :—Our general bids you answer to what I shall ask you out of a note.

Par. And truly, as I hope to live.

1 *Sold*. "First demand of him how many horse the duke is strong." What say you to that ?

Par. Five or six thousand ; but very weak and un-serviceable : the troops are all scattered, and the commanders very poor rogues, upon my reputation and credit, and as I hope to live.

1 *Sold*. Shall I set down your answer so ?

Par. Do ; I 'll take the sacrament on 't, how and which way you will.

* An allusion to the game of blindman's buff, formerly called *hoodman blind*.

Ber. All 's one to him. What a past-saving slave is this!

1 Lord. You are deceived, my lord; this is monsieur Parolles, the gallant militarist, (that was his own phrase), that had the whole theoric of war in the knot of his scarf, and the practice in the chape of his dagger.

2 Lord. I will never trust a man again, for keeping his sword clean; nor believe he can have everything in him, by wearing his apparel neatly.

1 Sold. Well, that 's set down.

Par. Five or six thousand horse, I said,—I will say true,—or thereabouts, set down,—for I'll speak truth.

1 Lord. He 's very near the truth in this.

Ber. But I con him no thanks for 't, in the nature he delivers it.

Par. Poor rogues, I pray you, say.

1 Sold. Well, that 's set down.

Par. I humbly thank you, sir; a truth 's a truth, the rogues are marvellous poor.

1 Sold. "Demand of him, of what strength they are a-foot." What say you to that?

Par. By my troth, sir, if I were to live this present hour, I will tell true. Let me see: Spurio a hundred and fifty, Sebastian so many, Corambus so many, Jaques so many; Guiltian, Cosmo, Lodowic, and Gratii, two hundred fifty each: mine own company, Chitopher, Vaumond, Bentii, two hundred fifty each; so that the muster-file, rotten and sound, upon my life, amounts not to fifteen thousand poll; half of the which dare not shake the snow from off their cassocks, lest they shake themselves to pieces.

Ber. What shall be done to him?

1 Lord. Nothing, but let him have thanks. Demand of him my condition, and what credit I have with the duke.

1 Sold. Well, that 's set down. "You shall demand of him, whether one captain Dumain be i' the camp, a

Frenchman ; what his reputation is with the duke, what his valour, honesty, and expertness in wars ; or whether he thinks it were not possible, with well-weighing sums of gold, to corrupt him to a revolt." What say you to this ? what do you know of it ?

Par. I beseech you, let me answer to the particular of the interrogatories : Demand them singly.

1 Sold. Do you know this captain Dumain ?

Par. I know him : he was a butcher's 'prentice in Paris, from whence he was whipped for getting the shrieve's fool with child ; a dumb innocent that could not say him nay. [*The First Lord—DUMAIN—lifts up his hand in anger.*]

Ber. Nay, by your leave, hold your hands ; though I know his brains are forfeit to the next tile that falls.

1 Sold. Well, is this captain in the duke of Florence's camp ?

Par. Upon my knowledge he is, and lousy.

1 Lord. Nay, look not so upon me ; we shall hear of your lordship anon.

1 Sold. What is his reputation with the duke ?

Par. The duke knows him for no other but a poor officer of mine ; and writ to me this other day to turn him out o' the band : I think I have his letter in my pocket.

1 Sold. Marry, we 'll search.

Par. In good sadness, I do not know ; either it is there, or it is upon a file, with the duke's other letters, in my tent.

1 Sold. Here 't is ; here 's a paper. Shall I read it to you ?

Par. I do not know if it be it, or no.

Ber. Our interpreter does it well.

1 Lord. Excellently.

1 Sold.

"Dian. The count's a fool, and full of gold,"—

Par. That is not the duke's letter, sir ; that is an

advertisement to a proper maid in Florence, one Diana, to take heed of the allurement of one count Rousillon, a foolish idle boy, but, for all that, very ruttish : I pray you, sir, put it up again.

I Sold. Nay, I'll read it first, by your favour.

Par. My meaning in 't, I protest, was very honest in the behalf of the maid : for I knew the young count to be a dangerous and lascivious boy ; who is a whale to virginity, and devours up all the fry it finds.

Ber. Damnable, both sides rogue !

I Sold.

" When he swears oaths, bid him drop gold, and take it ;

After he scores, he never pays the score :

Half won is match well made ; match, and well make it ;

He ne'er pays after debts, take it before ;

And say a soldier, Dian, told thee this,

Men are to mell with, boys are not to kiss :

For count of this the count's a fool, I know it,

Who pays before, but not when he does owe it.

Thine, as he vowed to thee in thine ear,

" PAROLLES."

Ber. He shall be whipped through the army, with this rhyme in his forehead.

2 Lord. This is your devoted friend, sir, the manifold linguist, and the armipotent soldier.

Ber. I could endure anything before but a cat, and now he's a cat to me.

I Sold. I perceive, sir, by the general's looks, we shall be fain to hang you.

Par. My life, sir, in any case : not that I am afraid to die ; but that, my offences being many, I would repent out the remainder of nature : let me live, sir, in a dungeon, i' the stocks, or anywhere, so I may live.

I Sold. We'll see what may be done, so you confess freely ; therefore, once more to this captain Dumain : You have answered to his reputation with the duke, and to his valour ; What is his honesty ?

Par. He will steal, sir, an egg out of a cloister ; for

rapes and ravishments he parallels Nessus. He professes not keeping of oaths; in breaking them he is stronger than Hercules. He will lie, sir, with such volubility, that you would think truth were a fool; drunkenness is his best virtue; for he will be swine-drunk, and in his sleep he does little harm, save to his bed-clothes about him; but they know his conditions, and lay him in straw. I have but little more to say, sir, of his honesty: he has everything that an honest man should not have; what an honest man should have, he has nothing.

1 *Lord*. I begin to love him for this.

Ber. For this description of thine honesty? A pox upon him for me, he 's more and more a cat.

1 *Sold*. What say you to his expertness in war?

Par. Faith, sir, he has led the drum before the English tragedians,—to belie him I will not,—and more of his soldiership I know not; except, in that country, he had the honour to be the officer at a place there called Mile-end, to instruct for the doubling of files: I would do the man what honour I can, but of this I am not certain.

1 *Lord*. He hath out-villained villainy so far, that the rarity redeems him.

Ber. A pox on him! he 's a cat still.

1 *Sold*. His qualities being at this poor price, I need not to ask you if gold will corrupt him to revolt.

Par. Sir, for a *quart d'ecu*^a he will sell the fee-simple of his salvation, the inheritance of it; and cut the entail from all remainders, and a perpetual succession for it perpetually.

1 *Sold*. What 's his brother, the other captain Du-main?

2 *Lord*. Why does he ask him of me?

1 *Sold*. What 's he?

^a *Quart d'ecu*—sometimes written *cardecue*—a French piece of money, being the fourth part of the gold crown.

Par. E'en a crow-o' the same nest; not altogether so great as the first in goodness, but greater a great deal in evil. He excels his brother for a coward, yet his brother is reputed one of the best that is: In a retreat he outruns any lackey; marry, in coming on he has the cramp.

1 Sold. If your life be saved, will you undertake to betray the Florentine?

Par. Ay, and the captain of his horse, count Roussillon.

1 Sold. I 'll whisper with the general, and know his pleasure.

Par. I 'll no more drumming; a plague of all drums! Only to seem to deserve well, and to beguile the supposition of that lascivious young boy the count, have I run into this danger: Yet who would have suspected an ambush where I was taken? [*Aside.*

1 Sold. There is no remedy, sir, but you must die: the general says, you, that have so traitorously discovered the secrets of your army, and made such pestiferous reports of men very nobly held, can serve the world for no honest use; therefore you must die. Come, headsmen, off with his head.

Par. O Lord, sir, let me live, or let me see my death!

1 Sold. That shall you, and take your leave of all your friends.

[Unmuffling him.]
So, look about you: Know you any here?

Ber. Good morrow, noble captain.

2 Lord. God bless you, captain Parolles.

1 Lord. God save you, noble captain.

2 Lord. Captain, what greeting will you to my lord Lafew? I am for France.

1 Lord. Good captain, will you give me a copy of the sonnet you writ to Diana in behalf of the count Roussillon? an I were not a very coward I 'd compel it of you; but fare you well. [*Exeunt Ber., Lords, &c.*

I Sold. You are undone, captain : all but your scarf, that has a knot on 't yet.

Par. Who cannot be crushed with a plot ?

I Sold. If you could find out a country where but women were that had received so much shame, you might begin an impudent nation. Fare you well, sir ; I am for France, too ; we shall speak of you there. [*Exit.*]

Par. Yet am I thankful : if my heart were great 'T would burst at this : Captain I 'll be no more ; But I will eat and drink ; and sleep as soft As captain shall ; simply the thing I am Shall make me live. Who knows himself a braggart . Let him fear this ; for it will come to pass, That every braggart shall be found an ass. Rust, sword ! cool, blushes ! and, Parolles, live Safest in shame ! being fool'd by foolery thrive ! There 's place and means for every man alive. I 'll after them. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.—Florence. *A Room in the Widow's House.*

Enter HELENA, Widow, and DIANA.

Hel. That you may well perceive I have not wrong'd you,

One of the greatest in the christian world
Shall be my surety ; 'fore whose throne 't is needful,
Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneel :
Time was, I did him a desired office,
Dear almost as his life ; which gratitude
Through flinty Tartar's bosom would peep forth,
And answer, thanks : I duly am inform'd
His grace is at Marseilles ; to which place
We have convenient convoy. You must know
I am supposed dead : the army breaking,
My husband hies him home ; where, Heaven aiding

And by the leave of my good lord the king,
We 'll be before our welcome.

Wid. Gentle madam,
You never had a servant to whose trust
Your business was more welcome.

Hel. Nor you, mistress,
Ever a friend whose thoughts more truly labour
To recompense your love; doubt not, but Heaven
Hath brought me up to be your daughter's dower,
As it hath fated her to be my motive
And helper to a husband. But O, strange men!
That can such sweet use make of what they hate,
When saucy trusting of the cozen'd thoughts
Defiles the pitchy night! so lust doth play
With what it loathes, for that which is away:
But more of this hereafter:—You, Diana,
Under my poor instructions yet must suffer
Something in my behalf.

Dia. Let death and honesty
Go with your impositions, I am yours
Upon your will to suffer.

Hel. Yet, I pray you,—
But with the word, the time will bring on summer,
When briars shall have leaves as well as thorns,
And be as sweet as sharp. We must away;
Our waggon is prepar'd,^a and time revives us:
All 's well that ends well: still the fine 's the crown;^b
Whate'er the course, the end is the renown. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—Rousillon. *A Room in the Countess's
Palace.*

Enter COUNTESS, LAFEU, and Clown.

Laf. No, no, no, your son was misled with a snipt-

^a The probability is that, in using the term *waggon* in the text, our poet meant a public vehicle. The early coaches were not much unlike waggons.

^b From the Latin, *finis coronat opus*.

taffata fellow there, whose villainous saffron would have made all the unbaked and doughy youth of a nation in his colour: your daughter-in-law had been alive at this hour, and your son here at home more advanced by the king, than by that red-tailed humble-bee I speak of.

Count. I would I had not known him! it was the death of the most virtuous gentlewoman that ever nature had praise for creating: if she had partaken of my flesh, and cost me the dearest groans of a mother, I could not have owed her a more rooted love.

Laf. 'T was a good lady, 't was a good lady: we may pick a thousand sallets, ere we light on such another herb.

Clo. Indeed, sir, she was the sweet marjoram of the sallet, or, rather, the herb of grace.

Laf. They are not sallet-herbs, you knave, they are nose-herbs.

Clo. I am no great Nebuchadnezzar, sir; I have not much skill in grass.

Laf. Whether dost thou profess thyself—a knave or a fool?

Clo. A fool, sir, at a woman's service, and a knave at a man's.

Laf. Your distinction?

Clo. I would cozen the man of his wife, and do his service.

Laf. So you were a knave at his service, indeed.

Clo. And I would give his wife my bauble, sir, to do her service.

Laf. I will subscribe for thee; thou art both knave and fool.

Clo. At your service.

Laf. No, no, no.

Clo. Why, sir, if I cannot serve you, I can serve as great a prince as you are.

Laf. Who 's that? a Frenchman?

Clo. Faith, sir, a has an English name; but his phisnomy is more hotter in France than there.

Laf. What prince is that?

Clo. The black prince, sir, *alias*, the prince of darkness; *alias*, the devil.

Laf. Hold thee, there 's my purse: I give thee not this to suggest thee from thy master thou talkest of; serve him still.

Clo. I am a woodland fellow, sir, that always loved a great fire; and the master I speak of ever keeps a good fire. But, sure, he is the prince of the world; let his nobility remain in his court. I am for the house with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for pomp to enter: some that humble themselves may; but the many will be too chill and tender, and they 'll be for the flowery way, that leads to the broad gate and the great fire.

Laf. Go thy ways, I begin to be a-weary of thee; and I tell thee so before, because I would not fall out with thee. Go thy ways; let my horses be well looked to, without any tricks.

Clo. If I put any tricks upon 'em, sir, they shall be jades' tricks; which are their own right by the law of nature. [Exit.

Laf. A shrewd knave, and an unhappy.*

Count. So he is. My lord, that 's gone, made himself much sport out of him: by his authority he remains here, which he thinks is a patent for his sauciness; and, indeed, he has no pace, but runs where he will.

Laf. I like him well; 't is not amiss: And I was about to tell you, since I heard of the good lady's death, and that my lord your son was upon his return home, I moved the king my master to speak in the behalf of my daughter; which, in the minority of them both, his majesty, out of a self-gracious remembrance, did first pro-

* *Unhappy*—unlucky—mischievous.

pose : his highness hath promised me to do it : and, to stop up the displeasure he hath conceived against your son, there is no fitter matter. How does your ladyship like it ?

Count. With very much content, my lord, and I wish it happily effected.

Laf. His highness comes post from Marseilles, of as able body as when he numbered thirty ; he will be here to-morrow, or I am deceived by him that in such intelligence hath seldom failed.

Count. It rejoices me that I hope I shall see him ere I die. I have letters, that my son will be here to-night : I shall beseech your lordship to remain with me till they meet together.

Laf. Madam, I was thinking with what manners I might safely be admitted.

Count. You need but plead your honourable privilege.

Laf. Lady, of that I have made a bold charter ; but, I thank my God, it holds yet.

Re-enter Clown.

Clo. O madam, yonder 's my lord your son with a patch of velvet on 's face ; whether there be a scar under it, or no, the velvet knows ; but 't is a goodly patch of velvet : his left cheek is a cheek of two pile and a half, but his right cheek is worn bare.

Laf. A scar nobly got, or a noble scar, is a good livery of honour ; so, belike, is that.

Clo. But it is your carbonadoed face.

Laf. Let us go see your son, I pray you ; I long to talk with the young noble soldier.

Clo. 'Faith, there 's a dozen of 'em, with delicate fine hats, and most courteous feathers, which bow the head, and nod at every man.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Marseilles. *A Street.*

Enter HELENA, Widow, and DIANA, with two Attendants.

Hel. But this exceeding posting, day and night,
Must wear your spirits low : we cannot help it ;
But since you have made the days and nights as one,
To wear your gentle limbs in my affairs,
Be bold you do so grow in my requital,
As nothing can unroot you. In happy time ;—

*Enter a gentle Astringer.**

This man may help me to his majesty's ear,
If he would spend his power.—God save you, sir.

Ast. And you.

Hel. Sir, I have seen you in the court of France.

Ast. I have been sometimes there.

Hel. I do presume, sir, that you are not fallen
From the report that goes upon your goodness ;
And therefore, goaded with most sharp occasions,
Which lay nice manners by, I put you to
The use of your own virtues, for the which
I shall continue thankful.

Ast. What 's your will ?

Hel. That it will please you

To []
I aid me with that store of power you have,
To come into his presence.

Ast. The king 's not here.

Hel. Not here, sir ?

* An *astringer* is a falconer. A "gentle astringer" probably meant the head of the king's hawking establishment—not a mental, but an officer of rank in his household.

Ast. Not, indeed :
He hence remov'd last night, and with more haste
Than is his use.

Wid. Lord, how we lose our pains !

Hel. All 's well that ends well, yet ;
Though time seem so adverse, and means unfit.—
I do beseech you, whither is he gone ?

Ast. Marry, as I take it, to Rousillon ;
Whither I am going.

Hel. I do beseech you, sir,
Since you are like to see the king before me,
Commend the paper to his gracious hand ;
Which, I presume, shall render you no blame,
But rather make you thank your pains for it :
I will come after you, with what good speed
Our means will make us means.

Ast. This I 'll do for you.

Hel. And you shall find yourself to be well thank'd,
Whate'er falls more.—We must to horse again ;—
Go, go, provide. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Rousillon. *The inner Court of the
Countess's Palace.*

Enter Clown and PAROLLES.

Par. Good monsieur Lavatch, give my lord Lafew
this letter : I have ere now, sir, been better known to
you, when I have held familiarity with fresher clothes ;
but I am now, sir, muddied in fortune's mood,^a and
smell somewhat strong of her strong displeasure.

Clo. Truly, fortune's displeasure is but sluttish, if it
smell so strongly as thou speakest of : I will henceforth
eat no fish of fortune's buttering. Prithee allow the
wind.

Par. Nay, you need not to stop your nose, sir ; I
spake but by a metaphor.

^a *Mood*—caprice.

Clo. Indeed, sir, if your metaphor stink, I will stop my nose; or against any man's metaphor. Prithee get thee further.

Par. Pray you, sir, deliver me this paper.

Clo. Foh, prithee stand away: A paper from fortune's close-stool to give to a nobleman! Look, here he comes himself.

Enter LAPEU.

Here is a pur of fortune's, sir, or of fortune's cat, (but not a musk-cat,) that has fallen into the unclean fish-pond of her displeasure, and, as he says, is muddied withal: Pray you, sir, use the carp as you may; for he looks like a poor, decayed, ingenious, foolish, rascally knave. I do pity his distress in my smiles of comfort, and leave him to your lordship. *[Exit.*

Par. My lord, I am a man whom fortune hath cruelly scratched.

Laf. And what would you have me to do? 't is too late to pare her nails now. Wherein have you played the knave with fortune, that she should scratch you, who of herself is a good lady, and would not have knaves thrive long under her? There's a *quart d'ecu* for you: Let the justices make you and fortune friends; I am for other business.

Par. I beseech your honour to hear me one single word.

Laf. You beg a single penny more: come, you shall ha't; save your word.

Par. My name, my good lord, is Parolles.

Laf. You beg more than word then.—Cox' my passion! give me your hand: How does your drum?

Par. O my good lord, you were the first that found me.

Laf. Was I, in sooth? and I was the first that lost thee.

Par. It lies in you, my lord, to bring me in some grace, for you did bring me out.

Laf. Out upon thee, knave! dost thou put upon me at once both the office of God and the devil? one brings thee in grace, and the other brings thee out. [*Trumpets sound.*] The king's coming, I know by his trumpets.—Sirrah, inquire further after me; I had talk of you last night: though you are a fool and a knave, you shall eat; go to, follow.

Par. I praise God for you.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The same. A Room in the Countess's Palace.*

Flourish. Enter KING, COUNTESS, LAFEU, Lords
Gentlemen, Guards, &c.

King. We lost a jewel of her; and our esteem
Was made much poorer by it: but your son,
As mad in folly, lack'd the sense to know
Her estimation home.

Count. 'T is past, my liege:
And I beseech your majesty to make it
Natural rebellion, done i' the blaze of youth;
When oil and fire, too strong for reason's force,
O'erbears it, and burns on.

King. My honour'd lady,
I have forgiven and forgotten all;
Though my revenges were high bent upon him,
And watch'd the time to shoot.

Laf. This I must say,—
But first I beg my pardon,—The young lord
Did to his majesty, his mother, and his lady,
Offence of mighty note; but to himself
The greatest wrong of all: he lost a wife
Whose beauty did astonish the survey
Of richest eyes; whose words all ears took captive;
Whose dear perfection hearts that scorn'd to serve
Humbly call'd mistress.

King. Praising what is lost,

Makes the remembrance dear.—Wall, call him hither;—

We are reconcil'd, and the first view shall kill
All repetition :—Let him not ask our pardon ;
The nature of his great offence is dead,
And deeper than oblivion we do bury
The incensing relics of it ; let him approach,
A stranger, no offender ; and inform him
So 't is our will he should.

Gent. I shall, my liege. [*Exit.*

King. What says he to your daughter ? have you spoke ?

Laf. All that he is hath reference to your highness.

King. Then shall we have a match. I have letters sent me

That set him high in fame.

Enter BERTRAM.

Laf. He looks well on 't.

King. I am not a day of season,*
For thou mayst see a sunshine and a hail
In me at once : But to the brightest beams
Distracted clouds give way ; so stand thou forth,
The time is fair again.

Ber. My high-repented blames,
Dear sovereign, pardon to me.

King. All is whole ;
Not one word more of the consumed time.
Let 's take the instant by the forward top ;
For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees
The inaudible and noiseless foot of time
Steals, ere we can effect them : You remember
The daughter of this lord ?

Ber. Admiringly, my liege : at first
I stuck my choice upon her, ere my heart

* *A day of season*—a seasonable day. Sunshine and hail mark a day out of season.

Durst make too bold a herald of my tongue :
Where the impression of mine eye infixing,
Contempt his scornful perspective did lend me,
Which warp'd the line of every other favour ;
Scorn'd a fair colour, or express'd it stol'n ;
Extended or contracted all proportions,
To a most hideous object : Thence it came,
That she, whom all men prais'd, and whom myself
Since I have lost have lov'd, was in mine eye
The dust that did offend it.

King.

Well excus'd :

That thou didst love her strikes some scores away
From the great compt : But love that comes too late,
Like a remorseful pardon slowly carried,
To the great sender turns a sour offence,
Crying, That 's good that 's gone : our rash faults
Make trivial price of serious things we have,
Not knowing them, until we know their grave :
Oft our displeasures, to ourselves unjust,
Destroy our friends, and after weep their dust :
Our own love waking cries to see what 's done,
While shameful hate sleeps out the afternoon.
Be this sweet Helen's knell, and now forget her.
Send forth your amorous token for fair Maudlin :
The main consents are had ; and here we 'll stay
To see our widower's second marriage-day.

Count. Which better than the first, O dear Heaven
bless !

Or, ere they meet in me, O nature cesse.

Laf. Come on, my son, in whom my house's name
Must be digested, give a favour from you,
To sparkle in the spirits of my daughter,
That she may quickly come.—By my old beard,
And every hair that 's on 't, Helen, that 's dead,
Was a sweet creature ; such a ring as this,
The last that ere I took her leave at court
I saw upon her finger.

Ber. Hers it was not.

King. Now, pray you, let me see it; for mine eye,
While I was speaking, oft was fasten'd to it.—
This ring was mine; and, when I gave it Helen,
I bade her, if her fortunes ever stood
Necessitated to help, that by this token
I would relieve her: Had you that craft, to reave her
Of what should stead her most?

Ber. My gracious sovereign,
Howe'er it pleases you to take it so,
The ring was never hers.

Count. Son, on my life,
I have seen her wear it; and she reckon'd it
At her life's rate.

Laf. I am sure I saw her wear it.

Ber. You are deceiv'd, my lord, she never saw it:
In Florence was it from a casement thrown me,
Wrapp'd in a paper, which contain'd the name
Of her that threw it: noble she was, and thought
I stood ingag'd:^a but when I had subscrib'd
To mine own fortune, and inform'd her fully,
I could not answer in that course of honour
As she had made the overture, she ceas'd,
In heavy satisfaction, and would never
Receive the ring again.

King. Plutus himself,
That knows the tinct and multiplying medicine,
Hath not in nature's mystery more science,
Than I have in this ring: 't was mine, 't was Helen's,
Whoever gave it you: Then, if you know
That you are well acquainted with yourself,
Confess 't was hers, and by what rough enforcement
You got it from her: she call'd the saints to surety,
That she would never put it from her finger,
Unless she gave it to yourself in bed,

^a *Ingag'd.* We think that the lady is represented by Bertram
to have considered him "ingag'd"—pledged—to herself.

(Where you have never come,) or sent it us
Upon her great disaster.

Ber. She never saw it.

King. Thou speak'st it falsely, as I love mine honour
And mak'st conjectural fears to come into me,
Which I would fain shut out : If it should prove
That thou art so inhuman,—'t will not prove so;—
And yet I know not :—thou didst hate her deadly,
And she is dead ; which nothing, but to close
Her eyes myself, could win me to believe,
More than to see this ring.—Take him away.—

[Guards seize BERTRAM.]

My fore-past proofs, howe'er the matter fall,
Shall tax my fears of little vanity,
Having vainly fear'd too little.—Away with him ;—
We'll sift this matter further.

Ber. If you shall prove
This ring was ever here, you shall as easy
Prove that I husbanded her bed in Florence,
Where yet she never was. [Exit BERTRAM, guarded.]

Enter the Astringer.

King. I am wrapp'd in dismal thinkings.

Ast. Gracious sovereign,
Whether I have been to blame, or no, I know not ;
Here 's a petition from a Florentine,
Who hath, for four or five removes,* come short
To tender it herself. I undertook it,
Vanquish'd thereto by the fair grace and speech
Of the poor suppliant, who by this, I know,
Is here attending : her business looks in her
With an importing visage ; and she told me,
In a sweet verbal brief, it did concern
Your highness with herself.

King. [Reads.]

" Upon his many protestations to marry me, when his wife
was dead, I blush to say it, he won me. Now is the count

* Removes—stages.

Bonsillon a widower; his vows are forfeited to me, and my honour 's paid to him. He stole from Florence, taking no leave, and I follow him to his country for justice: Grant it me, O king; in you it best lies; otherwise a seducer flourishes, and a poor maid is undone.

DIANA CAPULET."

Laf. I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and toll for this: I 'll none of him.*

King. The Heavens have thought well on thee, Lafeu, To bring forth this discovery.—Seek these suitors: Go speedily, and bring again the count.

[*Exeunt the Astringer and some Attendants.*]

I am afraid the life of Helen, lady,
Was foully snatch'd.

Count.

Now, justice on the doers!

Enter BERTRAM, guarded.

King. I wonder, sir, since wives are monsters to you, And that you fly them as you swear them lordship, Yet you desire to marry.—What woman 's that?

Re-enter the Astringer, with Widow and DIANA.

Dia. I am, my lord, a wretched Florentine,
Derived from the ancient Capulet;
My suit, as I do understand, you know,
And therefore know how far I may be pitied.

Wid. I am her mother, sir, whose age and honour
Both suffer under this complaint we bring,
And both shall cease, without your remedy.

King. Come hither, count: Do you know these women?

Ber. My lord, I neither can nor will deny
But that I know them: Do they charge me further?

Dia. Why do you look so strange upon your wife?

Ber. She 's none of mine, my lord.

Dia.

If you shall marry,

* The tolling in a fair was necessary to the validity of a bargain; and Lafeu will get rid of Bertram by toll and sale, according to one reading, or he will buy a son-in law, and toll him, according to the other.

You give away this hand, and that is mine,
 You give away Heaven's vows, and those are mine;
 You give away myself, which is known mine;
 For I by vow am so embodied yours,
 That she which marries you must marry me,
 Either both or none.

Laf. Your reputation [to BERTRAM] comes too short
 for my daughter; you are no husband for her.

Ber. My lord, this is a fond and desperate creature,
 Whom sometime I have laugh'd with: let your highness
 Lay a more noble thought upon mine honour,
 Than for to think that I would sink it here.

King. Sir, for my thoughts, you have them ill to
 friend,
 Till your deeds gain them: Fairer prove your honour,
 Than in my thought it lies!

Dia. Good my lord,
 Ask him upon his oath, if he does think
 He had not my virginity.

King. What say'st thou to her?

Ber. She 's impudent, my lord;
 And was a common gamester to the camp.

Dia. He does me wrong, my lord; if I were so
 He might have bought me at a common price:
 Do not believe him: O, behold this ring,
 Whose high respect, and rich validity,^a
 Did lack a parallel; yet, for all that,
 He gave it to a commoner o' the camp,
 If I be one.

Count. He blushes, and 't is it:
 Of six preceding ancestors, that gem
 Confer'd by testament to the sequent issue,
 Hath it been ow'd and worn. This is his wife;
 That ring 's a thousand proofs.

King. Methought, you said,
 You saw one here in court could witness it.

^a *Validity*—value.

Dia. I did, my lord, but loth am to produce
So bad an instrument; his name's Parolles.

Laf. I saw the man to-day, if man he be.

King. Find him, and bring him hither.

Ber.

What of him?

He's quoted for a most perfidious slave,
With all the spots o' the world tax'd and deboah'd
Whose nature sickens but to speak a truth:
Am I or that, or this, for what he'll utter,
That will speak anything?

King.

She hath that ring of yours.

Ber. I think she has: certain it is I lik'd her,
And board'd^a her i' the wanton way of youth:
She knew her distance, and did angle for me,
Madding my eagerness with her restraint,
As all impediments in fancy's course
Are motives of more fancy; and, in fine,
Her insuit coming with her modern grace,
Subdued me to her rate: she got the ring:
And I had that which any inferior might
At market-price have bought.

Dia.

I must be patient;

You, that have turn'd off a first so noble wife,
May justly diet me. I pray you yet,
(Since you lack virtue I will lose a husband,)
Send for your ring, I will return it home,
And give me mine again.

Ber.

I have it not.

King. What ring was yours, I pray you?

Dia. Sir, much like the same upon your finger.

King. Know you this ring? this ring was his of
late.

Dia. And this was it I gave him, being a-bed.

King. The story then goes false, you shrew it him
Out of a casement.

Dia. I have spoke the truth.

^a Boarded—accosted.

Enter PAROLLES.

Ber. My lord, I do confess the ring was hers.

King. You boggle shrewdly, every feather starts you.—

Is this the man you speak of?

Dia. Ay, my lord.

King. Tell me, sirrah, but tell me true, I charge you, Not fearing the displeasure of your master, (Which, on your just proceeding, I 'll keep off,) By him, and by this woman here, what know you?

Par. So please your majesty, my master hath been an honourable gentleman; tricks he hath had in him which gentlemen have.

King. Come, come, to the purpose: Did he love this woman?

Par. 'Faith, sir, he did love her: But how?

King. How, I pray you?

Par. He did love her, sir, as a gentleman loves a woman.

King. How is that?

Par. He loved her, sir, and loved her not.

King. As thou art a knave, and no knave:—What an equivocal companion is this!

Par. I am a poor man, and at your majesty's command.

Laf. He's a good drum, my lord, but a naughty orator.

Dia. Do you know he promised me marriage?

Par. 'Faith, I know more than I 'll speak.

King. But wilt thou not speak all thou know'st?

Par. Yes, so please your majesty: I did go between them, as I said; but more than that, he loved her,—for, indeed, he was mad for her, and talked of Satan, and of limbo, and of furies, and I know not what: yet I was in that credit with them at that time, that I knew of their going to bed; and of other motions, as promising her marriage, and things which would derive me ill

will to speak of, therefore I will not speak what I know.

King. Thou hast spoken all already, unless thou canst say they are married: But thou art too fine^a in thy evidence; therefore stand aside.—This ring, you say, was yours?

Dia. Ay, my good lord.

King. Where did you buy it? or who gave it you?

Dia. It was not given me, nor I did not buy it.

King. Who lent it you?

Dia. It was not lent me neither.

King. Where did you find it then?

Dia. I found it not.

King. If it were yours by none of all these ways, How could you give it him?

Dia. I never gave it him.

Laf. This woman's an easy glove, my lord; she goes off and on at pleasure.

King. This ring was mine, I gave it his first wife.

Dia. It might be yours, or hers, for aught I know.

King. Take her away, I do not like her now;

To prison with her: and away with him.—

Unless thou tell'st me where thou hadst this ring,

Thou diest within this hour.

Dia. I'll never tell you.

King. Take her away.

Dia. I'll put in bail, my liege.

King. I think thee now some common customer.

Dia. By Jove, if ever I knew man, 't was you.

King. Wherefore hast thou accus'd him all this while?

Dia. Because he's guilty, and he is not guilty:

He knows I am no maid, and he'll swear to 't:

I'll swear I am a maid, and he knows not.

Great king, I am no strumpet, by my life;

I am either maid, or else this old man's wife.

[Pointing to LAFEU.

^a Too fine—too full of fineness.

King. She does abuse our ears ; to prison with her.

Dia. Good mother, fetch my bail.—Stay, royal sir ;

[*Exit Widow.*]

The jeweller that owes the ring is sent for,
And he shall surety me. But for this lord,
Who hath abus'd me, as he knows himself,
Though yet he never harm'd me, here I quit him :
He knows himself my bed he hath defil'd ;
And at that time he got his wife with child :
Dead though she be, she feels her young one kick ;
So there 's my riddle,—One that 's dead is quick ;
And now behold the meaning.

Re-enter Widow, with HELENA.

King. Is there no exorcist
Beguiles the truer office of mine eyes ?
Is 't real that I see ?

Hel. No, my good lord ;
'T is but the shadow of a wife you see,
The name, and not the thing.

Ber. Both, both ; O, pardon !

Hel. O, my good lord, when I was like this maid,
I found you wond'rous kind. There is your ring,
And, look you, here 's your letter : This it says,
" When from my finger you can get this ring,
And are by me with child," &c.—This is done :
Will you be mine, now you are doubly won ?

Ber. If she, my liege, can make me know this clearly
I 'll love her dearly, ever, ever dearly.

Hel. If it appear not plain, and prove untrue,
Deadly divorce step between me and you !—
O, my dear mother, do I see you living ?

Laf. Mine eyes smell onions, I shall weep anon :—
Good Tom Drum [*to PAROLLES*] lend me a handker-
chief : So, I thank thee ; wait on me home, I 'll make
sport with thee : Let thy courtesies alone, they are
scurvy ones.

King. Let us from point to point this story know,
To make the even truth in pleasure flow :—
If thou be'st yet a fresh uncropped flower, [*To DIANA*
Choose thou thy husband, and I'll pay thy dower ;
For I can guess, that, by thy honest aid,
Thou kept'st a wife herself, thyself a maid.—
Of that and all the progress, more and less,
Resolvedly more leisure shall express :
All yet seems well ; and, if it end so meet,
The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet. [*Flourish.*

(*Advancing.*)

The king's a beggar, now the play is done :
All is well ended, if this suit be won,
That you express content ; which we will pay,
With strife to please you, day exceeding day :
Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts ;
Your gentle hands lend us, and take our hearts.

[*Exeunt.*

End of

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

ADDITIONAL NOTES
AND SUGGESTED EMENDATIONS.

VOLUME I.

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

Page 20 (Act I. Scene ii.)

Julia. "I see you have a month's mind to them.

Lucetta. Ay, madam, you may say *what sights you see*;
I see things too, although you judge I wink."

In the Perkins folio we find:

"Ay, madam, you may *see what sights you think*;
I see things too, although you judge I wink."

Page 37 (Act II. Scene iv.)

"*Is it her mien, or Valentinus' praise,*
Her true perfection, or my false transgression,
That makes me reasonless?"

A conjectural emendation of the reading in the folio:

"*It is mine or Valentine's praise,*" &c.

Mr Collier renders the passage:

"*Is it mine eye or Valentinus' praise,*"

which is perhaps as good as "her mien;" although his objection to the latter is quite invalid.

Page 38 (Act II. Scene v.)

"If thou wilt, go with me to the ale-house; if not, thou art an Hebrew."—This is perfectly intelligible, but it may be proper to mention, that in the second folio we find the more Shakspearean form—"If thou wilt go with me to the ale-house, so; if not, thou art an Hebrew." How many examples of this idiom might be quoted!

Page 50 (Act III. Scene 1.)

Proteus. "Even in the milk-white bosom of thy love."

"The lady of the sixteenth century had a small pocket in the front of her stays, in which she carried her letters, and other matters which she valued." So Mr Knight and the commentators, detecting the same thought in Valentine's speech—

"My herald thoughts in thy pure bosom rest them ;"

and also in Hamlet's fancy—

"These to her excellent white bosom ;"

and in the Earl of Surrey's sonnet—

"When she hath read and seen the grief wherein I serve,
Between her breasts she shall thee put, *there* shall she thee
reserve."

Mr Grant White aptly asks : "What need of all this mantua-making lore ! Where have Eve's daughters put their lover's letters and their own nameless little knick-knacks ever since their mother's apron of fig-leaves was first accommodated with a bodice ! Do lovers send their thoughts to the 'pure' *pockets*, the 'excellent white' *stays* of their mistresses ! What absurd misconstruction of beautiful and appropriate thoughts for the purpose of displaying a little knowledge of man-millinery !"

Page 52 (Act III. Scene 1.)

"She is not to be *kissed* fasting, in respect of her breath."
—Rowe inserted *kissed*, and it has been adopted by subsequent editors ; but the meaning is quite clear without this addition.

Page 66 (Act IV. Scene iv.)

"The other squirrel was stolen from me by *the hangman's boys* in the market-place."—*By a hangman boy*, in the Perkins folio. Compare "Much Ado about Nothing" (Act III. Scene ii.), where Cupid is called "the little hangman ;" that is, the little rogue.

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

Page 83.

"The 'Comedy of Errors' is essentially a farce, and was meant to be so." Coleridge's criticism should be quoted in full :—
"The myriad-minded man, our, and all men's Shakspeare, has in this piece presented us with a legitimate farce in enacted consonance with the philosophical principles and character of farce, as distinguished from comedy and from entertainments.

A proper farce is mainly distinguished from comedy by the licence allowed, and even required, in the fable, in order to produce strange and laughable situations. The story need not be probable, it is enough that it is possible. A comedy would scarcely allow even the two Antipholuses; because, although there have been instances of almost indistinguishable likeness in two persons, yet these are mere individual accidents, *casus ludentis nature*, and the *verum* will not excuse the *inverisimile*. But farce dares add the two Dromios, and is justified in so doing by the laws of its end and constitution. In a word, farces commence in a postulate, which must be granted." This is an admirable statement of the distinction between comedy and farce, and should be compared with Locke's distinction between a fool and a madman. The madman reasons correctly on premises that are absurd; the fool reasons absurdly on premises that are correct.

Page 91 (Act I. Scene i.)

"Unwilling I agreed; alas, too soon. We came aboard."

In the folio there is a different punctuation:

"Unwilling I agreed; alas, too soon we came aboard."

There is not much difference in the meaning, and there is therefore the less reason to depart from the folio.

Page 122 (Act IV. Scene i.)

"Perchance, *I will* be there as soon as you."

"*I will* instead of *I shall* is a Scotticism, says Douce (an Englishman); it is an Irishism, says Reed (a Scotchman); and an ancient Anglicism, says Malone (an Irishman)." — *Knight*.

Page 127 (Act IV. Scene iii.)

"What, have you got [rid of] the picture of Old Adam new apparelled?" — Such is the correction of Theobald. Mr Collier follows the original text: "What have you got the picture of Old Adam new apparelled?" and explains that "What have you got?" is *still* a vulgar phrase for "What have you done with?"

Page 129 (Act IV. Scene iii.)

Court. "We'll mend our dinner here.

Dro. S. Master, if you do, expect spoon-meat, or bespeak a long spoon." — *Read*, "and."

Page 129 (Act IV. Scene iii.)

"Avoid *then*, fiend!"

"Avoid *thee*, fiend!" — *Dyce*.

Page 139 (Act V. Scene 1.)

"The place of *depth* and sorry execution."

Mr Hunter ingeniously suggests that in this Greek story "the place of depth" signifies the Barathrum, or deep pit into which offenders were cast. It is better, perhaps, to accept Rowe's emendation—"The place of *death*."

Page 144 (Act V. Scene 1.)

"I never saw the chain, so help me Heaven!
And this is false you burthen me withal."

Read with Mr Dyce—

"So help me Heaven
As this is false you burthen me withal!"

In support of which reading compare it with the following couplet from page 142:—

"So befall my soul
As this is false he burthens me withal!"

Page 147 (Act V. Scene 1.)

"Thirty-three years have I but gone in travail
Of you, my sons; *and*, till this present hour,
My heavy burthen *are* delivered."

So in the original text. The editors have been unanimous in changing "thirty-three" into "twenty-five;" but the latter clause has been a great difficulty. Our text adopts the suggestion of Theobald:

"*nor*, till this present hour,
My heavy *burthens* are delivered:"

an emendation, however, which takes a greater liberty with the original than others that have been proposed. It is amusing to compare the attempts of different editors. Mr Collier would read:

"and till this present hour
My heavy burthen *undelivered*."

In the Perkins folio we find:

"and at this present hour
My heavy *burthens* are delivered."

A critic in "Blackwood's Magazine" proposes:

"and till this present hour
My heavy burthen *has* delivered."

Mr Dyce and Mr Singer propose:

"and till this present hour
My heavy burthen *ne'er* delivered."

Mr Grant White:

"and till this present hour
My heavy burthen *here* delivered."

The two last are the best.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

Page 155 (Act I. Scene i.)

Biron.—This name must be pronounced with the accent on the latter syllable. In the old copies it is spelt *Berowne*.

Page 156 (Act I. Scene i.)

"Make rich the ribs, but *bankerout* the wits."

So the folio; but in the quarto, from which the folio is printed:

"Make rich the ribs, but *bankrupt quite* the wits."

Page 157 (Act I. Scene i.)

"To study where I well may dine,
When I to *fast* expressly am forbid."

Notwithstanding Mr Knight's ingenious defence of the line as it stands, probably it is better to read with Theobald:

"When I to *feast* expressly am forbid."

Page 159 (Act I. Scene i.)

"Such public shame as the rest of the court *shall* possibly devise."—*Can*, in the quarto.

Page 161 (Act I. Scene i.)

Biron. "How low soever the matter, I hope in God for high words.

Long. A high hope for a low *heaven*: God grant us patience!

Biron. To hear? or forbear *hearing*!

Long. To hear meekly, sir, and to laugh moderately; or to forbear both.

Biron. Well, sir, be it as the *style* shall give us cause to *climb* in the merriness."

This passage calls for several remarks. As regards the speech of Longaville, Theobald proposed to read—"A high hope for a low *having*," and his suggestion has been unanimously adopted. The immediate reply of Biron, Steevens proposed to read thus—"To hear? or to forbear *laughing*?" and the rejoinder of Longaville bears him out. It may be observed, that in the concluding speech of Biron which we have quoted, there is a quibble intended on the words *style* and *climb*. Compare Act IV. Scene i. page 189.

Page 164 (Act I. Scene i.)

"Sirrah, come on."—These words probably belong not to Biron, but to the Constable.

Page 166 (Act I. Scene ii.)

"The dancing horse will tell you."—A very celebrated horse mentioned by Jonson, Donne, Hall, Taylor, Raleigh, and Sir Kenelm Digby, as well as by Shakspeare. His name was Morocco, and he belonged to a person of the name of Banks. Banks visited the continent with his wonderful horse, and it is said that both were burned at Rome for witchcraft.

Page 169 (Act I. Scene ii.)

"Adieu, valour! rust, rapier! be still, drum! for your *manager* is in love."—*Armiger*, in the Perkins folio.

Page 175 (Act II. Scene i.)

"Denied *farther* harbour."—*Fair harbour*, in the quarto.

Page 181 (Act III. Scene i.)

"A wonder, master; here's a Costard broken in a shin."
—A costard is a head, hence the point of the jest.

Page 183 (Act III. Scene i.)

"Incony Jew!"—Mr Dyce explains the word as *fine, delicate, pretty*. See it used again, Act IV. Scene i. page 191, "most incony vulgar wit."

Page 202 (Act IV. Scene iii.)

"When shall you see me write a thing in rhyme?
Or groan for Joan?"

"Here we see a curious illustration of the advantage of being able to refer to different copies of the same edition of the same play. The quarto, 1598, belonging to Lord Francis Egerton, has 'Or grone for *Ione*,' quite distinctly printed; while that of the Duke of Devonshire has, as distinctly, 'Or grone for Love,' *the word 'love' being printed with a capital letter to make the matter quite clear*. The correction must have been made while the sheet was passing through the press. The folios adopt the misprint, and the modern editors have followed them." Such is one of Mr Collier's most characteristic annotations. Strangely enough, he does not perceive how utterly gratuitous he is in supposing that the Devonshire quarto is a later impression than the Ellesmere one, and thence concluding that *Love* is an improvement on *Ione*. The likelihood is all the other way. Let it be remembered that Biron closes the third act with this very rhyme:

"Well, I will love, write, sigh, pray, sue, groan;
Some men must love my lady, and some Joan."

Here he asks when his friends shall ever see him write a thing in rhyme! and then immediately rhymes—

"Or groan for Joan!"

Page 207 (Act IV. Scene iii.)

"where is any author in the world
Teaches such *beauty* as a woman's eye!"

Learning, in the Perkins folio, and the context supports the correction.

Page 216 (Act V. Scene ii.)

"A pox of that jest."—This speech in all the old copies belongs to the Princess.

Page 216 (Act V. Scene ii.)

"So portent-like."—*Pertaunt-like*, in the original. *Potently*, in the Perkins folio.

Page 216 (Act V. Scene ii.)

"And every one his *love-feat* will advance."—*Love-suit*, in the Perkins folio.

Page 219 (Act V. Scene ii.)

Biron. "Beauties no richer than rich taffata."

The modern editors, with the exception of Knight and Collier, agree in giving this speech to Boyet. It is Boyet who attempts to trip Moth in his speech. *Biron*, on the contrary, helps him on. Compare the speech of the king further on (page 226) in reference to Boyet:

"A blister on his sweet tongue, with my heart,
That put Armado's page out of his part!"

Page 230 (Act V. Scene ii.)

"That smiles his cheek in years"—that is, into wrinkles that might be mistaken for age.

Page 234 (Act V. Scene ii.)

Boyet. "Your nose says, no, you are not; for it stands too right."—To understand the exception here taken by Boyet, it must be remembered that Alexander was famous for a wry neck.

Page 235 (Act V. Scene ii.)

Hol. "Judas, I am"—We may well ask with Mr Dyce why *Hol*. is repeated here.

Page 241 (Act V. Scene ii.)

Biron. "And what to me, my love! and what to me?"

Ros. *You must be purged too, your sins are rank;
You are attaint with faults and perjury;
Therefore if you my favour mean to get,
A twelvemonth shall you spend and never rest,
But seek the weary beds of people sick.*

Dum. And what to me, my love! and what to me?"

So we read in the originals; but Mr Knight is correct in omitting the speech of Rosaline altogether, and leaving Biron without an answer. As it stands, it is an abortive anticipation of the speech afterwards so finely spoken by the lady: "Oft have I heard of you, my lord Biron;" and is probably the original draught of that speech as it appeared before the play was published—"Newly corrected and augmented by W. Shakespere." In this case, the original rude sketch was by some oversight retained in the text. Striking it out, however, it will be seen that the subsequent speeches most perfectly harmonise with that correction; for Biron receiving no answer to his query, it is immediately repeated by Dumain:

"But what to me, my love? but what to me?"

and next when Biron speaks, he says, in reference to the silence of the lady Rosaline—

"*Studies my lady?*"

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

Page 257 (Act I. Scene i.)

"Within ten year it will make itself *two*, which is a goodly increase."—Surely not. Read with Hanmer—*ten*. Parolles had already said: "Virginity, by being once lost, may be ten times found."

Page 263 (Act I. Scene iii.)

"To go to the world"—a phrase meaning *to be married*. So, in "Much Ado about Nothing," Beatrice says: "Thus goes every one to the world but I;" and in "As You Like It," Audrey says: "It is no dishonest desire to desire to be a woman of the world."

Page 265 (Act I. Scene iii.)

"One in ten, quoth a'! an we might have a good woman born but *for* every blazing star, or at an earthquake, 't would mend the lottery well."—The original reads *ore*, which Mr Knight has corrected to *for*, Mr Dyce approving. Mr Collier reads *ere*. Other editors have omitted the word, unable to make anything out of it. Strange, they should overlook the simplest emendation of all—*one*. This conjecture we find confirmed by the Perkins folio.

Page 275 (Act II. Scene i.)

"and oft it hits,

Where hope is coldest, and despair most *shifts*."

Fitz—Collier.

Page 276 (Act II. Scene i.)

King. "What dar'st thou venture?

Helena. Tax of impudence,—

A strumpet's boldness, a divulged shame,—

Traduc'd by odious ballads; my maiden's name

Sear'd otherwise; no worse of worst extended,

With vilest torture let my life be ended."

The construction of the last two lines is difficult, but especially so with the absurd emendation which the editors have accepted. The original reads *ne*, which Mr Collier, with his perhaps too literal accuracy, boldly retains in the text, and which Mr Knight, with the other editors, has here transformed into *no*. It is a misprint for *noy*.

Page 295 (Act III. Scene ii.)

"I know a man that had this trick of melancholy *hold* a goodly manor for a song."—Read *sold* with all the modern editors, except Mr Knight. Mr Knight, in his refined manner, reasons against *sold*, because a melancholy man *selling* a manor *for a song*, is no illustration of the clown's argument, which went to prove that melancholy men are in the habit of *singing*; "but as manors were *held* under every sort of service, it is not improbable—*though we find no example in Blount's Tenures* [!]*—that one originally granted to a minstrel for his song may have been held by a melancholy successor; and that he, by the musical effects of his melancholy, may have been as competent to discharge the service to the letter as his ancestor of the gay science.*" Shakspeare's best and most genial editor, in his reverence for the text of the first folio, is too apt to indulge in such Rabbinical criticism. The clown declares that Bertram is melancholy; proves it by the fact that he sings; and sums up by saying: "I know a man that had this trick of melancholy *sold* a goodly manor for a song."

Page 302 (Act III. Scene v.)

Dia. "The count Rousillon: Know you such a one?

Hel. But by the ear that hears most nobly of him:

His face I know not."

"Shall we say here, that Shakspeare has unnecessarily made his loveliest character utter a lie? Or shall we dare think that, where to deceive was necessary, he thought a pretended

verbal verity a double crime, equally with the other a lie to the hearer, and, at the same time, an attempt to lie to one's own conscience?"—*Coleridge*.

Page 314 (Act IV. Scene ii.)

"If I should swear by *Jove's* great attributes
I lov'd you dearly, would you believe my oaths,
When I did love you ill? this has no holding,
To swear by him *whom* I protest to love,
That I will work against him."

Johnson suggested that we should read *Love's* for *Joves*; but even with this alteration found the passage difficult. Read:

"If I should swear by *Love's* great attributes
I lov'd you dearly, would you believe my oaths,
When I did love you ill? this has no holding,
To swear by him, *when* I protest to Love,
That I will work against him."

Page 330 (Act V. Scene i.)

"Enter a gentle Astringer."—In the Perkins folio: "Enter a gentleman, a stranger."

Page 340 (Act V. Scene iii.)

"Her *insuit* coming with her modern grace,
Subdued me to her rate."

Her infinite cunning—one of the best emendations in the Perkins folio. It was anticipated, however, by the late Mr Walker.



